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"Truth can never be confirmed enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTHE.

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## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

"THERE is an impression," writes Charles Greville on the 17th of May 1835, "that this Government will not be of long continuance, and that the Ministers are themselves aware that their tenure of office must be brief." Such was the opinion entertained at that time with regard to an Administration which was destined to last, with one brief interval, for more than six years. Lord Melbourne had entered upon his office with a majority of less than forty for him in the House of Commons, and with a majority of a hundred against him in the House of Lords. Some forty years later, Lord John Russell writes thus of the Ministry in which he had played so conspicuous a part: "It could not be denied that a Liberal Ministry, deprived of the assistance of Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Lord Brougham, opposed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, and resting its claims to support on the justice of the Irish policy, of which the merits were little understood, stood daily in great risk of overthrow. Yet, from April 1835 to August 1841, the Ministry stood its ground, and was able to pass measures of great importance to the public welfare. But these measures encountered much opposition, and the task was one of constant labour and anxiety. To add to the public discontent and impatience, Lord Lyndhurst contrived to induce the Peers to throw out measures which were of undoubted public utility, but had no strong breeze of popular approbation in their favour."

The most superficial observer cannot fail to note a certain resemblance between the political situation in 1835 and the political situation in 1892. Then, as now, the Irish question formed the battle-ground of rival parties. Then, as now, the Liberals were confronted, not only with the serried ranks of their habitual opponents, but with a not inconsiderable body of seceders from their own side. The attacks directed against the second Melbourne Ministry on account of their connection with O'Connell were no less bitter than those to which Mr. Gladstone is subjected at the present time. Lord Stanley's attitude suggests a comparison with that of Mr. Chamberlain, while Lord Lyndhurst's principles of action find a parallel in Lord Salisbury's advice to his colleagues. Then, as now, the supporters of the Government were described as a heteroge-

neous mass ; which, indeed, is only an uncomplimentary phrase for a wholesome truth, inasmuch as there is only one way of standing still, while there are many ways of moving forward, and, with the party of progress, independence of thought is an incentive to vigour of action. Then, as now, the prophets of the opposition foretold the coming downfall of the Administration : now, as then, they may live to see their hopes dashed and their predictions falsified.

The analogy, however, between the two Ministries is far from complete. The wave of public opinion which had brought about the passing of the great Reform Act, and of the important legislative achievements of the subsequent years, had almost spent its force in 1835. In the present instance the wave, far from being spent, is still gathering strength. Then there is the difference between the two Prime Ministers, the one of an easy-going disposition, and the other possessed with a holy zeal. Again, in 1835 the bulk of the people were not in possession of the right to vote, and looked with comparative indifference upon the conflict. The progress of democratic ideas, and the widening of the electoral basis, have supplied the progressive legislator of the present day with a leverage which was not at the command of his predecessors in case of a divergence of views between the two Chambers, and at the present time the instinct of self-preservation would, in all probability, be sufficient to prevent a repetition of the tactics adopted by the House of Lords under the guidance of Lord Lyndhurst. It is true that the threats of resistance are numerous and undisguised, but it is equally true that there is no lack of motive power to set these threats at defiance.

For seven years the Home Rule controversy has been carried on in the press and on the platform ; the arguments on either side have penetrated into every nook and corner of the land ; full opportunity has been afforded, under the late Government, for watching the nature and effects of the alternative method of dealing with Ireland ; and the outcome is that the country has shown that it is almost as much in favour of the general principle of Home Rule as it is in favour of the general principle of Free Trade, and that, through the operation of the change of feeling which has taken place in England and Scotland, it has returned to power a majority and a Ministry pledged to do justice to Ireland by according to it the management of what Parliament shall decide to be distinctively and specifically Irish affairs. Short of a referendum—a method unknown to the British Constitution—(no better method of ascertaining the state of public feeling on a question of great moment could have been devised. No issue presented to the electors was ever fought out with greater keenness ; certainly the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, which was at stake during the election of 1868, was never submitted to the country with the same degree of fulness. And yet

we are told that, because Home Rule was not the only question before the electors—because, in fact, the election was fought, as has always been the case, upon the whole of the Liberal programme for the time being—it is incumbent upon the adversaries of the proposed change to go so far in their efforts to defeat the Bill as to destroy the efficiency of the present Parliament as a legislative machine. No claim more monstrous was ever put forward, and it is to be hoped that the wiser councils tendered by Mr. Courtney, to consider the measure on its merits, will gradually find favour with an increasing number of persons whose minds have not been utterly warped by prejudice, especially when they bear in mind the difference which will necessarily exist between the Bill of 1886 and the Bill of 1893. The retention of the Irish members, to take one instance, is not only a sign of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament: it involves the complete readjustment of the financial proposals which excited so much hostile criticism in the former year, and takes the sting out of the attacks which have been directed against the measure as a whole.

In the meantime, the silence of the recess—scarcely interrupted by Lord Salisbury's anticipatory vindication of the conduct of the House of Lords, or by Mr. Chamberlain's production of a new catalogue of second-hand schemes, or even by the subsequent utterances directed against the Evicted Tenants' Commission—leaves Ministers to the preparation of their measures, the opposition to the organisation of their attacks, and the country to the pursuit of its reflections. One or two contributions to those reflections suggest themselves at the present juncture.

In the first place, whatever may be the precise order in which the measures of the coming Session will be introduced, the most important question of all, apart from Ireland, with which the Government will be called upon to deal, will be the satisfaction of the demands put forward by the rural electors, to whom the Ministry are more largely indebted for the position they now occupy than to any other section of the community. Their fidelity has shown that it can bear a strain; but the strain may become a wrench, unless a serious and determined effort is made to embody in legislation their aspirations and their wants. The Reform Act of 1885 has not, as yet, been followed by measures which, in point of importance to the newly enfranchised classes, can bear comparison with the enactments which the statutes of 1832 and 1867 carried in their train. The Local Government Act of 1888, though marking an epoch in the history of local representative institutions, failed to deal with the matters in which the inhabitants of the rural districts were primarily interested, or with the areas with which they were chiefly concerned. That deficiency remains to be supplied by the establishment of parish councils, armed with sufficient powers, and enabling the dwellers in



the smallest localities to have a direct and equal voice in the management of their own affairs. To take an example: a recent Return shows that in only one instance has land been bought by compulsory purchase under the Allotments Acts, and that at an exorbitant cost; while the total number of allotment holders in England and Wales, to whom land has been let since 1887, either by Rural Sanitary Authorities or by County Councils, amounts to only 2891 tenants. It will be generally admitted that, if the administration of the Acts had been placed in the hands of parish councils, the results achieved would have been more numerous and more valuable than has actually been possible; and there are many other powers which can be wielded to greater advantage by persons residing in a given locality, and conversant with their own wants and wishes, than by a body of men whose sphere of duties extends over a comparatively wide area. Of all measures which could be brought forward, a Parish Council Bill, if thorough, is the one which would be capable of effecting the largest amount of good, and would at the same time encounter, in all probability, the least resistance.

The need for the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Poor Laws has been urged in many quarters. One of the results to which it will doubtless lead will be the abolition of the Boards of Guardians as at present constituted, with the system of qualification, plural voting, and voting-papers, which at present exist, and to transfer the administration of the law into the hands of bodies directly elected on the principle of "one man, one vote." In the meantime it has been shown to be within the competence of the Local Government Board, in its administrative capacity, to reduce the qualification required for the election of guardians. A good deal, in fact, may be done by the present Ministry, without resorting to Parliament. A good deal more may be done, in the domain of finance, by the House of Commons, without the possibility of interference on the part of the House of Lords. The necessity, too, for grappling with the land question becomes greater every day. The vast majority of the Irish representatives, perceiving clearly that the interests of the two democracies have much in common, are prepared to give a hearty support to the simultaneous progress of measures affecting the urgent requirements of the people of this country; and even Mr. Redmond's minority is not unwilling to adopt a similar attitude. The late Government have placed in the hands of their successors a powerful weapon, in the shape of an easily applied closure, by which obstruction can be defied. The possibility of passing useful measures is thus largely increased; but, however important other English questions may be, the needs of the rural electors demand the foremost consideration, and a dissolution of Parliament, following upon the neglect of those needs, would probably mean the destruction of

the Liberal party as an instrument of reform for the next quarter of a century.

There is another reflection which is suggested by the circumstances of the times, on a matter with regard to which a repetition of the tactics formerly adopted by the Conservative party may be confidently anticipated. Whenever a Registration Bill is brought on—under which term may be included proposals for the recognition of the principle of “one man one vote,” as well as for the shortening of the period of qualification—it will be met by a demand for a redistribution of seats to take effect at the same time. The two subjects are, however, absolutely distinct. The one represents a definite reform of limited scope put forward by the constituencies. The other is a complicated proposal, for which no urgency can be claimed, and which has scarcely been discussed. It is in accordance with the practice of the past to endeavour to defeat a Bill in which there is vitality by coupling with it a proposal in which there is no vitality :

“*Mortua quinetiam jungebant corpora vivis.*”

The periodical revival of those old methods of warfare is one of the characteristic features of English political life. From time to time the old armouries are unlocked, and the rusty blunderbuses are discharged.

Although, however, Redistribution is irrelevant to a Registration Bill, a more plausible case may be made out for coupling it with Home Rule. That Ireland is at present over-represented is a fact which cannot be denied. With a population reduced from 8,000,000 to less than 5,000,000, it retains the same number of members as it did at the commencement of the century. Great Britain, however, is bound by considerations of national honour to abide by the pledge embodied in the Act of Union, by which the Irish representation at Westminster was fixed at 100, in consideration of the abolition of the Irish Parliament, until arrangements satisfactory to the people of Ireland have been carried out in substitution for the present condition of affairs. After the terms of the Union have been modified it will be fair that the representation should be reduced, if not in exact numerical proportion to population, at any rate with due regard to distance and difficulty of communication. All in due time the question will have to be faced. There is no reason why it should be brought forward in such a way as to overweight the Home Rule Bill and imperil its existence. It is not, moreover, a party question. If, on the one hand, the reduction in the number of the Irish members had the effect of diminishing the amount of support accorded to the Liberal party, on the other hand the efface-

ment of the smaller boroughs and the comparative equalisation of electoral districts which would doubtless have to be effected at the same time on this side of St. George's Channel, would tell against the Conservatives. As an illustration of this statement may be cited the calculation which has been made, that at the recent election the friends of Home Rule, with a majority of 225,000 among the voters, had a majority of only forty in the House of Commons, whilst in 1886 the opponents of Home Rule had a majority of 114, though their majority in the country was only 77,000. Redistribution is a subject for separate treatment, if possible, by agreement between the two sides of the House. It should not be allowed either to share the fortunes or to increase the risks of measures which have a different purpose and a different scope.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR STEVENSON.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHITTIER belongs essentially to the sympathetic order of poets. From his earliest years his heart brimmed over with sympathy for his fellow-creatures, and lowly as was his birth, few as were his opportunities for active benevolence, he is said to have gained the reputation of Christ-like saintliness at an age when other lads occupy their leisure in stoning cats and bird-nesting.

If Spenser was responsible for the magnificent poetry of Keats, Burns was Whittier's literary godfather. An itinerant pedlar, a Scotchman, and himself a bit of a poet, bartered a copy of the Ayrshire ploughman's works, together with a miscellaneous lot of fancy articles, to the Whittier family, and the young John Greenleaf dated his earliest inspiration from that fortunate purchase.

He was born on a Massachusetts farm, and the same natural beauties and simple sights which had charmed the peasant-poet greeted the eyes of his New England successor. Whittier, however, never attained the breadth and height of Burns' poetic genius. He was inferior to him in a certain farcical and virile sense of humour which has always been supposed to be characteristic of the Scotch mind, and also, gentle-hearted as he ever showed himself to his fellow-creatures, he had not the exquisite sympathy with the animal race which distinguished his predecessor.

Once, and once only, did Whittier give transcendent proof of the possession of these qualities, and that was in his famous poem, *Skipper Tresson's Ride*: the curt suggestiveness, the strength and weird imagery of this piece give it a unique place in its author's repertory. Perfect also from a metrical standpoint, it is destined to survive with *Barbara Frietchie* in the anthology of the New World.

Patriotism is not always easily idealised in verse: it has been the stock theme for many generations of poets and penmen in divers lands; but Whittier contrives in his lyric to invest the subject with fresh interest. The courage and ready self-sacrifice of a very old woman is, indeed, remarkable. Old men are proverbially timid; the blood once ardent grows sluggish with the years; the muscles soften, and the natural combativeness of the male gives place to a longing for inaction. If this be the case with old men, how much more strongly does it apply to their feminine contemporaries, whose

veins have never throbbed to the war-trumpet, who have never known the fighting instincts that slumber in the heart of every well-constituted youth; that aged women should give proof of bravery is almost unheard of, therefore Whittier had a splendid theme to begin with, to which, be it said, he has done full justice :

“ Forty flags with their silver stars,  
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
 Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
 Uprose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
 Bowed with her four-score years and ten ;  
 Bravest of all in Frederick town  
 She took up the flag the men hauled down ;  
 In her attic window the staff she set,  
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
 Halt ! the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
 Fire ! out blazed the rifle-blast ;  
 It shivered the window-pane and sash,  
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
 Quick as it fell from the broken staff,  
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.  
 She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
 And shook it forth with a royal will.  
 ‘ Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
 But spare your country’s flag,’ she said.” . . . .

Was ever a noble action more nobly expressed ; terseness and strength are not the predominant qualities of this poet’s genius, but in the two pieces quoted he shows that he possesses both to a high degree.

*Where are we going, Rubec ?* and other verse, written on behalf of the enslaved race, attest to his intense sympathy with the “ darkies.”

Perhaps Quakerism, which has so curiously survived among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, with its gentle and quaint attendance of sobriety, even-mindedness and unostentation, is not foreign to Whittier’s genius. It was partly owing to the Quaker element in his character that made him acknowledge at the outset the rights of the oppressed race to enfranchisement and joy ; it was owing to the tincture of his mind with Quaker doctrines that influenced him in his choice of subject-matter.

Indeed, “ whatever was of good report,” and elevating to the soul, he gladly dilated on, but tabooed equivocal themes, as also the mighty domain of natural science and philosophy. He does not either set about dissecting Will, the mainspring of human man Action, gives

us no disquisitions in verse upon the Ideal and the Actual. His intellect touched the positive on all sides, and it was not of the mystic order of that of his countrymen Poe and Hawthorne.

Whatever his limitations—and what poet, except one or two of the greatest is universal in his conception of the Universe?—whatever his literary artlessness, his gifts and activity were always expended in a noble cause.

Mankind requires to be reminded occasionally that two and two make four, and the bard who knows how to teach such truths warily, will have more chance of being read and admired by his contemporaries than the author of the most abstractly beautiful and abstruse soul-epic that ever was written.

When the conventional enthusiasm has subsided, which constrains every dilettante of letters to fall metaphorically upon his knees before the bust of Browning, the student will be able to judge of that bard's true place in the literature of his time. As eruditely scholastic as Erasmus, as darkly prophetic as John Huss, Browning's genius is hardly to be explained by the compiler of hand-books.

Of what a different order is the intellect of Whittier. His views are everybody's views—that is, every decent-minded person's; but he possesses in addition the power to clothe them in appropriate words.

A dozen years Longfellow's junior, he draws his inspiration from similar sources, Hebraic or rather Biblical, humanitarian and historical. Like most poets, Whittier loves the past: the Indian past of the Americans; the picturesque past of Catholicism; the Puritan past of the faith of New England charm him equally.

He resembles Longfellow also greatly in his love of simple things, but had not his constructive faculty, his mastery of versification—as exemplified in *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*—his puissant command of epithets and adverb; his picturesqueness, in short; but he shared all his softer qualities, and was his equal, to be just, in the ballad.

No American poet has surpassed these two in the lilt and vivacity of their ballads. The mystic genius of E. A. Poe found little outlet in this form of song; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Russell Lowell have rarely attempted it, the former because of his partiality for the didactic as opposed to the simply descriptive order of lyrics, the latter because he was essentially a humourist, and the conduct of mankind ever appealed to him from the contemplative or non-dramatic standpoint. This explains the subjective irony which is the great charm of the *Biglow Papers*. Walt Whitman, on the other hand, was too pre-occupied with vast nebulous projects for the regeneration of humanity, with the construction of novel metrical forms, with philosophical concepts, to set about recounting martial incidents exactly as they occurred, and with the simple directness which the ballad demands.

Some of Whittier's short pieces remind us of the *Twice-told Tales*; they are vignettes in verse. *Andrew Rykman's Prayer* and *The Two Rabbis* are an illustration of this similarity, but the poet has rarely attained the poetic excellence of the prose writer's exquisite allegory, *The Great Stone Face*.

We must not claim for Whittier even the slight measure of intellectuality which constitutes the baggage of most poets of his eminence; he was *unintellectual* in his spontaneity, *unintellectual* in his mode of looking at life and its appanage of triumphs and pain, *unintellectual* even in his literary style, which rarely presents any technical subtleties.

He was certainly well acquainted with foreign masterpieces, as his poems are full of quotations and allusions to extraneous topics; but he had not the vivid assimilative power which renders the poet compatriot for the time being with the poets of all time.

It is surely the strong accent of sincerity running through Whittier's poetry which has brought him so prominently to the fore, for high-class magazine poetry at the present day is often superior as regards literary excellence. We may safely aver that artificiality, however cultured, may never under any circumstances take the place of genuine inspiration. Whittier has become a leading American poet, in spite of his literary deficiencies and the artlessness of his versification and style. Let the would-be rhymester read, mark, and inwardly digest this passage:

"Close study and taste for letters have never yet made a poet, who is born with the divine afflatus and its attendant concomitants of enthusiasm and simplicity."

A certain analogy might be traced, if one were so disposed, between the *Sigurd* of Mr. William Morris and *King Volmar and Elsie*, Whittier's spirited legend from the Danish, only, as usual, the New Englander uses epithets and metaphors ready to his hand, while the English poet delves deeply into the rock of phraseology, and produces therefrom bizarre and beautiful turns of expression and fresh similes. He gives proof also of a profounder and wider comprehension of the Scandinavian race-type and mythus than his fellow-bard.

Now the artistic and literary training of the group of pre-Raphaelites, to which Mr. Morris formerly belonged, was as perfect as any sublunary training could be. These youths were saturated with the spirit as well as the letter of the past; and it must be remembered that the composite influences of the high-art traditions were lacking in the education of the farm-bred Massachusetts lad. So striking, however, is the resemblance between these two poems that we subjoin a verse from each.

The following lines are from Mr. Morris's *Sigurd*:

"And to me the least and the youngest what gift for the slaying of  
case,  
Save the grief that remembers the past and the fear that the future  
sees.  
And the hammer and fashioning-iron and the living coal of fire;  
And the craft that createth a semblance and fails of the heart's  
desire," &c.

And these from Whittier :

"Where our heathen doom rings and grey stones of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the Church of Vordingborg;  
In merry mood King Volmar sat, forgetful of his power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower."

Whittier's hymns are also deservedly admired. Of these, the one beginning :

"And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar.  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore."

is as fine in its way as Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*.

"And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee."

Dr. Watts' hymns, and even those of Miss Ridley Havergal, seem to smack respectively of unction and pious hysteria beside this heartfelt and eminently natural outburst. We feel, as we read this hymn, that its author was a true Christian, after the manner of the fisher-disciples, whose humility almost equalled that of the Galilean.

Whittier rarely gives himself the trouble to search for original metaphors; he seems rather to prefer those that have been consecrated by immemorial use. Hear the climax of the *Wish of To-Day*, another of this poet's beautiful hymns :

"Though oft like *letters traced on sand*  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend Thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day."

In conclusion, we will cite *Thy Will Be Done*, which recalls the seventeenth and eighteenth century hymnology. Surely there is an echo of Bishop Herbert's tender devotional feeling in the following lines :

"We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done."

MARY NEGREPONTE.



## WOMEN AS POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.

A MERRY little company of young men and maidens were setting forth from their dwelling by the sea, one summer evening, to stroll down to the beach which lay a mile away. One of the maidens carried a rather heavy bag of sketching materials, and over her arm hung a light acmé waterproof cloak, warranted to weigh only a few ounces, and a woollen scarf. To her side came one of the young men. "Allow me to carry some of those things for you," he said, with an air of gracious politeness; without giving her time to choose which of the articles it would suit her best to be relieved of, he drew the acmé from her arm and transferred it to his own. Arrived at the water's edge, the group broke up into detachments, and the maiden, after having occupied herself some half an hour in sketching, realised that she was separated from her acmé and hastened to rejoin its volunteer bearer, who had seated himself with some others of the party under the lee of a boat, and with consummate impudence, she thought, upon her outspread cloak. Of course she expected that on her appearance the cloak would be instantly offered up, but the unabashed gentleman made no motion of surrender. "You have my acmé, I think," said the maiden in icy tones. "Ah, yes! As you were not wanting it and the sand is damp I availed myself of it. You have another wrap, haven't you?" He indicated the wool scarf still hanging on her arm, and, of the other he kept possession for the evening.

A certain general officer, who was at the time Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's Forces in Australia, was walking one day towards his house in Auckland. The way was steep; it was noon and it was hot. He overtook a poor woman toiling along with a heavy basket of clothes which she was taking home to wash. She looked altogether unequal to her task, and unfit to carry her cumbersome load. "Allow me, madam," he said in his courtly manner; and before the astonished washerwoman could remonstrate he had possessed himself of the unromantic and solid burden, which he carried for her to the top of the hill.

These "modern instances" of pseudo and genuine chivalry in small affairs may serve to illustrate the attitudes of some prominent public characters of the day in reference to the greater matter of the political status of women.

"Allow us to carry something for you," say certain of them with an air of the tenderest politeness. "We cannot allow you 'to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement of your own natures' by assuming the heavy responsibilities of a vote." They accordingly take the votes to themselves and use them for their own comfort, while leaving the delicate beings they profess themselves so anxious to assist to stagger under the crushing weight of legal injustice so gross that the highest legal authority in the land, speaking of the state of the law of England as regards women, even still after the recent humane improvements in it, does not hesitate to characterise it as "more worthy of a barbarian than a civilised State,"<sup>1</sup> and letting them starve under an industrial inequality which reverses the usual conditions of handicapping by putting the weights upon the weaker.<sup>2</sup> Others there are, fortunately for women, who cast aside conventional considerations, and run the gauntlet of ridicule and disdain to ease the slender shoulders on which society has bound weights so cruel.

Such champions, however, are few and far between, and, alas! absolutely wanting in the present Cabinet.

Indeed, a certain daily paper, which boasts the largest circulation of any Liberal paper in the world, broadly hints that two eminent members of the Liberal party were excluded from the Government precisely because they are known to be staunch supporters of the interests of women.

Under these circumstances, it is therefore necessary that women should exert all their energies to maintain the privileges they already possess, and they themselves, and all the chivalrous men who have

<sup>1</sup> Lord Coleridge, speaking in the House of Commons.

<sup>2</sup> The following illustration of the industrial conditions under which women work appeared in the *Daily News*, November 15, 1892 :—"How soldiers' clothes are made.—Singular allegations.—A deputation, consisting of seven or eight sempstresses, representing, as they stated, over fifty workwomen, applied to Mr. Shiel, at the Westminster Police Court, yesterday, for summonses, under the Master and Servants Act, against the secretary of a needlework association at 170 Buckingham Palace Road. The spokeswoman said that they entirely made soldiers' trousers, including stripes down the sides and button-holes, for eightpence-farthing a pair, and that they were paid at the rate of a shilling for making thirteen flannel belts, with tapes and button-holes. Earl Brownlow was formerly connected with the undertaking, but since he had left England things were very different, and on Saturday last the women could not get their wages. Mr. Shiel remarked that, if it was a matter of contract, applicants must go to the County Court. The women, in an indignant chorus, said that was no good. They could not afford to wait for what they had so hardly earned. One applicant, producing a small memorandum-book, asked the magistrate to look how her claim of 9s. 7½d. was made up. She had made fourteen pairs of trousers for it, working morning, noon, and night. The magistrate inquired how soldiers' clothing came to be made up under such circumstances. Applicant was understood to say that the original scheme was to give old ladies employment. For this purpose the Army Clothing Factory, with the approval of the War Office, allowed 300 pairs of trousers a week to be made by the association.—Mr. Shiel: What reason is assigned for not paying you?—Applicant: The secretary says the War Office owes her £120 for 'rejections.' We know nothing about rejections, but we know how we are sweated. What can they expect in trousers for 8½d. a pair?—Mr. Shiel: Of the fourteen pairs you made last week, how many were rejected?—Applicant: None at all. We are all in the same position, and are not going to do any more till we get our money, and the secretary says she can't pay till the War Office pays her. Mr. Shiel directed Sergeant Dengate, the chief warrant officer, to make full inquiries and report to him."

their interests at heart, and desire to procure for them that civil equality without which, as Charles Kingsley truly said, they will never attain moral equity, will do well to heed the note of warning uttered by Mr. Stuart at the annual meeting of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, on November 3, respecting legislation which is likely to be enacted in the near future.

"The present Government," he pointed out, "had undertaken to deal with the question of parochial government and local government, and he sincerely and earnestly hoped that it would be able to do so. \* When it did so, they must remember that the Boards of Guardians and the whole Poor-law question came up for consideration, and if anything was done, it would be of the nature of placing part, at least, of the functions of those Boards of Guardians in the hands of County Councils, or of Parish Councils, or of District Councils, as the case might be. Now, women might sit at present, and did sit, on Boards of Guardians, with very great advantage to the public; they might not sit at present on County Councils, and there was no reasonable pledge given them just now that they would ever have any right to sit on Parochial or District Councils. It was not an imaginary danger he was sketching, because, when the motion was brought forward in the House of Commons for granting women power to sit upon County Councils, it was actively opposed by leading persons of both parties. The consequence was that unless they could induce those persons to change their view about the position women ought to have upon local governing bodies, women were in danger by the very reform which they themselves were so prominently advocating—viz., Poor-law Reform. He reminded them that the danger was historically borne out, because women at present had the right to sit and vote on parochial governing bodies and on vestries; they had the right to be guardians of the poor and members of rural sanitary authorities. But when a locality was turned into a municipality, and was raised into that position, by one stroke of the pen women were prevented from taking part in the management to which they had previously been entitled. That was because of the Municipal Corporations Act, and that Act, by an oversight in 1835, an omission through carelessness and want of knowledge on the part of the legislator, was drawn up in such a form that women had neither the right to sit upon Town Councils, nor to vote for members of them. In 1869, he was glad to say, they received the right to vote for members of Town Councils, but they had not yet been able to recover the right of sitting upon them. There were in the present Government many who were strongly opposed to what were called women's questions, though there were many friends to women's movements. But since Mr. Stansfeld was excluded from the Government there was no man in the present Liberal Cabinet who might be explicitly relied on to

advocate the women's cause. They had only one thing to depend on—the justice of their own cause, and their own successful advocacy of it. It was absolutely necessary that women should come forward and defend their rights and existing privileges; and let it be seen that they could not maintain their position, nor secure the reforms which they ought to secure for the great benefit of the country. This they could not do without the power which had been so effectual in securing reforms for men, the power of voting for members of Parliament."

It is vitally important to women that they should not lose the privilege they have of serving as Poor-Law Guardians, because if they do it will make their struggle to secure other civil rights tenfold or a hundredfold more difficult.

It is, however, much more important to the nation at large that the one door which is open to women to assist in "national house-keeping" should not be closed against them, for the work of women in our cities, townships, and rural districts is sorely needed; and it would be well if statesmen would use their energies to encourage cultivated ladies with leisure at their disposal to take their share in the effort to stem the great flood of misery and want which rises ever higher over our "submerged tenth," instead of placing obstacle upon obstacle in their way.

Women are needed as Poor-law Guardians for so many reasons that it is difficult to know which to place first. A most cogent one is, however, the fact that by far the larger number of paupers are women and children. The total number of persons in England and Wales receiving relief on January 1, 1891, was 780,457. It is estimated roughly that of these, four-fifths are women and children, which would give us some 624,364 souls. There are 4500 female pauper lunatics in the London County Asylums alone.

Imagine this great army of women and children with only men to look after them! It is true that a matron is appointed to each work-house, but she is only a paid servant with no power to correct abuses. She is chosen by men—no fit judges of her suitability; she must make her complaints to men, often on most delicate subjects; and if blamed, she must justify herself to men who cannot have the experience necessary to decide fairly whether or not she has properly performed her many duties. For the matron's sake alone, it is urgently to be desired that there should be lady guardians on every board.

Realise for a moment what the details are which come before the Boards of Guardians in reference to the clothing alone of the hundreds of women and children under their care.

At a meeting held in Manchester on the 9th October 1888, Miss Twining mentioned a case where gentlemen guardians deliberated for half an hour as to what sort of marking-ink should be used

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for the linen ; and Miss Biggs instanced a case where a board of men spent the whole morning debating whether the women's dresses were to be fastened with buttons or hooks-and-eyes. After all, they decided that hooks-and-eyes were cheaper, but gave such orders that the dressmaker put button-holes. Another lady guardian found the board on which she was elected paying  $8\frac{1}{2}d.$  per yard for calico which wore only two months. Another board ordered 150 yards of calico to make one apron.

These things are laughable to read of, but they have a terribly serious side, for the money wasted by incompetent men comes out of hard-earned incomes, and ought to be expended in comforts for the suffering inmates. Mrs. M. M. Evans, when she was elected by the ratepayers of the Strand in 1887, discovered that "the schools at Edmonton were a veritable chamber of horrors. It will be a revelation to you to hear that the girls were found by me in a state of semi-nudity. The frocks, worn summer and winter, were of unlined cotton with short sleeves and low necks, the flannel petticoats like cobwebs, and the stockings of cotton, and they wiped their noses on their clothes. Thick serge frocks now take the place of the previous flimsy ones at an extra cost to the Union of £3 8s. 8d. In a square tank fifty-six girls bathed in one lot of water, and two and a half combs with five brushes were considered a sufficient supply for the dressing of 120 girls' heads. Is it to be wondered at that ringworm and other diseases are disseminated through the schools? . . . All through this terrible winter the girls have been sent to bed without nightgowns, and have endeavoured to obtain warmth from wrapping their flannel petticoats round their necks. Needlework formed no part of the education of the girls, but is now taught in the schools." Mrs. Evans showed samples of some shirting, for which  $8\frac{1}{2}d.$  a yard had been paid, and which had only been worn by the children four weeks, to the auditor of accounts, who replied that he did not understand drapery details. It proved to be supplied by the vice-chairman's son-in-law, so that at the next meeting she moved a resolution : "That no one should be eligible to tender or receive any contract who was related to any member of the Board." In another case, two little girls were brought from the St. George's Workhouse, Marshalsea Road, in a shockingly filthy state. One of them had been taken from her father some weeks before on the ground that he took her to improper lodgings; and on receiving her back he complained of the state in which she was, and that her beautiful hair had been cut off. Evidence was given to show that she had been placed in charge of a pauper-assistant, and that the hair had been sold to a doll-maker.

Then, again, comes the question of food and the proper management of the kitchens and cookery for the healthy and for the patients in the infirmaries. It seems scarcely needful to go into particulars

to prove that the average lady of the class from which Guardians are drawn would be more competent than the average gentleman Guardian to inspect the quality of meat, fish, groceries, and bread ; to decide the best size for pie-dishes, and know at a glance whether cooking utensils were clean and cooking-stoves in working order. She would also be more competent than any man to superintend the housemaid's work, see that floors were scrubbed, and corners clear of "slut's-wool," and spiders well kept down. She would also be able to do much in the laundry, and to see that the bedding is properly picked over and clean, and not in lumps, with the neglect of years. It is on record that at one Union the sheets in the infirmary had not been changed for sixteen weeks. In May 1889 Dr. Kate Mitchell wrote to the *Woman's Penny Paper* respecting the prevalence of purulent ophthalmia in the pauper schools in the South of London. She said : " Hundreds of these poor little unfriended, parentless creatures were attacked by, and had been suffering from, a severe form of eye disease, known as purulent ophthalmia. I can never forget the sight as child after child, some only toddling mites of three or four years, came up to be treated by the eye doctor, who had been appointed for the purpose of suppressing the disease. The treatment is an agonisingly painful one, and these poor defenceless creatures had to submit to it two or three times a week. In some the disease had taken such a virulent form that the surgeon despaired of saving the sight. This disease is frightfully contagious, and is due to gross neglect and carelessness. Overcrowding and filth, washing in the same water, and using the same towels with one already afflicted, will spread the disease like wildfire, and it has been allowed to do so amongst several hundreds of children. I say such a state of things is infamous, and ought never to have been allowed to occur. Such evils as I have referred to must be prevented by efficient female inspectors." It would be safe to affirm that if there had been a proper proportion of women on the Boards of Guardians who had charge of those schools, the outbreak would never have occurred.

Again, the education of the pauper children is a matter in which women can give invaluable help, particularly in the case of girls. The diminution of pauperism mainly depends upon the bringing up of the children, so that they may become useful members of society, and be brought back into the ranks of the independent wage-earning class. How best to give a happy child-life to the many forlorn young creatures in the crowded workhouse schools is surely a peculiarly womanly work, and in cases where the boarding-out system is tried, a woman can see after the welfare of the little boarders far more effectually than a man ; or where the cottage system is worked, and the children are in groups of twelve or twenty, she will be more competent to superintend the daily routine and the qualifications of

the matron. As the girls grow old enough to enter service, or in some way earn their living, her care, help, and friendship will be invaluable to them, none of which a gentleman guardian can bestow on them at all.

On February 5, 1889, Mr. Pickersgill asked the President of the Local Government Board, in the House of Commons, whether his attention had been given to the following passage from the report of the Select Committee on Poor-law Relief: "We recommend that the system of lady inspectors should be further extended so as to secure the more complete inspection of boarded-out children, and also the inspection of the female and children's wards in workhouses, and of the staff of nurses and other female officers"; and whether any steps had been, or were about to be, taken to carry out this recommendation of the Select Committee. Mr. Ritchie replied: "With regard to children boarded out beyond the Union to which they are chargeable, the Board has had the services of a lady inspector, and there has been an inspection of children boarded out under the several boarding-out committees. These committees consist either exclusively, or for the most part, of ladies, and it is upon these committees that the responsibility for the supervision of the children must devolve. The inspection undertaken by the Board has not been so much with the view of ascertaining the condition of each individual child, as of learning by means of an inspection of the children and the foster-parents' homes how the duties which devolve on the boarding-out committees are discharged. The arrangements for inspection by lady inspectors of the female and children's wards, and of the staff of nurses and other female officers in workhouses in England and Wales, which number between 700 and 800, would involve the employment of a considerable addition to the Board's staff of inspectors, and the Government do not contemplate making such appointments. It is to be borne in mind that the workhouses are also visited by general inspectors, school inspectors, and Commissioners of Lunacy; and I should be very reluctant to propose a system of inspection by an additional class of inspectors. I do not in the least under-estimate the advantages which might result from ladies assisting in the administration of workhouses; but, in my opinion, this assistance can best be secured by the election of lady Guardians."

This answer of Mr. Ritchie's shows at once how sorely the supervision of ladies is needed in Poor-law work, and the simplest way to obtain it.

There is another class of cases with which Boards of Guardians have to deal in which the influence and judgment of cultivated women is most ardently to be desired—that of women entering the workhouses for confinement. The fact that the Boards have to deal with such cases has often been urged as a reason why women

should not sit upon them, but it is really one of the most vital arguments in favour of their presence.

No doubt the circumstances of certain cases make it extremely painful for a lady to hear them discussed, particularly if she is the only one on the Board; but how much more distressing it must be for the poor mother, or, alas! too often, young girl before the Board, if none of her own sex are there to countenance her. The presence of a lady on the Board will entirely check the coarse jokes with which some Guardians have the bad taste to greet such cases, and by her sympathy and seasonable help and advice she may do much to restore the wretched to self-respect, and aid them to return to an honest position in life.

Truly in such cases, instead of women being banished from the Board, it ought to consist of women only.

Again, in the infirmary there is endless scope for womanly work. Aged infirmity and infantile weakness mark the chief part of the patients. A woman's accustomed eye will in a moment take in neglects and discomforts that would pass unnoticed by a male visiting Guardian, and she will know how to suggest a remedy. Countless things are needed which a matron or a nurse will rather go without than apply for to a Board of gentlemen.

Women, as a rule, have more leisure to bestow on the matters brought before the Board, and, being used to household management, are more likely to exercise rigid economy in details. They have more experience in visiting the poor, and are therefore better able to detect imposture, and to suggest means of helping the deserving.

Besides this, there is the initial point of justice to the women rate-payers, who ought to be represented by women as well as by men.

Where ladies have been elected, they have been welcomed by their male colleagues, who for the most part bear hearty testimony to the helpful character of their work; and the number of women Guardians elected every year has steadily increased, 136 having been elected in England and Wales at the last election. Probably the increase would have been much quicker but for the fact that it has been necessary for a Guardian to be a householder—in most London parishes the house must be rateable at £40—and this excluded a great number of single ladies who were otherwise admirably qualified for the work. This qualification has just been reduced to £5 by Mr. Fowler, and will probably be abolished altogether before long, as no such qualification is needed for a Town Councillor, a Member of Parliament, or Prime Minister.

Enough has been said to show how important it is that vigilance should be exercised to prevent the despoiling of women of the meagre rights they possess when the question of Poor-law Reform comes up in Parliament; enough, it may also be urged, has been



said to show how greatly the public would gain if those rights were extended, and power given to women to sit not only upon Boards of Guardians, but also on Parochial, District and County Councils.

In all these cases there is an abundance of work which is strictly womanly. This has been proved in the case of the London County Council by the excellent work done by Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and Miss Cons, during the short time they were able to carry out the wishes of their electors by representing them. The majority of the London County Council gave a solid proof of their approval of the help given them by their lady colleagues, as, in the autumn, during Miss Cons' absence from town, and chiefly without her knowledge, she was elected on to six committees and eleven sub-committees, and Miss Cobden on to three committees and four sub-committees.

The services of Lady Sandhurst, in carrying out the Act for Protecting Infants who are farmed out to nurse, illustrate forcibly how much could be done by lady councillors in this branch of the duties devolving on County Councils, and which no separate women's committees or female inspectors could do so efficiently, for it is better that the ratepayers should elect directly the women who act, and that those who inspect should be responsible to them. The terrible abuses in baby-farms have been a scandal in the country for many years, and it may be confidently asserted that if a fair proportion of the County Councillors were women it would do more to bring about reform in this matter than any other means that could be thought of.

The London County Council has under its charge reformatories and industrial schools containing hundreds of quite young children. The same arguments are cogent here for the assistance and help of women which have already been shown in the case of work-house schools under the Poor-law Guardians.

In the London County asylums under the Council are 4500 female pauper lunatics. It would be an incalculable boon to these poor creatures if they could be visited by lady Councillors. They would gain personally, and also by the better arrangements in housekeeping and clothing which a woman might suggest. The female attendants would also be benefited.

Miss Cons was twice requested to act for the Theatre Committee in an official capacity in a matter which "only a woman could do." On one of these occasions she had heard a report that the girls employed in Barnum's Show at Olympia had so little light in their dressing-rooms that scores of them had to stick candles in the ground and dress by their light, to the great danger of themselves and the thousands of people connected with this enormous show. The Committee, being unable to enter the girls' room, asked Miss Cons to go and report. She found the statement quite true. In a long room, used by some hundred girls, there was only a large gas bracket

in the centre, and the rest of the room was practically in darkness. The girls were obliged to use candles, and they were all dressed in light gauze material; and, if one dress had caught fire, the conflagration would have been terrible. Mr. Barnum listened to Miss Cons; the matter was arranged by having burners placed round the room.

This was a benefit to the public. How many abuses which women employed in theatres have to submit to might be remedied if they were able to tell a sympathetic lady of their grievances!

The Housing of the Poor is another matter in which women are fully competent to aid; they have taken an active part in the management of improved dwellings, and are in many ways better suited to the work than men, having more leisure, more tact in dealing with the poor folks whose dwellings they have to enter, and more experience in domestic details. There are countless other branches of service in which they can render efficient help, but another very urgent reason why they should be eligible to serve on County Councils is that before long the School Boards, as well as Poor-law Boards, may be placed under the control of the County Councils, and if women are ineligible for County Councils they will be so for the School Boards and Poor-law Boards.

On December 1 the London County Council decided to ask the Government to adopt, or facilitate the adoption of, a number of amendments of existing London Government Acts, including powers to enable women to sit as County Councillors.

It is to be hoped that all who are interested in the work of women, in the domestic concerns of the nation, the many branches of which I have endeavoured briefly to describe, will do everything they can think of and use every means in their power to strengthen and fortify this appeal of the London Council, which should carry the more weight as the appellants have had experience of women as colleagues.

It is also to be hoped that some whose interest has not hitherto been aroused in this question may be led to consider it by the details here put before them, and come forward as friends, and help to make its urgency known by letters to the press and to Members of Parliament.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF A DECIMAL COINAGE.

MORE than two thousand years ago mankind had discovered that Art was very long whilst Life was terribly short: and the corollary is very obvious—that man should take heed not to waste irredeemable time; or his knowledge of that long, long, Art will be yet shorter than it need be, and he will mourn with vain regret that

“Time loosely spent may not again be won.”

But if Art was long for the ancients, it must indeed be long, almost infinitely long, for us; and with whatever truth they might echo that lament, we may re-echo it with thousandfold force.

Now it would seem a very moderate demand to make on those who are responsible, either directly or indirectly, for the education of the country, that since man's time for learning is so terribly short compared with what he has to learn, there should at least be no gratuitous waste of time in learning arbitrary and useless facts. But alas! these authorities are gigantic triflers; and sometimes by supine apathy, sometimes by a mischievous activity in tearing to tatters any proposed reform, they successfully ensure a *waste* of educational time that is simply appalling. According to Professor Tylor it has been calculated that on the average *two years* of school life are wasted in learning the endless inconsistencies and absurdities of English orthography. And yet it is utterly impossible apparently to get even the slightest reforms introduced, or any attempts at systematisation made. Meanwhile, for orthographical errors, unfortunate urchins are periodically flogged by their “teachers,” who deserve the flogging a thousandfold more for their criminal carelessness of the deplorable waste of time for which their cherished and preposterous orthography is responsible.

So much for orthography. But has it ever occurred to any one to calculate how much of the early school life and how much brain-cudgelling are wasted on our barbarous system—or, rather, anti-system—of weights, measures, and coinage? Do but take down a school-book, and refresh your memory as to all these gigantic absurdities and inconsistencies: the *ounce* and *pound*, which mean one thing in one set of weights, and something quite different in another;

the *stone*, which may signify, according to the trade of the speaker, 14 lbs. or 8 lbs., or half a dozen other values ; and so on.

Then, too, what utter negation of any sort of regularity is there in the divisions into aliquot parts ; the money standard divided successively by 20, 12, 4 ; the length standard by 3, and then by 12, and multiplied by 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ —with other subsequent absurdities ; the avoirdupois weight, with its multiples of 16, 16, 28, 4, 20, and its hundredweight, which means 112.

But, indeed, it is useless to multiply examples. If the wit of man had gone about to devise a collection of weights and measures which should combine in themselves every possible disadvantage of inconsistency, ambiguity, absurdity, inconsequence, and unrecollectability, he could hardly have devised a more crowning triumph of imbecility than our English weights and measures.

They were always bad, and it reflects considerable discredit on our ancestors that they did not devise some improvements and simplifications several centuries ago ; but, whatever blame may attach to them, tenfold blame is our due, for at least they had the plea that no simpler or better system was to hand, whereas *we* are persistently ignoring the decimal system, which is a model of simplicity and logic. The question is, how much longer are insular obstinacy and perversity to triumph over the dictates of common sense in these matters ?

However, my object in this paper is not so much to discuss our unsystem of weights and measures in general as to direct attention to our coinage in particular. It may, surely, be taken as granted by all that the decimal system, or, rather, some decimal system, of coinage is a very great desideratum, if only it could be introduced without deranging the whole business of the country. Presumably, if a system of coinage had now to be newly invented for England, no *sane* person (the Anglo-Israelites who contend for decimals being a contrivance of the Antichrist being thus put out of court) would dream of proposing any other than a decimal system. But the difficulty is felt to be, how to supersede our present system by a decimal coinage without introducing a period of ruinous confusion and commercial anarchy. I think, however, that it were easy to effect this change without any such deplorable results.

Three separate and distinct advantages would ensue from our adoption of a decimal coinage, and it is important that these should not be confused, since otherwise any doubt as to the certainty of the third result being attained is, mistakenly, supposed to nullify the whole reform.

Now, of these three advantages, the first concerns ourselves entirely ; the second, foreigners only ; and the third is common to all. In the first place, by using a decimal coinage we should save an immense loss of time, and, what is even more important, should abolish innumerable opportunities for error in monetary transactions.

Men do not usually reflect how serious a loss of time is entailed in the most diverse branches of life by the cumbersome and stupid £ s. d. system that we have adopted. It is not simply that, after adding farthings and halfpence, we must set down something, and divide by four, after adding pence divide by twelve, and after adding shillings divide by twenty; nor is it simply that, before dividing a sum of money and we have to perform a tedious and laborious process of "reduction," because originally our sum is stated in three or four distinct terms, between which no simple relationship exists; *but* the greatest objection of all is, the perennial liability to error in some part of these tedious and preposterous processes. We have to be perpetually on our guard in reckoning money, not to divide shillings by twelve instead of by twenty, &c., and in subtraction not to commit such errors as may be typified thus—

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{£} \quad \text{s.} \quad \text{d.} \\
 1 \quad 7 \quad 4 \\
 \quad \quad 9 \quad 5 \\
 \hline
 \quad \quad 7 \quad 9
 \end{array}$$

(which of course would be correct in a decimal system), instead of :

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{£} \quad \text{s.} \quad \text{d.} \\
 1 \quad 7 \quad 4 \\
 \quad \quad 9 \quad 5 \\
 \hline
 17 \quad 11
 \end{array}$$

which, so far as I can trust myself to have worked the puzzle correctly, is the result of our present wonderful and fearful system. Anybody who has spent a holiday partly in, say, France, and partly in England, and has kept account of his expenses in French and in English money respectively, will have had occasion to admire the beautiful and simple decimal system of our neighbours, and to contrast it with the cumbersome system employed by ourselves. How long did it take to cast up a column of items in francs and their decimal parts on the one hand, and in £ s. d. on the other?

It seems well nigh superfluous to point out what an incalculable amount of labour would be saved in our banks and all our merchants' offices and large shops, once the decimal system were introduced, and the £ s. d. ruled paper made a thing of the past. Surely ledger keepers and bank clerks would rise up to call the reformer blessed! But, as I have already hinted, the direct saving of time and trouble in this direction is far from being the whole advantage. The gain in security and in lesser liability to errors would be immense; and one might perhaps prophesy that the heads of financial departments would become grey at least five years later than now when they suffer from the unnecessary risk of errors on the part of their juniors.

But in another direction—and this is *all-important*—the direct saving of time involved would be a prime consideration. Has it ever occurred to any one to calculate *how much school time* is at present *utterly wasted* in learning to manipulate correctly the interminable juggles of the English system? Just consider for one moment what a sweeping clearance would be made if the decimal system were introduced throughout. “Compound addition,” “compound subtraction,” “compound multiplication,” “compound division,” “reduction,” and finally that wonderful and fearful process of arithmetic known as “practice,” and which is proverbially said to “drive one mad,” would all disappear at one fell swoop. Rules and processes which at present require months, if not years, of intermittent practice would instantly vanish from the curriculum; and if we draw the further inference, which, under correction, I submit to be apparently reasonable, that with the advent of decimals, the “vulgar fractions” would tend to become neglected, or to be regarded as merely arithmetical curiosities, we arrive at the astonishing result that the larger part of our school arithmetic books will become waste-paper, while the bulk of the school time at present consumed in learning “solemn nonsense” becomes available for the work of real education. It seems hardly necessary to meet the possible retort, that the mathematical discipline involved in learning these puzzles cannot be dispensed with, by pointing out that the time so saved can be partly or wholly devoted to mathematical work giving better discipline, and of more tangible value.

Is not then the first advantage of the decimal system, the selfward advantage, so vast as to provoke suspicions of our national sanity, if we hesitate much longer to adopt it? Men all hate death and overwork, and pray for a longer life, and *more living* in life: by adopting this rational decimal system they will practically lengthen their own lives and lessen their work.

The second advantage, which concerns our foreign friends, may be dismissed in a few words. It is manifest to all of us how puzzling and confusing must be our present system to French, Germans, Italians, and others visiting England; how can a man brought up on a rational arithmetical diet be expected even to swallow, much less digest, our absurdities? And if this consideration for the comfort of others be too much to demand from the insular selfishness of the prejudiced John Bull type that is probably the chief stickler against decimals, then let me point out that Englishmen are seriously handicapping themselves in foreign markets by insisting on a system of weights and measures and currency that is a jargon of confused and inconsistent unintelligibility to all their customers.

We pass to the third advantage—that is popularly supposed to be the only advantage—of adopting a decimal coinage; but here it is necessary to guard against a popular error. It is often supposed

that the only reason for demanding a decimal coinage here is to bring our coinage into agreement with—say the French—so that the two should have the same standard and be interchangeable. But this is a pure misconception, and tends only to darken counsel.

It is certain that no love for decimals—however great that love—would induce Englishmen to substitute a franc, or even twenty francs, as a standard for the English sovereign; and it is only less improbable that the French would adopt our standard. Of course, in reforming our weights and measures we should simply import the French (metric) system *en bloc*; but the coinage stands on a different footing. It would certainly be a grand thing to contrive a world-wide-interchangeable coinage, but that is only a dream of the distant future: the reform of our coinage is a necessity of to-day.

So foreign is the use of decimals in any shape to the normal Englishman, so accustomed is he to regard them as a lesson-book artificiality only, so unable to realise their daily use, that when he hears of other nations adopting decimal systems of coinage he is apt to think that all such coinages are the same. But this is a great mistake. The French, Italian, &c., coinage, with its standard of a franc (value  $9\frac{3}{4}d.$  English), is of course familiar to all; but then we have the German decimal coinage, whose standard is the mark (value about 1s. English); the Scandinavian decimal system, with the standard of a crown (1s.  $0\frac{3}{4}d.$  English); the Russian, with the rouble (3s. 2d. English); while the American coinage of eagles, dollars, and cents appears to be also practically decimal in nature. It is thus clear that our adoption of a decimal coinage based upon our own standard of the pound sterling will in no wise bring our coinage into harmony with that of other nations. But—and here comes in the third advantage—it will render negotiations for uniformity possible, whereas at present no well-advised nation would listen to us on the subject. Seeing that English gold is *facile princeps* everywhere and that England is the first commercial nation, it does seem reasonable to suppose that if we had adopted the decimal coinage for ourselves and all our colonies, *some*, at least, of our neighbours might be induced to modify their coinage in such wise as to bring it into unison with our standard. If America could be induced to make her dollar (which appears to be somewhat variable) exactly 4s., that is to say, one-fifth of our sovereign, and if Germany would make her mark exactly equivalent to one shilling (that is, one-twentieth of the sovereign), how vast would be the gain for all three nations! It is true that Latin nations and others would stand out—probably, at least as regards France, irreconcilably—but surely half a loaf (not to say three-fourths) is better than no bread.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One might hazard the conjecture that Italy, Switzerland, and Holland could be induced to adopt an Anglo-German standard nevertheless.

## *The Advantages of a Decimal Coinage.* 27

Let all this, however, be as it may, I would emphatically repeat that the incalculable saving of time and trouble to *ourselves* is an all-sufficient justification for introducing the decimal coinage.

We must now outline a method by which this reform might be effected. As already stated, the sovereign would remain untouched as a standard, so that no confusion or disarrangement of any kind would be introduced into financial calculations so far as they were stated in pounds sterling, as will appear momentarily; neither would they be affected so far as stated in shillings either; only in the pence column would temporary confusion ensue.

Starting with our sovereign, this would first be divided into ten. Here we have no trouble, since the florin already exists. The florin being again divisible into ten would give us a silver coin value  $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ , for which we might revive the old English name of *groat*: if it were considered desirable, as it would almost certainly be, to carry on our division to the third decimal place we should get the tenth of the groat, equal to  $\frac{3}{8}d.$ , or to the thousandth of a sovereign, for which the name of *mite* could serviceably be revived—unless we chose to re-apply the name of farthing to this, although, for reasons that will appear directly, it seems very necessary to abstain from applying a familiar name to a new value, at least during transition times. Clearly, as coins, the groat and the mite would replace the three-penny piece and the farthing respectively. Premising a caution to the reader *not to confuse the two distinct questions of material coins with the units of the system*, which latter—viz., pound, florin, groat (mite<sup>1</sup>)—alone appear in our account-books, let us see what coins would be abolished and what new coins required. The half-sovereign would presumably be retained, but the crown would be better abolished. If any coin between a half-sovereign and florin were required it would be best to retain a double florin—calling it by that name.<sup>2</sup> The half-crown would, of course, be abolished. The shilling would remain, but with the name of *half-florin*, since it is obviously desirable that the value of every coin should be stated in terms of one of the units instead of being designated by a special name. The sixpence, that popular coin, should be abolished, and its place taken by a double groat (value fourpence and four-fifths). Finally—here would come the only trouble—the penny and half-penny and farthing would, of course, be abolished and replaced by a half-groat (one and one-fifth) and mite (six-twentyfifths of a penny). It would seem better to introduce no quarter-groat in

<sup>1</sup> Just as bankers, for instance, now take no account of farthings or half-pence in their accounts, so it is possible that under this decimal system sums less than a groat would be neglected in all large amounts. But, as for small amounts, clearly it cannot lie with those who at present add up a fourth column of halfpence and farthings to object to the far simpler fourth column of mites, especially if the whole amount be stated—as it should be—as decimals of the pound.

<sup>2</sup> This might be either a gold or a silver coin.



place of the halfpenny, since this would only lead to confusion and perplexity in a decimal system.

On reviewing this scheme the reader will at once perceive that down to shilling values, no trouble at all would follow upon its introduction. Were it not for the pence and small coins we might introduce the decimal system by a stroke of the pen; but it is clear that a real difficulty has to be overcome with regard to the small silver and coppers, and hence it is that careful preparation will be required.

Let us, therefore briefly suggest how the change should be carried out. Assuming a Government to have obtained the authority of Parliament for introducing decimal coinage, some five years should be devoted to the work of preparation. Orders should be issued to all the National Schools that the children be thoroughly trained in decimals, in order that when the new system be introduced there may be at least some who will know how to use it. Complete details of the new scheme should be circulated a year beforehand through all the police stations, Government offices, and all other public offices and institutions in the kingdom; and in every possible way the ignorant and illiterate should be enlightened on the subject beforehand.

Meanwhile the necessary preparations should be made in the coinage. Half-crowns and threepenny-pieces should be at once peremptorily called in; all florins issued should be marked: "One florin = one-tenth of a pound"; and similarly all the shillings freshly issued should be inscribed "Half-florin," and the name "shilling" dropped. So far as possible, too, all the old shillings in circulation should be replaced by these new half-florins.

By such means the populace would become accustomed to the new units, and also to regarding the coins, not so much as shillings, &c., but as decimal parts of a pound. Now it is clear that the problem as regards gold, florins, and shillings, is simple enough, since these coins belong to both systems of coinage alike; but the crux is, how to replace sixpences, pence, half-pence, and farthings, by double-groats, groats, half-groats, and mites. Clearly these could not be gradually replaced, but when all the preparations are complete they must be called in *suddenly*. Towards the close of the year proclamations would be distributed throughout the kingdom announcing that after, say, the 27th of December, pennies, half-pennies, farthings, and sixpences, would cease to be legal coins of the realm, and commanding everybody to change his or her stock of such coins on the three following days at any bank, post office, or other public office, in the kingdom. It would be necessary, for the guidance of the uneducated classes, to distribute very explicit proclamations, explaining that whilst the value of the shilling and all coins upwards remained unaltered, the new half groat

was worth more than a penny—viz, in fact, the tenth part of a half-florin, instead of the twelfth part of a shilling. I apprehend that there would be for a time considerable grumbling, and among the uneducated, mystification at finding they could only get ten coppers for a shilling; but some friction is inevitable in changing a coinage, and one can at least claim for this scheme that there would be the minimum confusion. It would probably be necessary for the protection of the poor to pass an Act with penal clauses against any person who, after the 31st of December, should attempt to pass off pennies or sixpences of the old coinage; and it would be well to enact that, for a few years at least, the highest legal tender in copper money should be only two or three half-groats. The great thing would be to induce the poor to reckon in terms of the florin and half-florin, instead of in coppers; then the change of standard would not puzzle them. Of course, the new coins should be utterly different in design from the present sixpences and coppers, so that, by no possibility, could there be any confusion: and evidently, they should all be marked with their values as decimal parts of the florin, as well as with their respective names as coins. Thus:

Double Groat.	Groat.	Half Groat.	Mite.
= $\frac{1}{6}$ of a florin	= $\frac{1}{10}$ of a pound = $\frac{1}{10}$ of a florin	= $\frac{1}{20}$ of a pound = $\frac{1}{20}$ of a florin	= $\frac{1}{10}$ of a groat. = $\frac{1}{100}$ of a florin.

Thus the coins themselves would be the very means of educating people into their use.

The consequences that would follow from this change of coinage demand brief notice, since otherwise the objection might be taken to my scheme that it ignores practical difficulties.

Obviously the prices of all articles of food, clothing, &c., that are fixed according to the actual values will not be affected; the loaf that costs 4*d.* now will continue to cost one-sixth of a florin, or rather in all probability its weight will be increased sufficiently to make it worth a double groat = one-fifth of a florin, and so on throughout; it needs only to reckon prices by the silver standard instead of by pence to perceive at once what their price must be under the new system. The transition here should be accomplished easily and at once—especially since we are postulating several months' work of proclaiming, advertising, and explaining, before the final change is made.

But there is another set of prices that are regulated not rigidly by actual value, but by convenience of the coinage. Of course, I am referring to low prices. To the poor, the penny or the sixpence is the standard, and many quasi-artificial values are regulated accordingly. Take for instance such examples as the innumerable trifles that are sold for a penny each, the *postal and telegraphic* charges, and the prices for admission to "penny readings" and cheap enter-

tainments. Now, it seems clear that most of these artificial prices, now fixed at a penny, would become fixed at half a groat ( $=1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), and that to this extent expenditure would become increased; but, on the other hand, many prices that are now "artificially" fixed at sixpence will be reduced to the double-groat ( $=4\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), just as in France such prices would be a half-franc; and to this extent expenditure would be reduced. *On the whole*, no doubt, such changes would balance one another.

But the main difficulty will lie with regard to the Post. It is plain that men will not consent to pay a half-florin for sending ten letters when now they can send twelve for that sum. Two courses are open to the post-office: either the postage may be increased to this extent (so that a stamp will still cost "a copper"), while, as a set-off, all letters for delivery within a definite limited radius are charged at a lesser rate only—say, two or three mites—by which means a general balance would be struck; or, the "penny stamp" might be priced at four mites, which is the *slightest fraction less* than our present penny.<sup>1</sup> This plan would probably be sufficiently popular.

In conclusion, I think it may be legitimately claimed for this scheme that it would effect a reform of inestimable value with a minimum of confusion and heartburning. Of course, there will inevitably be much grumbling and discontent among the uneducated, both at the abolition of the familiar £. s. d. columns and at the novel coinage, but most of all at finding they can get only ten "pennies" for a "shilling" now.<sup>2</sup> It would be necessary on this account to take all the precautions indicated as regards extensive advertising, and also as regards the enactment of stringent penalties against any person who should attempt to take advantage of the change in order to cheat simple people, either by giving false change or by refusing to state his prices in terms of silver, with the object of charging unfairly. As a safeguard it would be advisable to strictly forbid the application of the term "penny" to the new half-groat.

The objection liable to be made by many people, who would yet disclaim indignantly the epithet "uneducated," that they could never acquire the use of decimals now, is a delusion. On this matter I can speak from experience. At school of course I was taught decimals, as they are taught at school—that is, only as a fancy rule of arithmetic; but, as with most Englishmen, it would never enter into my head to use them in practical calculations. In course of time, however, I found myself in an analytical laboratory where with

<sup>1</sup> The difference, of course, being as  $\frac{1}{1000}$  is to  $\frac{1}{100}$ , or as  $\frac{1}{100}$  is to  $\frac{1}{10}$ . So, too, the "halfpenny-a-word" telegram might become the two mites-a-word.

<sup>2</sup> It would be some consolation, however, to the working man to get five "farthings" for his new "penny."

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the use of the metric weights and measures decimals alone were used in every calculation. Very quickly indeed I dropped into the use of them, and soon decimals became my familiar arithmetical atmosphere, and vulgar fractions became almost as foreign to me as were decimals formerly.

I subjoin here a table of the new coinage proposed, and two or three examples of familiar values stated in the new system; and I will only add that whilst the force of habit may impel many old-fashioned people to have their account books ruled in columns for "pounds, florins, groats," analogically to our present system of £ s. d., all intelligent persons will of course state the amounts simply as decimals of a pound. One word of caution only; remember that in the new scheme shillings *as units* are *ignored*, and that therefore 4—*e.g.*, in the silver column—means, *not* 4 shillings, but 4 florins (twice as much).

## SUGGESTED COINAGE.

Pound Sterling = the Standard.

Half-Sovereign. A double florin in either gold or silver.

						s.	d.
Florin	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{10}$	pound	...	2 0
Half-florin	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{20}$	"	...	1 0
Groat	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{100}$	"	= $\frac{1}{10}$ florin	0 2 $\frac{2}{5}$
Double-groat	.	.	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{50}$ "	0 4 $\frac{4}{5}$
Half-groat	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{200}$	pound	= $\frac{1}{20}$ "	0 1 $\frac{1}{5}$
Mite	.	.	.	=	$\frac{1}{1000}$	"	0 $\frac{6}{25}$

\* Practically a farthing.

## EXAMPLES OF CONVERSION.

£	s.	d.		£	fl.	g.	£
0	13	4	in the present system becomes	0	6	6 $\frac{6}{10}$	= 0.666
1	1	0	"	1	0	5	= 1.05
2	2	0	"	2	1	0	= 2.10
0	18	6	"	0	9	2.5	= 0.925
0	17	9	"	0	8	8.75	= 0.887

F. H. PERRY COSTE.

## MOLTKE.<sup>1</sup>

ONE cannot help feeling that there is a certain magic in the name of the great general who led his countrymen to victory in the Franco-German war. Bismarck has been described as the creator of the new German empire, but much of the credit that may be claimed for that great enterprise is due to Moltke. It is easy to conceive how the great Field-Marshal became the idol not only of the German army but of all who believed in the idea of Germany's military supremacy. Though his calm and simple life lacked the dazzling splendour which threw such a glamour around the career of the first Napoleon—though his work was not of such vital importance to the safety of Europe as that of Wellington—he proved himself a true soldier, a masterful strategist, and withal a most loyal subject. It may perhaps be doubted whether the German theory of military nationhood is, in any sense, high or noble. Indeed, few persons who are animated by the love of liberty developed in the nineteenth century can sympathise with the pure militarism which the present Emperor of Germany has carried to such an extravagant pitch. We must, however, deal with Moltke as a product of his time and country, regarding him not so much from an ethical as from a purely human standpoint.

A work which has just been published enables us to do this with tolerable accuracy. It presents us with a picture of the man rather than the warrior, and it shows us that, in spite of the terrible duties which he was called upon to perform, he possessed much amiability of character and no small share of literary ability.

Helmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke was born at Parchim, a town in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, on the 26th of October, 1800. The family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in Mecklenburg. As early as 1246 the name of Mathews Moltke is mentioned as a Knight descended from one of the followers of Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, who had acquired by the sword the region now known as the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg. Not much later, we find Moltkes in Sweden and in Denmark, where they appear to have held high and influential positions in State and Church. The male line of all the Swedish and Danish branches of the family died out

<sup>1</sup> *Moltke: His Life and Character, Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, and Novel and Autobiographical Notes.* Translated by Mary Herms. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1892.

towards the close of the fifteenth century. The ancestral home of the race was in Stridfeld, near Tessin in Mecklenburg, and it remained in the family for five hundred years, and for sixteen generations up to the year 1781. Gebhard, the ninth in the line of the owners of Stridfeld, left the estate to his younger brother Claus, as his elder brother owned the neighbouring estate of Samow and Woltow, which had come to him by marriage. A grandson of Claus, who married a daughter of the Samow family, acquired the estate of Walkendorf. Gebhard has been described, in a short family history written by the Field-Marshal himself, as "the ancestor of all the Moltkes of the present day," the German Moltkes being descendants of Gebhard's elder, and the Danish of his younger, son. In 1781 Stridfeld was in possession of Eberhard Frederick Moltke, while Samow was the property of Frederick Siegfried, the grandfather of Helmuth von Moltke. By degrees the German Moltkes lost all their family estates, while the Danish had large possessions in Denmark. "If," says Helmuth von Moltke pathetically, "landed property decides the nationality of a family, one must say of the eldest branch that it has been homeless for almost a hundred years." But his wish that "it should take root again in the soil of the German Fatherland," was fulfilled, when, in 1867, he bought the German estate of Creisau.

The father of the future Field-Marshal served as an officer in the Prussian army with some distinction. In 1797 he married Sophie Henriette Paschen, daughter of a Privy Councillor residing at Rackow. His eldest son, Wilhelm, was born in 1798, his second son, Friedrich, in 1799, and his third son—destined to be the most famous member of the family—was born a year later. Owing to the war then raging between the French and Prussians the father of the future Field-Marshal found his house looted, his farm-buildings burned down, and himself terribly impoverished. In 1803 he became a naturalised Danish subject, and was also made a major in the Landwehr. His adopted country was then at war with England, and in 1807 he obtained the command of the 3rd Holstein Battalion of the Line, which he had himself organised. For his bravery during the campaign he was personally thanked by the Danish King.

In 1811 Helmuth von Moltke and his brother Fritz entered the Military Academy at Copenhagen, and while there they lived with the family of General Lorenz. Almost every year of his residence there he had an attack of fever. In 1813 his father came to Copenhagen, and took him and his brother back to Holstein for some weeks. As they were crossing the Great Belt, they saw some English warships which had been sent out against Denmark. They passed one of the English ships so closely that they were in danger of being captured; but, as it was not yet daylight, they managed to escape, and young Helmuth arrived safely at Augustenhof, where

his mother had been anxiously awaiting him. In 1817 he was made a page to the King of Denmark; and in 1818 he passed his first military examination, in which he took the highest place. Having in that year received his commission as a second lieutenant, he soon afterwards left Copenhagen to join the Oldenburg infantry regiment at Rendsburg. From this place he was sent, in 1820, to join the Rifle Brigade, which was regarded as a distinction. In 1821 he went with his father on leave to Berlin, where for the first time in his life he saw part of the Prussian army. He was immediately inspired with the idea of entering the Prussian service. He wrote to the commander of his regiment, the Duke of Holstein-Beck, giving expression to his wishes on the subject, and before the close of that year he sent in his resignation, asking at the same time for permission to join the Prussian army. Both requests were granted, and he experienced no difficulty in passing the examination required by the rules of the Prussian service. In March 1822, he obtained a second lieutenancy in the Prussian Royal Regiment of Infantry, then garrisoned at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. While staying with his father in Schleswig in 1823 he received intelligence that permission had been granted him to enter the Kriegsschule (War Academy) at Berlin. In 1826 he passed the examination at this higher training college, and here, too, he obtained the highest certificate. We learn that on leaving the school he returned to his old regiment, and was employed at Frankfort as a tutor in the regimental school. During the winter of 1826 he suffered from palpitation of the heart, and he obtained three months' leave in order to visit his parents and recruit his health. In 1828 he was employed by the Topographical Office in Berlin to survey Silesia. This task occupied about five months. In the following year he was sent on a similar mission to the Grand Duchy of Poland.

In 1831 he was ordered to Thuringia with part of the General Staff. On May 30, 1833, he was promoted first lieutenant, and placed on the General Staff. In this year he also paid a visit to Italy, proceeding as far as Genoa. In 1835 he was made a Knight of St. John, and in the same year was appointed a captain in the General Staff. He was present at a grand review in Silesia, at which the Emperor Nicholas and his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, attended, together with the two Danish princes of Glücksburg; and he had the honour of accompanying these distinguished personages to the Russian frontier. After this he received the royal permission to go on a six months' leave to Constantinople. He travelled by land, and passed through Vienna, Ofen, and Bucharest on his route. At Constantinople he stayed with the Russian Ambassador, Count von Königsmark. His stay in the Turkish Empire extended over several years. He was present at the defeat of the Turkish troops at Nisib in 1839 by Mehemet Ali, this

disaster being attributable to the neglect of his advice by the Turks. On this occasion he lost all his baggage, drawings, and presents, and had a lucky escape from an Egyptian prison. Returning to Constantinople, he had an audience with the young Sultan, whose father had just died, and subsequently left Turkey, after a sojourn there of four years, during which time he had learned the language of the country thoroughly, and obtained a clear notion of the actual condition of the Ottoman Empire. On his way back he was detained in quarantine at Orsova, and lay ill for three weeks at Pesth. On reaching Vienna he caught gastric fever. At length, on December 27, he reached Berlin, where the King of Prussia bestowed on him the order "Pour le Mérite." Having been again attacked with fever in 1840, he was obliged to go to Ilmenau to take the waters there, and at a later period of the year he went to Rome and Naples. On his return to Berlin, he published a book, entitled *Letters on Turkish Affairs in the Years 1835 to 1839*. In the summer of 1841 he was betrothed to his step-niece, Marie Burt, whom he had met the previous autumn at Heligoland, where she had gone with her family. She was the daughter of a first marriage of his sister Augusta's husband, Mr. John Heyliger Burt, of Colton House, Staffordshire, an owner of plantations in the West Indies. Marie Burt was very fond of her stepmother, who treated her with the utmost kindness and affection; and, though she was much younger than Helmund von Moltke, there can be no doubt that she was deeply and devotedly attached to him throughout their happy but unfortunately too brief married life. In 1845, Moltke was made aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia at Rome. He was profoundly interested in the capital of the Western Roman Empire, which, in his interesting journal, he aptly contrasts with Constantinople. He made a map of the Campagna of Rome, and of the immediate surroundings of the city, which he sent to Alexander von Humboldt.

In December 1846, he was released from his duty as aide-de-camp and appointed to the General Staff of the Eighth Army Corps, and attached to the Great General Staff as supernumerary. He was subsequently appointed aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince, and joined His Royal Highness at Balmoral in Scotland, where his betrothal with the English Princess Royal took place. On three other occasions he accompanied the Crown Prince to England on a visit, on the occasion of his marriage, and at the funeral of Prince Albert. In the autumn of 1857 he was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the Prussian Army. While he occupied this position, he was employed to devise a universal system of defence for the whole German coast.

In 1863, he presided over a Federal Commission at Frankfort-on-



the-Main where the subject of discussion was the means of enforcing the Federal claims against Denmark. He was sixty-six years old before he occupied a position which would enable him to claim the credit of winning a campaign; but it is only right to acknowledge that the success of the preceding war with Denmark was due mainly to his strategy. In the Austro-Prussian war he displayed immense knowledge of military tactics, and the utilisation of all the railway lines to transport an enormous body of troops was in itself a decisive step worthy of a great commander. But the Franco-German war was, of course, the great work of Moltke's life. He had mapped out his plans for a war with France in 1867; in 1869 the arrangements for mobilisation were complete; and in silence this level-headed German general awaited the tocsin which should summon the combatants to arms. When the war broke out in 1870, 484,000 men were in three weeks brought to the frontier.

Before the close of the campaign, the strategic genius of Moltke was universally recognised. He received autograph letters signed, "Your grateful king, William." During the closing years of his life, honours and rewards were showered upon him; and on his ninetieth anniversary—twenty years after the great war—the German Emperor and the German nation paid him a kind of homage of which Royalty itself might well be proud. At the patriarchal age of ninety-one he died, while listening to a musical performance at his residence in Cresiau surrounded by the members of his family. His charming wife had died twenty-three years before, and he had never ceased to mourn her loss.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of this remarkable man.

He was the very type of conventional virtue. His domestic life was pure; his habits were regular; his ambition was not ill-regulated. He was passionately devoted to his profession—that of a soldier; and, if he had not joined the army, he might have made a successful engineer. The accuracy of his maps has been recognised by competent critics. His strategical powers were very great. In a word, he was the foremost military genius of Germany.

His *Journal written on his Way to Constantinople*, and his account of his travels in Italy and Spain, are full of keen observation and rare archaeological knowledge. He wrote a story in his twenty-eighth year entitled, *The Two Friends*, which is exceedingly interesting, and even romantic. It lacks originality, but it is calculated to please those who love the commonplace, and always wish to "point a moral."

The great fault in Moltke's character was his apathy to the spirit of modern progress, his utter absorption in himself and the immediate circumstances of his life—in short, his lack of an ideal. He was perfectly satisfied with his life; he accepted with saturnine self-complacency all the laudations poured out upon him by his Sovereign

and the more obsequious types of German citizenship. The destruction of France appeared to him to be a praiseworthy object, and he strenuously aided Bismarck in endeavouring to accomplish that task, never apparently bestowing a thought on the effect which such an event would have on civilisation. He planned the campaign with all the passionless industry of a spider; and, when he had caught the enemy in his web, he exulted at his good fortune. In the midst of his quiet home-life at Creisau, he one day received a telegram while out for a drive with his brother Adolf, his sister-in-law, and their two daughters in an open carriage. He read the telegram, and silently put it into his pocket. An hour later, when they had come home after the drive, Moltke said to his brother: "It is a stupid thing! I have to go to Berlin to night." Then he went to his study, where he remained till tea-time. It was only after tea that he betrayed his secret thoughts for one moment by striking the table, and exclaiming: "Let them come! With or without South Germany, we are prepared." To some minds this incident may suggest the idea of individual greatness; to others it may appear only a revelation of military fanaticism—for the soldier, as well as the priest, may be a narrow-souled fanatic.

The patriotism of Moltke has been commended by those who regard a military life as a sacrifice to duty upon the altar of one's country. But, if this German patriotism means no more than a desire to establish the predominance of Germany by force of arms, how is it superior to the ambition of a Tamerlane or a Zingis Khan? We may admire "Father Moltke" (as he was called) for his simplicity in private life, his austere virtue, his rigorous fulfilment of his duties towards his Sovereign, but what lesson does his life teach us? How does he stand when we judge him by the standard of humanity and of regard for the social organism? He did his work as a general in the spirit of an enterprising *bourgeois*. He never inquired into the justice or injustice of any war in which he was engaged. He would probably have said, if asked to form an opinion on such a subject, "That is not my business." War was his calling, and he appeared to treat it as an end rather than a means. He would probably have smiled in derision if he had heard the late Laureate's words quoted:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Furthermore, we may fairly assume that the animating impulse of his life was love of a military career rather than love of "the Fatherland," inasmuch as he gave his services both to Denmark and Turkey as well as to Germany.

From a paper written by the Field-Marshal shortly before his death we find that he was a half-hearted believer in a future state of

existence. He thus expresses his views: "We may be allowed to hope that our reason, and with it all the knowledge that we have painfully acquired, will pass with us into eternity; perhaps, too, the remembrance of our earthly life. Whether that is really to be wished is another question. How if our whole life, all our thoughts and actions, should some day be spread out before us, and we become our own judges, incorruptible and pitiless?"

If the writer of the last sentence had only applied these words to himself, what an appalling Nemesis he might have conjured up! He might have seen horrible visions of dead and dying soldiers, the dreadful picture of two nations struggling for mastery with all the ferocity of wild beasts, and all the destructiveness of military science; and, if he possessed sensibility and conscience as well as imagination, he surely would have asked himself: "Why have I wasted a long life in this brutality?"

But, apparently, such an act of self-criticism was never performed by Moltke. He viewed the horrors of the battle-field with the imperturbable calmness with which a surgeon views an amputation. He saw nothing to condemn in wholesale loss of life, regarding it coldly as the price of victory. He was, in fact, a mere instrument of warfare, with all the impersonality of a machine. The man was lost in the director of armies, the organiser of destruction; and so, like many others, who obstinately shut out the light of truth from their eyes, he remained blindly self-complacent to the last, believing that his work was good, and that he had done his duty.

D. F. HANNIGAN.

# THE PRESENT POSITION OF CANADA :

## A REPLY.<sup>1</sup>

IN the September number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW there appeared, over the signature of Lawrence Irwell, an article entitled, "The Present Position of Canada." In tone it was exemplary; it is rarely, indeed, that political and economical subjects are treated in a manner so dispassionate. It also bore evidence of the careful and conscientious collection of facts, and the facts were stated in a way at once lucid and attractive. Of the present position of Canada, however, the writer took the gloomiest view. Throughout the many topics with which he dealt a pessimistic note predominated, and this pessimistic note ascended in a sort of crescendo till it reached the concluding sentence, which ran thus: "Great Britain is, I fear, becoming disgusted with Canada, her slow growth and her Protectionism, and if the bulk of her population expressed a distinct desire to cut the political cable it is not probable that there would be any very strong opposition upon the part of John Bull." These are strong words, and Mr. Irwell must pardon his replier if the latter cannot equal him in dispassionateness when attempting to answer so serious a charge brought against a country which for some sixteen years has been to him a home. To say of a country—a vast and important country—which is peopled almost entirely from Great Britain, which looks to Great Britain for its further peopling, which regards itself as a safe and ample field for the investing of money from Great Britain, and which regards Great Britain with the most kindly, loyal, and patriotic feelings—to say of such a country that the feeling with which it is regarded by Great Britain is one of "disgust" is to say what will hardly be kindly received on either side of the Atlantic, even if the facts warranted the saying. I hope to show that the facts do not warrant the saying.

But first to reply generally to this assertion. And here let me say that I too am an Englishman and a Free Trader, so that, with the exception of the advantage of my long residence in Canada, Mr. Irwell and myself meet upon common ground.

<sup>1</sup> In the collection of data for this article I take pleasure in acknowledging the assistance rendered me by my friend and fellow-graduate, Mr. James McDougall, of Toronto, Canada.

If, then, by Great Britain Mr. Irwell means the majority of the people of the British Isles, the answer is that the majority of the people of the British Isles do not know enough about their trans-Atlantic colony to be in a position to hold any positive views whatsoever about it. Apathetic, if not downright ignorant, is the term by which to characterise English interest in Canada. Not so very many years ago, in a highly-intelligent city in the north of England, a lecture was delivered upon the subject of the Dominion, in proposing the vote of thanks for which an otherwise quite intelligent speaker expressed the hope that, now that the Alabama claims were comfortably settled, nothing would occur to disturb the harmonious relationships between the two countries, a sentiment that was received without comment by the audience. It is well-known, too, that in a printed proclamation, issued broadcast by the Privy Council, on the subject of the Colorado beetle, Ontario was referred to as a town. And there are few people with connections beyond the sea who have not over and over again been made ludicrously aware of the extremely hazy views held by persons of education and intelligence on our geographical and political position. The bulk of the people of Great Britain could no more be possessed of a feeling of disgust against Canada than they could against the Skager-Rack or the Cattegat, for their knowledge of the one is on a par with their knowledge of the other. No one hates Abracadabra, very few (beyond undergraduates) loathe Barbara or Felapton. And this ignorance is excusable; almost, we may say, rational. What do the majority of people know of Ascension Isle, and, but for the recent tornado, what would they have known of the Mauritius?

But if by Great Britain Mr. Irwell means the Government for the time being in power, or if he means that body of men who interest themselves with the affairs of the Empire, and are *au courant* with international and intercolonial relationships, even then not many probably will be found to assent to the use of so strong a term by which to characterise the feelings engendered by Canada's slow growth and her Protectionism, even admitting these; for intelligent Englishmen will find causes for the one and will admit reasons for the other. Mr. Irwell loses sight of many obstacles against which the Dominion has had to contend. He compares her, much to her disadvantage, with her powerful neighbour to the south—a neighbour the contiguity of which is not altogether an unmixed boon. He forgets that not till 1867 were her provinces confederated; and he forgets that even now there exist not a few elements tending to disintegration; nothing will ever cause a coalescence between the French and the English elements, and the harmonising of Ultramontaniam and Orangeism is further out of the question still. Till the Canadian Pacific Railway was built there was absolutely nothing to bind east and west together, and till that date also our spacious and fertile

North-west Territories were left unpopulated and unknown. There is no moneyed or leisure class, and the class that enters Parliament is not the best possible. The climate for a large part of the year is, not over genial, and want of transportation facilities have confined production to the belt of the great lakes. Where Australia (with which also Canada is compared) abounds in harbours and coastline, our outlet has for years been confined to the St. Lawrence. No gold-fields have attracted to us men and money. Where in the Antipodes the distance between sheep-farm and seaboard is a matter of scores, with us the distance between ranch and river is a matter of thousands, of miles. The States were knit together at their birth by alliance against a common foe; we have been mated with an uncongenial twin. Nor has Canada indulged in specious rhetoric by which to tempt unthinking thousands in search of "liberty" to her shores. And alone amongst England's colonies has Canada had ever to contend with a big and blustering nation which, if not openly, has at least been commercially, belligerent.

However, even if we grant the slow growth and grant the Protectionism, even if we go so far as to grant the disgust (which God forbid), still there are those who think it *will* be a very long time indeed before the bulk of our population express a distinct desire to cut the political cable. And there are some who think that even then it is probable that there *will* be strong opposition on the part of John Bull. What tremendous opposition there was to cutting the cable in 1776. What keen discussion there was even over the exchange of little Heligoland for the immense tracts in Africa John Bull got in her stead. And as for the cutting of the Irish political cable (not so non-analogous a case after all; there is an Ulsterian section in Canada, even if Mr. Irwell has not been made aware of its existence), in the discussion of that question has been heard such phrases as "dismemberment of the Empire" and "civil war." John Bull is apathetic and ignorant enough about his possessions till some one tries to take them from him, then he feels, like George III., that he will retain them at whatever risk to his crown and whatever cost of blood. But it is time to examine Mr. Irwell's facts and figures.

His first point is the disappointing character of the census, which showed only an increase in ten years of 600,000. But this is nowise prophetic of the future. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which completely opens up the country, and which is the only thing which does completely open up the country, was not completed till 1886—six years ago. Till that date the North-west Territories were almost a *terra incognita* even to ourselves; now they abound with populous towns and productive acres. Nor must it be forgotten that there is a yearly influx across the border of farmers from Dakota, Vermont, and Michigan, who take up land in Canada. The fact is, it is only within the last two or three years that Canada has become assured of

the value of her North-west Territories as a great wheat-growing area. To-day she knows that No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat fetches the best price in the market. Do not the Minneapolis mills buy it despite a duty?

Mr. Irwell then enlarges upon the apparent preference shown by emigrants for the States over Canada, to the implied detraction of the latter. Well, Canada has not been in the habit of screaming about a land of liberty, a land where Jack is as good as his master (as a matter of fact he is a good deal better here—materially, at all events<sup>1</sup>), a land where money grows on trees, and everybody can get work that wants it. The United States themselves are beginning to feel more than uneasy at the “dumping ground,” as their papers call it, which they have made of themselves. They do not preach liberty so much now. They pass Alien Labour Bills. Instead of laying upon Canada the blame for emigrants’ preference for the United States, it might with more reason be laid upon apathetic Great Britain.

Upon apathetic Great Britain, too, the blame must be laid for the small amount of English capital that finds its way to Canada compared with the sums she invests in foreign lands. “What is the cause of this?” I asked once of a shrewd Canadian lawyer. “The cause,” he said, “is the assassininity of the British investor, who will lose his thousands in the Argentine Republic, in Turkey, in East Africa, but shuts his eyes to absolutely safe Canadian Six per Cents.” Mr. Irwell picks out two unfortunate companies—the Grand Trunk Railway Company and the Dead Meat Company, of Three Rivers, near Montreal. This surely is an example of the argument *a particulari ad universale*. To how many thousands of British bogus companies could not the finger of warning be pointed? Even in the case of the two companies of Mr. Irwell’s choice, the extenuating circumstances are obvious. The Grand Trunk was a spoiled child. For some fifty years it possessed not a single rival; and as for the Dead Meat Company (though it seems waste of time to dwell upon so incomplete an induction), it received its quietus at the hands of the Dominion Parliament. If Canadian wild-cat schemes are to be weighed in the balance with British, they will kick the beam. If the British investor will come out and see for himself the practically unlimited extent of Canada’s natural resources: her mines, her forests, her fisheries, her millions of as yet untilled acres, all wanting only men and money, he would very soon think oftener than twice before he risked his capital in foreign lands.

As an offset also to the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Irwell, to be consistent in his pessimism, reminds us that that Company was assisted by Government to the extent of some

<sup>1</sup> “Is there much destitution in Toronto?” asked recently a newly-arrived Englishman. “No, sir, hardly any; except, perhaps, amongst the higher classes.” A true and significant answer.

\$100,000,000. Does Mr. Irwell know that, mile for mile, some United States trans-continental lines have received even more? But even so; what is \$100,000,000? Canada is, as yet, an undeveloped country; develop it and it will repay fifty-, sixty-, or a hundred-fold. That we have the resources is a fact. That their development requires only men and money is equally a fact. That the people of Canada are not averse to aiding a Company to the tune of \$100,000,000 is also a fact, and a fact which shows that they have very much more faith in the country than Mr. Irwell has. And faith in a country is a powerful factor in its future prosperity, a factor that Mr. Irwell has not seen fit to cope with.

Nor can Mr. Irwell be altogether exonerated from the charge of, once at least, unthinkingly condescending to what looks like an *ad captandum* argument. "The railway system," he says, "in the ten years, from 1880 to 1890, has been more than doubled, it is true, but in this, as well as in carriage of freight, the increase cannot be compared with that of the United States, where we find an addition in mileage, in the same period, of over 70,000 miles, the Canadian increase being from 6891 to 13,325, the American from 84,393 to 161,397." Taking these self-same figures, the Canadian increase is 93 per cent, the American is 91—that is the way to compare the countries, if Mr. Irwell will insist upon comparing them—and let it be remembered meanwhile that one country has some five, the other some sixty, millions of people.

Mr. Irwell's very next sentence is unintentionally misleading. "With the credit of Great Britain at her back," he asserts, . . . "the Dominion ought to have made . . . a better showing." The Dominion has not the credit of Great Britain at her back. The only instance of Great Britain backing the Dominion financially was the Imperial guarantee on a loan floated to provide money to build the Inter-colonial Railway, and this was an offset to claims for damages on account of the Fenian raids which were not allowed by the United States, and were not pressed by England.

On the same page Mr. Irwell deplores the (to him) seemingly slow growth of Canada's foreign trade. Canada's foreign trade has been steady, and not slow. In 1868, the year after confederation, the total exports and imports amounted to \$131,027,532; in 1891 they were \$218,384,934, and, if space permitted a tabular statement, it could be shown that they rose from one figure to the other by gradual, if fluctuating, addition. And this, be it remembered, shows only Canada's foreign trade; Mr. Irwell has totally neglected to say anything whatsoever of her rapidly increasing inter-provincial trade—for which unfortunately no figures are procurable. Of the growth of this inter-provincial trade there is not the least doubt in the world, as any one who has lived any length of time in Canada, and has seen under his own eyes the enormous extension of manufactures and



the surprising increase of manufacturing towns will testify. Within the last twenty years the whole aspect of some cities has been entirely changed; palatial offices, ten-storied buildings, ample warehouses, magnificent residences, miles of electric railways, telephones by the hundred thousand, macadamised and asphalted streets by the score, ramifications of electric telegraph—these things those who have lived in Canada wot of; are they evidence of Canada's being on the down-grade? The mention of such signs of civilisation will perhaps surprise some of my readers; those, for example, who are in the habit of regarding Canada as a land of snow and ice, held for half the year in Winter's chill embrace, the home of the thick-furred beaver and the hibernating bear, peopled with uncouth emigrants who revel in ice palaces, and do little else but skate and toboggan. Let such readers visit historic Quebec, magnificent Montreal, prosperous Toronto, fast-growing Winnipeg, and I warrant that they will open their eyes. It is England's apathy and ignorance that are Canada's bane, rather than her slow growth and her Protectionism, and that an Englishman should visit Canada, and from a superficial survey (for Mr. Irwell's indictment bears strongest evidence of a superficial survey) intensify England's apathy and make still deeper her ignorance, is not fair to a new and struggling country, a country which, God knows, has enough already to struggle against. But I will remember Mr. Irwell's dispassionateness.

To proceed then with the article under consideration. There follow here some minor points which will require but briefest notice. Mr. Irwell speaks slightly of Canada's public works, and of course, in his usual pessimistic manner, mentions one only, and that the most unfortunate of all, namely, the Intercolonial Railway. The Intercolonial Railway was built under promise, and it was built partly as a military route. Now its development is hampered by the rivalry of the Canadian Pacific, which crosses Maine. To pitch upon it, therefore, and to hold it up to scorn as costing the country \$400,000 a year is hardly fair. Why did he say nothing of the Rideau Canal, of the St. Lawrence Canal, of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, of the Sault-Ste-Marie Canal (approaching completion), of the Welland Canal, of the St. Clair Tunnel, of the Halifax and Esquimalt Graving Docks? Are, or are these not, "public works of such a character as to form a lasting benefit to the country," for which Mr. Irwell contends? If they are, why did he deliberately omit them? If they are not, why did he not point this out?

There is another minor point which may be just touched on. He upbraids Toronto with being "heavily in debt without sufficient to show for it," and exemplifies the "block-paved streets, with gas-lamps [he might have added electric-lights] and water-pipes, but with few, if any, houses, these local improvements (as they are called) having been carried out at the suggestion of some alderman,

who was either personally interested in the locality, or who was connected with the real estate speculators who were?" Is it actually necessary to explain to Mr. Irwell that local improvements are directly chargeable to the land improved, and have been done always at the initial request of the proprietors?

"The system of one man one vote is not in force in electing for the Dominion Parliament." Is it in force in the Great Britain that is disgusted with Canada?

"The constituencies vary very considerably in size. This state of things . . . enables corrupt Ministers to do a good deal of 'gerrymandering.'" Redistribution is enforced by statute. Of course the party out of power talks of "gerrymandering" and "corrupt Ministers."

Mr. Irwell animadvertes upon Canada's small military force, which consists, he tells his readers, of about 38,000 men. He avoids comparison with the United States here. Let us compare them for him. The United States army is under 25,000. Besides, by the terms of the Act passed in March 1868, the Canadian militia consists of all male British subjects between eighteen and sixty years of age, which, unless I am very much mistaken, puts some 700,000 on her roll of fighting men. He speaks of the paucity of Canadian military defences. What military defences have the United States? "The Dominion having," he proceeds, "an extensive shipping trade, makes no attempt towards defending it." She is prohibited by the Treaty of Washington from defending it on the Lakes. There was actually a newspaper squabble over a Canadian cruiser built at Owen Sound and sent to the Atlantic coast for the purpose of protecting the fisheries there. With so self-conscious and touchy a neighbour military defences are a delicate matter. Even the submarine cable between Halifax and Bermuda put them on the *qui vive*.

"The Dominion has no voice in the appointment of the Governor-General," says Mr. Irwell, and he says truly. Nor does Canada want to have a voice in the appointment. When, and if Canada turns republic she will elect her Governor-General; till then she is quite satisfied with a vice-royalty which declares her an integral part of a great and glorious monarchy.

The wholly unimportant, even trivial, details about Lord Stanley's being away on a fishing expedition at the time of the Larkin-Connolly inquiry (the best place for him, one would imagine), and Lord Lorne's losing a Presbyterian congratulatory address upon his wife's recovery (as if he should have cherished it in his breast-pocket), need not detain us, especially as it is known that the disappearance of the address has been traced to theft.

"The recent exposures at Ottawa show that corruption flourishes." This is a serious charge. What are the facts? There was corruption, that all admit; but its discovery was followed by a most searching

investigation, and the culprits were dealt with in the severest manner. Civil servants who for extra work received illegal emolument were dismissed; Québec, that supposed hot-bed of corruption, by an overwhelming majority at a general election following closely upon the feet of the inquiry, swept at once, and decisively out of power the party to which the guilty belonged, the chief being ousted from Parliament, and now a political outcast and a bankrupt. Who can say after that that "corruption flourishes?" Yet Mr. Irwell says this.

Of course Mr. Irwell mentions the Pacific scandals. The Pacific scandals have been mentioned *ad nauseam* by every speaker and writer for the last eighteen years—and they were committed eighteen years ago—a proof, surely, that Canada recognises, reprobates, and remembers corruption when she sees it. That Sir John Macdonald was afterwards returned to power, despite his share in those shady transactions, is a fact, and one not easily to be condoned. This certainly does seem to argue a certain amount of moral laxity in the electors. But then the extenuating circumstances of the case must be taken into consideration, and these extenuating circumstances were that Sir John Macdonald was the only man to whom the country could look for a vigorous policy of national development, and that he may be considered to have been sufficiently punished by his temporary expulsion from office. It will take more than a passing reference to the Pacific Scandal and the Ottawa Inquiry to substantiate the charge that corruption now flourishes in Canada.

Canada's National Debt evokes Mr. Irwell's protest. It is \$45 per head, say £10 nearly. What does Mr. Irwell say to Australia's £45 per head, and to New Zealand's £59 11s. 6d. per head?

"Abortive legislation," says Mr. Irwell, "abounds in Canada." And what are the specimens of abortive legislation which he adduces? Factory Acts for preventing child-labour, and an Ontario Act to prevent cigarette smoking by boys! Truly that deserves an exclamation point—one wishes there existed an exasperation point. Child-labour! why it is with the utmost difficulty that one can induce a robust and full-grown woman to come at eight o'clock in the morning (and then sit down to breakfast) and wash or iron till six (with a hot dinner thrown in) for 4s. 2d. a day. This I know by personal and painful experience.<sup>1</sup> Does this high standard of living amongst the lower classes prove the country to be sinking? After the enunciation of that fact it is surely needless to point out the irrelevance of talking about abortive child-labour Acts. Does Mr. Irwell conceive that the poor are in Canada ground down, that sweating abounds, that the struggle for life is so keen that children are driven to toil and must be protected by statutory

<sup>1</sup> "But where were your servants?" perhaps my reader exclaims. My dear reader, I have been trying to get servants for six months. Send us out some and we will thank you.

legislation? No wonder the Act was abortive; there were no children in factories to protect. As to the cigarettes, if the presenting of such a Bill showed anything it showed that boys had money to expend upon cigarettes.

Mr. Irwell now inserts a table showing the increase in the exports of various products in the years 1889, 1890, and 1891. Products of the forests increased by three million dollars in the first, by one and a half million in the second, year. Besides, our forests are part of our assets, and until some more general regard is had to their scientific conservation, perhaps it is as well that the export of timber should not be too great. Fish exportation increased in the two years by three and a half million dollars—not so small a sum for a country of five million people. The export of animals increased by nearly three millions of dollars, agricultural products by a million and a quarter, products of the mine by the same sum, and manufactures by two millions—that is a total increase in the half dozen items enumerated of twelve and a half millions of dollars, or six and a quarter millions per annum. What is there to complain of here?

Mr. Irwell has deluged us with facts and figures to prove Canada's moribundity: let me adduce a few facts and figures to prove her vitality. They are taken quite at haphazard, and could, no doubt, by one more familiar with economical statistics, be indefinitely added to.

The amount of money credited to depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank at the end of August last was some \$23,000,000, an increase of nearly \$1,000,000 over that of the preceding year. In the Government Savings Bank the amount was some \$17,000,000, an increase of nearly \$400,000 over the preceding year. The total assets of the chartered banks in September last was some \$298,000,000, an increase of nearly \$25,000,000 over the preceding year. Remembering that the country does not yet possess five millions of people, these amounts and increments are hardly, I think, proofs that Canada is just yet *in articulo mortis*. Nor is the fact that the increase in the exports of the eleven months of the fiscal year of 1891-2<sup>1</sup> over those of the year before were more than \$12,000,000. Nor is the fact that during the decade between 1881 and 1891 the proportion of the products of labour received by the workman increased close upon 9½ per cent. Nor is the fact that for the Canadian 3 per cent. loan of £2,250,000 floated in London in June, 1892, at a time when other colonial securities, notably Australian securities, were in a depressed condition, more than three times the amount asked was offered, and an average of more than 92 was realised.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Irwell has not so much as mentioned Canada's North-western Territories. Perhaps it is as well for his line of argument that he has not. Those who know that region

<sup>1</sup> The latest figures procurable.

regard it as likely to be in the very near future Canada's richest ground. Unfortunately, travellers who have written of it have written under such euphonious but misleading titles as "The Great Lone Land," "The Great Fur Land," "The Wild North Land," "The Barren Lands of Northern Canada." These barren lands are already being approached by branch railways for the purpose of obtaining their hidden and potential wealth. Who has not heard of the farms there to be measured only by square miles, of the cattle which range over the luxuriant prairies, of the coal, the petroleum, the natural gas, and other minerals to be found at various points? I wish that it had fallen into more competent hands to present to the readers of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW the other side of the question as to Canada's present position, but that there is another side, I think, I have abundantly shown.

It must be conceded to Mr. Irwell that he has in one solitary instance inserted a somewhat more jubilant note in his otherwise doleful threnody, and it has a paragraph all to itself: he is willing to admit that "the success of the Canadian apple in the British market has now been well demonstrated." All glory to the Canadian apple! But what of the Canadian cheese? Mr. Irwell does not mention the Canadian cheese. And yet it is a known fact that Americans used to send their cheeses to England *via* Montreal, in order to profit by the character the Canadian cheese had acquired. What of the Canadian ox, of the Canadian egg, of Canadian creamery butter? Mr. Irwell cares for none of these things, they are destructive of his line of argument.

One other wavering note of reassurance, perhaps, there is also in his admission that "wages are somewhat higher than in Great Britain, and the general condition of the working classes is better." I should think they are! I have mentioned my charwoman; I might go on to mention—and Mr. Irwell might have mentioned—that the commonest day-labourer earns his dollar and a half a day; that a dollar and a quarter a day (say a good 6s. in purchasing value) is perhaps the minimum wage paid; that manual labour, especially for farm hands, is in high demand (as such wages show); that domestic servants are almost worth their weight in gold, be they good, bad, or indifferent; that our farmers are singularly contented (note their tolerance of protective duties, which are anything but a source of protection to them); that our mortgages per acre on farm lands are far less than in the United States; that American farmers are yearly abandoning their farms in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, and flocking into Canadian territory; that female labour is tremendously on the increase; that the necessities of life are cheap;<sup>1</sup> that pauperism and destitution are virtually unknown;

<sup>1</sup> To give one—and a good—example: in the heart of the city of Toronto, in a coffee-house, the rental of which is \$2400 per annum, a capitally served hot dinner,

and that there is an enormous and a still growing, not peasant, so much as artisan, proprietary class. If any one will take the trouble seriously to consider what such things really mean—the comfort, not to say affluence, in which the working classes live, the freedom from anxiety as to how they shall obtain work, the absence of the terrors of the workhouse, the general contentedness, in fact, of those masses which compose the bulk of the community—surely he will hesitate to follow Mr. Irwell's one-sided representation of the present position of Canada and be loath to admit that "unless the people [of Canada] open their eyes and make a distinct move, unless a determination be made to insist upon pure Government . . . the fate of Canada is sealed." There are those who think that the fate of Canada is sealed, and they are those who have a firm and healthy hope in her prosperous future—a hope that is worth all our exports and imports put together, for it means a hope that is not damped by slow growth or Protectionism, a hope that evinces itself in living and working for the country.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

The Public Library, Toronto.

to no particular of which any gentleman could object, consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, bread, pudding, tea or coffee, and a table-napkin, is procurable for twenty cents—ten-pence. That appeals to a more important cavity even than the pocket.

# THE FOOL'S GEM.

## I.

IN very ancient days there lived a king  
Within a land where mountains met in ring,  
And formed sweet vales, for ever full of bloom ;  
Where life was calm from cradle to the tomb.  
. . . . A slumb'rous park, filled with majestic trees,  
Wherein were chant of birds and hum of bees,  
Lay round the sculptured, timeworn, mottled walls  
Of the good King's unenvied palace halls.  
Upon great terraces, where marble stairs  
Led down to lawns where frolicked happy hares,  
Old orange trees in mighty ranges stood :  
A smell of spice filled all the sleepy wood.  
The fawn drank at the plashing fountain's rim ;  
Innumerable swallows chirped their sunrise hymn,  
Darting about the King's head as he strode,  
Each morn, along the leafy, flower-hedged road,  
Between the palace and a shaded nook,  
High on a terrace wall, whence one might look  
Upon the cup-like vales, beyond which rose  
The sun-flushed mounts tipped with eternal snows.

Thither one morn the wise King went to greet  
The sunrise. Dewdrops sparkled round his feet,  
Bright as the pearls he on his sandals wore.  
Lightly his footsteps touched the flower-strewn floor  
Of shaven odorous grass : he brushed past wet  
And fragrant sprays of tender mignonette ;  
In jasmine thickets sang the nightingale  
Her sweetest music as the skies grew pale  
With passionate awaiting of the dawn :  
Behind him on the smooth elastic lawn  
A goodly company of singers came  
Their eyes agleam, their lofty brows aflame,  
In concert singing threnody of night,  
And greeting to the birth of holy light.

Then next, in order slow, the wise men paced,  
And close behind them courtiers, jewelled, laced.

The sparrows hopped around them without fear ;  
The squirrels chattered in the tall trees near ;  
The sly fox in the hedgerow turned to flee ;  
The grey owl oped a drowsy eye to see  
The richly robed procession, as it passed  
To the cool nook, and halted there at last.

Down on a mossy rock the old King sat :  
Beside him lay his jewel-broidered hat ;  
Back from his brow he smoothed his whitened hair ;  
His withered cheeks, kissed by the morning air,  
Were faintly ruddy, like a grey cloud thrilled  
By sunset's glow with dying splendours filled ;  
The light of peace was on his wrinkled face,  
And in his port were majesty and grace.  
His thin lips parted in a tranquil smile  
He listened to the singer's notes.

Meanwhile

Along the broad horizon of the East  
A flush spread slowly, trembled, then increased ;  
Upon the snowy summits cast a gleam  
Mysterious as an infant's smile in dream ;  
Over the pallid skies resistless stole ;  
Tinged the swift torrent in its foamy roll ;  
Melted the mists ; ran rippling into pink ;  
Deepened to scarlet o'er abysses' brink ;  
Touched far-off sheep-folds with celestial fire,  
Then gently languished, ready to expire ;  
While the uprising sun, with glances bold,  
Flooded the heavens with streams of molten gold.

A tear ran coursing down the old King's cheek,  
His eye roved o'er the throng, as if to seek  
Some swift communion with a kindred soul  
In this high ecstasy which now upstole  
Thro' all his being, as the shafts of light  
Shot with resistless glory o'er each height.  
Then said a courtier to his neighbour : " See  
How the King weeps ! From grief to set him free  
Naught can suffice but merry quips and pranks  
Of the court fool. Who calls him first has thanks.  
Summon the jester ! Lo ! the rascal hides,  
Close in yon thicket, and, distraught, he bides,  
Heedless of duty, gazing on the skies



With the dawn's glow reflected in his eyes."

Forth then they haled the fool, who, halting, came  
As if o'erweighted with a secret shame ;  
His lips compressed, he seemed afraid to say  
What subtle sorrow o'er his heart held sway,  
And in his parti-coloured garb forlorn  
Marred the harmonious radiance of the morn.

He bowed, and stood in fear before the King,  
Who gently said :—

"The singers cease to sing ;  
Why art thou silent, fool ? Thy cheery voice  
Was ever wont to make our hearts rejoice ;  
Hast thou been sleeping in a fairy dell ?  
Hast had a vision of the mouth of hell ?  
Thy woe unveil, or by my kingly power,  
From our high court I banish thee this hour."

Then said the fool : "O master of our lives,  
Beneath whose hand our happy kingdom thrives,  
Great worshipper of Nature's noblest moods,  
I know not why my spirit grieves and broods,  
Nor why it stands appalled before the dawn  
As some poor puzzled wight, in depths far gone  
Of tangled forest, pauses, overcome  
With fear that chills his blood, and leaves him dumb.  
But this I feel : unutterable things  
Surge in my heart ; and in my brain there rings  
This strange refrain :

O master, let me go,  
Forth thro' the hills to wander ! I would know  
The secret of the far-off moaning sea ;  
Men say beyond our mountain walls there be  
Strange beaches—ghostly white—where drifting sands  
Move rhythmically to the waves' commands ;  
Where winds and waters tell delightful tales  
Of argosies engulfed by whelming gales ;  
Of sirens and of mermen bold, who keep  
An elfin court in the enchanted deep ;  
And there, perchance, some wisdom I may learn,  
And having learned, then homeward I might turn  
My steps with gladness, like a child from school."  
"Yet thou wouldst aye remain a travelled fool,"  
Sighed one bluff courtier.

But the king said : "Peace !  
'Tis a wise fool who thus demands increase

Of knowledge, though his quest shall bring him pain,  
Nor ever shall he jest for us again ;  
But all his heart shall mortal anguish fill,  
Nor will his saddened, wearied soul be still,  
But, leaping like a restless child, shall cry  
For other lights than fill our homely sky.  
Thou seekest, fool, the hidden mystery  
Of that vast source of life men call the sea ;  
Tho' straying ever on its shifting shore,  
Wooed by its smiles, or frightened by its roar,  
But little shalt thou learn of its abyss  
Save that its curling waves the grey sands kiss,  
And still shall kiss them, when a million years  
Are piled above thy pigmy hopes and fears,  
The rustic shepherd, who adores each star,  
Nor questions why and whence heaven's glories are  
Shall have, while piping to his flock, I wis  
A keener touch of earth's unboughten bliss,  
Than thou shalt find while scanning ocean's page,  
Which eye alike hath baffled fool and sage.  
Then linger here with us and shun new woe ? ”

Still the fool pleaded : “ Master, let me go ! ”

Then rose the King, and took him by the hand,  
And said : “ Our little breaths with ropes of sand  
About the whirling wheel of life are bound.  
Tell me, O fool, when haply thou hast found  
Some glimpse of meaning in the restless sea,  
Where shall thy comfort and thy profit be ?  
For Death with sudden shock and dreadful jar  
Shall hurl thee downward from the flying car,  
And in some newer and remoter sphere  
New secrets will perplex thee there as here.  
Seek not the deep unknowable to know ! ”

But the fool answered, “ Master, let me go ! ”

Now all the court was touched with sudden fear ;  
Each crowded round, the King's command to hear ;  
Up from the valley came the joyous cry  
Of soldiers who went forth their skill to try  
In the green fields, beside the rippling streams ;  
Far up in azure a great eagle's screams  
Sounded with shrillness, in contempt of those  
Who hurtled arrows at him from their bows ;

The thin sweet music of the shepherd's reeds  
 Echoed across the tufted, tinted meads,  
 And eager bleating of the straying flocks  
 Drifted among the hollows of the rocks.  
 Maids with fair faces framed in lustrous hair,  
 With clinging feet poised on each stony stair,  
 Climbed the steep hills, upbearing water jars ;  
 Their young eyes were agleam like morning stars  
 Ere a great dawn comes rushing up the east :  
 Morn brought content and joy to man and beast,  
 And life hummed gladly in the market-place.

But the fool hung his head, and hid his face.

At last the King said : " Fool depart in peace,  
 And may thy yearning soul find rich increase  
 Of wisdom, and withal win grace to bear  
 The sorrow that with wisdom comes. Forth fare  
 Along the dusty roads, a pilgrim meek,  
 And, while the wind's breath doth embrown thy cheek,  
 Listen to Nature, as she sings and smiles,  
 Capricious ever ; but beware her wiles !  
 And this I charge thee, when a year is past  
 Turn, wheresoe'er thy wandering lot be cast,  
 Turn thy steps homeward to thy waiting King,  
 And if thou hast, perchance, a song to sing  
 Wherein we catch the purpose of the surge  
 Whichever its uncertain way doth urge,  
 Landward or seaward, thou mayst sing it then."

The fool fell on his knees : " O King of men !  
 All shall be as thou sayest. For this boon  
 Take my soul's thanks."

" Let him set forth at noon ! "

So said the wise old King, and gave his hand  
 To the glad fool, who kissed it. " I command  
 A pilgrim's garb, a purse, a staff, a scroll,  
 For him who journeys whither oceans roll ;  
 Keep here his motley till he comes again,  
 For he may bring new follies in his train ;  
 But give him earnest speed upon his way,  
 And let nor churl nor prince his course gainsay.  
 Farewell, wise fool ! We count the days until  
 Thou shalt return, our ears with song to fill."

## II.

The hush of noon was on the sun-bathed plain ;  
The fool passed up the valley, wild to gain  
A great pass in the mountains, ere the night  
Should hide the home he loved so well from sight.  
High on a crag from whence a torrent poured,  
And, foaming down through rocky basins, roared,  
He paused a moment, and his backward gaze  
Fell on the palace roofs—one golden blaze  
Of shimmering sunshine, on the ancient trees,  
On shepherds stretched beside their flocks at ease ;  
And to his heart there stole a sudden dread  
And fear of that far goal toward which he sped.  
Loved hands seemed tugging at his garment's hem ;  
He stooped as if to wrest his skirts from them,  
And, nothing finding but a stout thorn wild,  
Which scratched his clinging fingers, the fool smiled,  
Although his fondly gazing eyes were wet  
With pang of parting and with keen regret.

Upward at last he bent anew his way,  
Till yellow sunshine faded into grey  
And misty blue, and twilight spread her haze  
With solemn swiftness o'er the thickets' maze.  
High round him rose the lichen-covered nooks ;  
Naught living saw he but the wild-eyed flocks .  
Of mountain sheep, which fled as he drew near ;  
From gnarled trunks the wood nymphs seemed to peer ;  
Great boughs of cedar brushed against his face ;  
Now sweeping shadows made him halt apace,  
And now the murmur thro' the distant pines,  
Sown on a mighty cliff in ragged lines,  
Stirred his heart quickly : o'er the roots he tripped,  
And on the treacherous pine-strewn pathway slipped ;  
His tender hands upon sharp rocks he bruised,  
And, by the mountain's noises half-confused,  
He came, thro' whelming darkness, to a pass  
Deep in the awful gorge, where waving grass  
Keep up a rhythmic sighing, and where one  
Forlorn old shepherd, clad in thin robes dun,  
Welcomed him to a rustic hut, and made  
For him a bed of rushes ; then arrayed  
Upon a mossy rock a simple meal.

The poor fool felt his startled senses reel

When morn came rushing thro' the narrow vale,  
Revealing, to him lofty summits pale  
On either hand, and not the well-loved walls  
Of his small cosy lodge in palace halls ;  
But up he rose, and sped him on his course,  
With each new struggle finding newer force.

Two days he wound along the path  
Ever ascending, now 'mid tempest's wrath,  
Now toiling under sunshine : and one night,  
When bats flew briskly in the fading light,  
He touched the topmost point, and saw the flow  
Of waters forward to strange countries go,  
And knew his feet were straying to the South.  
A wanton warm breeze kissed him on the mouth,  
And set his blood to riot. Down he sped,  
Lightsome of heart and lighter yet of head.  
All night he wandered by a singing stream,  
And just before the morning's earliest gleam,  
With rapturous delight and glad surprise,  
He knew that he was under foreign skies.  
He felt like one who, walking to the marge  
Of a great water, sees thereon a barge  
And hastes to set foot in it, yet would fain  
An instant afterward the shore regain.  
But when the sun his magic worked above,  
The poor fool's spirit, like a fond, fair dove,  
Fluttered its wings, and downward still he went  
Until the tender golden day was spent,  
Thro' deep, delicious, sylvan, violet vales  
Where Nature her supremest charm exhales  
In subtlest witchery on earth and air,  
Making the meanest object richly fair  
With her enchanting colour.

And at night  
He came out on a vine-enshrouded height.  
A faded blue had flooded all the sky,  
Yet far off the horizon seemed to die—  
To vanish—and he stood with puzzled eyes,  
Till suddenly he leaped and danced, with cries  
Of ecstasy, in sharp, delirious glee,  
For there below him lay the vast blue sea !  
Ay, there she lay ! hushed in her ancient dream,  
The mother of the continents which teem  
With life drawn from her nobly moving breast,  
And of the myriad islets, each caressed  
And cherished in her infinite embrace !

The poor fool trembled now, and hid his face,  
For thro' his senses awe began to creep ;  
He heard the yearning voices of the deep,  
Crooning the anthem of eternal pain ;  
He heard the plangent waters smite the main,  
The eddies seething in the unseen caves  
Where shipwrecked sailors lay in unblest graves,  
The foamy breakers tumbling on the rocks  
Worn slippery by countless million shocks,  
Thro' the long centuries ; he seemed to hear  
With dread distinctness, drifting to his ear,  
Weird whispers rising from the spray-wreaths tossed  
Landward, from spines of ragged rock embossed  
With wavy lines which traced the waters' course.  
He seemed to feel the gale's resistless force  
Combing the shifty mountains, white with spume,  
Cleaving before it a vast ocean-flume  
Thro' which the hissing winds fled like the ghosts  
Of the lost angels' downward driven hosts,  
From summits of supremest heaven hurled  
Upon the feebly forward rolling world !  
Yet when he dared to look again, he knew  
All this from his imagination grew,  
For there before him the great sea lay, dim,  
Dreamily silent.

Then awoke in him  
Fierce longing to go down across the lands  
To the waves' marge, and lie upon the sands  
In the warm night.

And he arose and went  
Upon his seaward striving so intent  
He knew not where he placed his eager feet,  
But downward pressed thro' thickets, ever fleet  
And panting like a fugitive pursued.  
By sturdy vines he dropped from summits rude ;  
From cleft to cleft 'mid loosening stones he fled  
Thro' narrow passes all engarlanded  
With rustling plants, which trembled as in fright  
At this lone figure rushing thro' the night :  
Now trod the upland, now thro' marshes toiled,  
Until with aching limbs, with garments soiled,  
Breathless and tremulous, he touched the strand,  
And sate him down where Ocean kissed the land.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Great souls there be which strive thro' Night and Time  
To reach the infinite and the sublime,

And, at some blissful turning of the way,  
 They catch faint glimpses of the goal, which pay  
 For all their toil, and gaze in rapture.  
 So now the panting fool, alone and spent,  
 Within his soul felt such a wild delight  
 That it illuminated all the night :  
 In disembodied rapture seemed to float  
 His spirit, into airy realms remote,  
 Filled with high harmonies : he seemed to see,  
 With spiritual vision strangely free,  
 The stainless primal morning of the world,  
 When the vast waves of yellow flame lay curled  
 Around each other—infinately deep,  
 And a great rapture through them seemed to creep,  
 Awaking countless forms to motion.

Then,  
 Back dropped his spirit to her mortal ken ;  
 The fool fell on the cool white sand, and slept,  
 While slumb'rous waters toward him slowly crept.

Long hours he slept, like one with battle worn  
 Whose senses are by struggle overborne  
 And crushed by mute inaction.

On the sands  
 Inert reposed his unresisting hands,  
 And the moon-moved incoming moonlit tide  
 Stole gently up and kissed them.

At his side  
 It laid a wondrous and mysterious gem,  
 Brighter than any in the diadem  
 Of the great king his master.

He awoke,  
 And felt the waters heavy on his cloak.  
 The risen moon had silvered all the plain  
 Of mighty Ocean, and a sweet low strain  
 Of solemn music trembled on his ear,  
 His spirit hovered between bliss and fear ;  
 He rose to flee, when, lo ! his startled eyes  
 Fell on the gem. He clutched it with surprise,  
 And looked his whole soul at it, Was it dumb ?  
 Or from it did a rhythmic chanting come ?

Upon his brow a sudden splendour gleamed :  
 Around him floods of mystic radiance streamed,  
 And far off in the oozy caverns cried  
 A hollow voice ; then into silence died.

The fool smiled calmly ; in his bosom placed  
The dazzling gem ; triumphantly he traced  
His plashing landward way thro' silver lakes  
Which ran before him o'er the sandy flakes,  
And thro' half-flooded marshes lightly trod,  
Serene and fearless as a demi-god ;  
Tall cliffs he climbed, as if with winged feet,  
And found the upward journey strangely sweet :  
His veins were filled with a celestial fire ;  
Poor fool ! he fancied he could never tire ;  
And when the moon paled, and the dawning came  
And tipped the eastern sky with arrowy flame.  
He turned, majestic, to salute the sea,  
And cry :

“ Thou hast no secrets now for me ! ”

Then the vast waves of golden glory rolled  
In riotous confusion, fold on fold.  
Blending in blinding and inspiring glow  
Wave line and sky line, till they seemed to grow  
Into one mass of springing, subtle flame,  
Like that transcendent fire of Life which came  
When o'er the brooding waters first was heard  
Sounding through space the great compelling Word,  
And from the boundless mystery of night  
Sprang forth the rapturous harmony of Light !

III.

In his high terrace corner sat the King,  
And murmured : “ Would my fool were here to sing  
The year is past, his wondering, wandering year  
Of Ocean study ; would that he were here.”

Now while he spake the touch of twilight fell  
With perfumed coolness on each flowery dell ;  
Whelmed the white palace in its purple fold,  
And blotted out the lustrous roofs of gold ;  
Merged green and yellow of the orange trees  
In wavy indistinctness, by degrees  
So subtly, swiftly gentle, that the eyes  
Mistrusted Nature's cunning quick surprise,  
And still the wonted objects seemed to see  
Where naught was, save the shadow's mystery.  
Tall plants beside the streams awoke, and bent  
Their heads together, and a light breeze went



Straying amid the bending grasses, where  
It babbled of the secrets of the air.

Then as the King, in contemplation sweet,  
Sat with his faithful pages at his feet,  
And every courtier near him held his breath  
And bent his gaze, as one who listeneth,  
Across the terraces a sudden noise,  
Babble of maidens, merriment of boys,  
Swept like a leaping torrent's rush of spray,  
Foaming and rising; then it died away.  
The good king rose up with a joyous cry:  
"Fool, art thou come?"

"Yea, Master, here am I!"

"Bring torches!" quoth the King; and when they came  
Flecking the darkness with their russet flame,  
And setting birds a-twitter 'mid the leaves,  
The fool, with head bent down, as one who grieves  
For his own failures, forward stept and fell  
Upon his aching knees, nor dared to tell  
His story.

Then the King drew near apace,  
And with his aged hands the poor fool's face  
Bent upward, and gazed at it, as to find  
Some secret in it. Yet his look was kind,  
And tender were the words with which he prayed  
The fool to rise and speak, nor be afraid.  
"O master of our lives," the fool began,  
"Take pity on a spent and sobered man,  
Who, buffeted by winds, and worn by gales,  
And wearied by the sight of alien sails,  
And vexed by oar-beats of strange galleys come  
From foreign strands, and deafened by the hum  
Of night winds o'er the reedy banks, once more  
Grapples with failing hands his own loved shore.  
Have pity, Master; all my quest was vain!  
Oh let me don my motley garb again!  
Much have I seen, but nothing can I sing:  
Strong echoes of the striving tides still ring  
About my ears, and mock me with their strain  
Of infinite, vague yearning and dull pain;  
Let me mine ancient quips and jests begin,  
And soften thus the memory of my sin—  
My weak ambition, mighty things to know."

The old King murmured softly : " Be it so :  
Thou hast thy human limit learned to feel ;  
Great Nature's vision made thy senses reel.  
I do remember to have heard men say  
That he who cleaves through ocean plains his way,  
When once again he sets foot on the land  
Unsteadily upon the sward must stand,  
And sees before him dancing skies and fields.

" Rise, fool ; our royal patience pardon yields  
E'en for an absence profitless like thine :  
Our love is with thee.

" Get thee food and wine ;

Put off this garb which of thy failure tells,  
And come to us—refreshed—in cap and bells !"

So then the Court made merry, and the fool,  
Abashed yet comforted, rose from the cool  
And dewy grass, and loosened at his throat  
The lacings of his tattered pilgrim coat,  
When, lo ! down at his feet the wondrous gem,  
Fairer than any in the diadem  
Of the good King, his master, fell and glowed  
With subtle radiance, which the grove o'erflowed :  
It cast a glory on his wrinkled brow ;  
With such sublime effulgence did endow  
His form, transfigured, that the courtiers shrank  
Backward in awe, while flowers and grasses drank  
The dazzling splendour : on the purple gown  
Of the old monarch and his jewelled crown,  
Shed such mysterious lustre of the sea  
As shone when Venus Anadyomene  
Rose from th' enchanted wave, divinely fair,  
Ethereal creature, fit the gods to snare  
In her large-limbed embraces ; filled the night  
With such miraculous and mighty light,  
That e'en the King his breath caught, as in fear  
Lest some supernal vision should appear,  
And blind him by its awful beauty. Then  
One came forth from the circle of awed men,  
Saying, " O master ! this poor fool demands  
That we should place a lyre within his hands ; "  
Whereat great joy lit up the old King's face :  
The subtle story he began to trace  
With instant intuition, and he said :  
" Tell us, O fool, whence came this glory shed  
From yonder gem which gleams upon the grass ? "

Then said the fool : " O King, it came to pass  
 That I lay down upon the beach to sleep,  
 And round me came the frolic waves to creep,  
 And as the waters kissed my garments' hem  
 I waked, and lo ! beside me lay the gem !  
 Methought it murmured secrets musical  
 Of the great deep, and so I said, ' It shall  
 Tell me the story which I long to know.  
 Some spirit of the deep hath deigned to throw  
 Upon the pathway of a wandering fool  
 The revelation it denies to school  
 And sorcerer alike.' Thus I began  
 The gem to question as to ocean's span ;  
 I babbled to it of the galleys lost .  
 In ancient days ; of argosies once tossed  
 On distant rocks, where demons perch to lure  
 The unsteadfast mariner ; of sea nymphs pure  
 Which dwell in coral caves deep down below  
 The empurpled tropic waters' ebb and flow  
 In lonely seas ; of mystic forms of life  
 Which, half-developed, struggle into strife  
 With forms still ruder ; of the vasty sweep  
 Of the great winds which waves in torment keep ;  
 But naught the gem would answer, and its glow  
 Faded, and forth its murmurs seemed to go  
 And mingle with the circumambient air.  
 A year I wandered, dull, and full of care,  
 Threading the coast, and rounding many a cape,  
 Seeing in cloud-wrack many a dreadful shape ;  
 To foreign ports in fishers' barks I passed,  
 My humble line from simple skiff I cast,  
 Dropt with pearl-seekers down through lucent seas,  
 Steered through the breakers' home to happy leas,  
 And still the gem was silent, lifeless, cold,  
 And I, tho' I to sing was overbold  
 In youthful days, alas ! I could sing no more.  
 I heard the yearning ocean's solemn roar,  
 But could not phrase its meaning.

Then I turned  
 Homeward, while deep despair within me burned,  
 Across the mountains traced my weary path,  
 Dreading, O King of men ! thy righteous wrath,  
 And fell before thee, craving pity. Thou,  
 Good King compassionate, believe me now,  
 When I declare unto thee that this gem,  
 Fall'n on the sward like blossom snapt from stem,

Hath brightened into all th' enchanted glow  
Which graced it first, when 'mid the tidal flow  
On the great beach I found it! Voices come  
From this weird ocean-treasure so long dumb!  
What mystery is this, O mighty King?  
The gem has wakened, and it bids me sing!"

Then said the King, with trembling lips: "Wise fool,  
Thou hast been nurtured in a graver school  
Than thou dost wot of; and the unseen guide  
Which led thy course thy steps seemed to deride  
And mocked thine aspirations, till thy soul  
Was concentrated on the final goal.  
Take up this gem, thy magic counsellor,  
Nobler than bauble won by force in war;  
Thy guiding star shall be this elfin fire;  
Now may'st thou sing for us.

Give him the lyre!"

So now the glad fool stooped and took the gem,  
And hid it in his robe, while over them  
Who stood about him still an after-glow  
Of its rich lustre seemed to come and go.  
He took in hand the silver lyre, and sang.

And all that night the royal garden rang  
With strange sea-lyrics, full of ebb and flood,  
Which put a tidal longing in the blood  
Of each who heard them. Now the singer told  
Of the great mists which sky and wave enfold,  
And now of rushing galleys chained by threes  
Before which a whole fleet in terror flees;  
Now of dim caverns where the Kraken hides;  
Of rocky coasts near which the grey shark bides;  
Or icy oceans where Leviathan  
Still breathes the upper air unvexed by man.  
He sang of silver nights with waves that swoon  
With passion for the sweet unmoved moon:  
Of tempests, wrecks, and rocks encased in ice;  
Of quaint sea-plants and blossoms beyond price;  
Of ports astir with galleons which sail  
Where spicy odours load each seaward gale;  
And grim sea rovers, on their blood-stained planks  
Bounding, to scourge the galley slaves; in ranks  
Tortured and toiling.

Then they brought him wine;

But he said : " Master, neither fruit of vine  
 Nor bread I crave while thus my body thrills  
 With joy to know my spirit now fulfils  
 Its mission, yearned for through the weary years,  
 Mocked by strange doubts, and thrust aside by fears ;  
 Still let me sing ! "

So once again he sang—  
 Of broad waves breaking with sonorous clang  
 At base of ragged cliffs where eagles nest,  
 Or of lone bays where sleepy waters rest,  
 In hollow caves, like children worn with play,  
 Smiling in dream ; or of old oceans grey  
 Thro' crawling centuries unvisited  
 Till some bold voyager, by genius led,  
 Cleaves their strange waters with adventurous keel ;  
 Of tropic inlets bright as burnished steel ;  
 Of marshy wildernesses at the mouth  
 Of some vast river in the sweet still south  
 Where herons and flamingoes stand arow,  
 Watching the earth-stained currents seaward flow ;  
 Or of storm-scourged and shuddering wastes where wrecks  
 Reel and go down amid th' enormous flecks  
 Of foam-washed surges.

And thro' all his song  
 There flowed a philosophic current strong ;  
 He seemed to touch the hidden heart of things ;  
 And from the lyre's awakened trembling strings  
 He wrought such magic that as in a glass  
 The universe they saw before them pass,  
 And with mysterious and wondrous grace,  
 The infinite unveil its awful face !

\* \* \* \* \*

So sang the fool until the stars grew dim,  
 And then the King arose and went to him,  
 And took him by the hand, and said : " I swear  
 Thou ne'er again thy motley garb shalt wear !  
 But, robed in violet, and on thy brow  
 The laurel, thou shalt sing through life as now,  
 And at thy feet the court shall listen. Go :  
 Let all the land our royal pleasure know !  
 And from thy lustrous gem such light shall gleam  
 That haply we, beneath its rays, may seem  
 Nearer to Nature."

And thro' many a year  
 At dawn and twilight rose the current clear  
 Of the fool's singing, while anear him sat

The old King in his jewel-broidered hat,  
With silent courtiers listening at his feet  
In the still gardens, to that music sweet,  
Through which for ever throbbed the yearning moan  
Of troubled waves by tempests landward blown.

EDWARD KING.

# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

WITHIN two years of its first appearance Dr. Hatch has been obliged to issue a revised second edition of his *Text-Book of Petrology*.<sup>1</sup> He has wisely taken pains to use clear, simple language, and has not overloaded the book with unnecessary details. To this reasonable view of the requirement of the beginner, as distinguished from the specialist, the success of the manual is largely due. A text-book should be like a museum: not everything need be exhibited, but the student should find a well-chosen example of each group, properly labelled and described. In a text-book there should also be some clue to the whereabouts of fuller information, so that a student can follow up any particular line of research. Dr. Hatch's book might be improved in this respect by the systematic addition of more exact references to authorities. We do not like such foot-notes as "Cole," "G. H. Williams," "J. A. Phillips," considering that each of these authorities is the writer of many papers and monographs relating to petrology.

The part of Professor G. Frederick Wright's new book<sup>2</sup> that will be of most interest to the European reader is the account of the glaciers and glacial deposits of the United States, and the description of the stone implements and other antiquities found associated with them. The implements occur under very similar conditions to those found in the valleys of the Thames and Somme, though in America the terraces are seldom more than 20 feet above the flood-plain of the existing rivers, instead of at considerable elevations, as in England and France. Why, by the bye, does Professor Wright speak of evidence of "preglacial" man having been found in Ohio? All that has been shown is that Palæolithic implements occur in a terrace of the Little Miami River, said to be of glacial origin. Allowing that the gravel is glacial, it does not by any means follow that the implements are preglacial, though it may indicate that man lived in the neighbourhood during the glacial epoch. Perhaps the allusion to preglacial is a slip, for a few pages further on Professor Wright remarks that "probably it is incorrect to speak of these [gravels] as

<sup>1</sup> *Text-book of Petrology*. By Frederick H. Hatch, Ph.D., F.G.S. Second edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Man and the Glacial Epoch*. (International Scientific Series.) By Professor G. Frederick Wright. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1892.

preglacial, for the portion of the period at which the deposits incorporating human relics were made is well on towards the close of the great Ice age." There is certainly at present no satisfactory evidence in America of man having existed there at an earlier date than in Europe.

It may be as well to remark that the supposed Palæolithic implements are considered by many competent archæologists to be merely unfinished tools of Neolithic type. The stone pestles and mortars found at great depths in California may possibly belong to the deposit in which they are said to have been found; but when we are asked to accept the little clay image of a female form, illustrated by Professor Wright (p. 298), as a work of art modelled by Palæolithic man, afterwards to be and brought up by a sand-pump from a depth of 320 feet, we feel that this is too great a strain on our credulity. We prefer to wait for more satisfactory evidence.

Only one out of the nine chapters has anything to do with man; the rest of Professor Wright's book is taken up with descriptions of glaciers and of glacial, or supposed glacial, deposits in different parts of the world. With these chapters we do not feel altogether satisfied. They show signs of haste, and the author has been obliged to take the European geology at second-hand, without always selecting the best authorities. If Professor Wright had confined his description to the district he knows so well, the volume would have been more worthy of the series in which it appears, though American geologists do not seem prepared altogether to accept his views.

Since our last issue we have received from the Meteorological Department of India the *Monthly Weather Reviews* for February, March and April, 1892.<sup>1</sup> This is a still further advance in the date of publication, on which both the Department and the public are to be congratulated. A comparison of the Reviews with those previously published shows no manner or degree of inferiority, every care having been taken to make them as complete and reliable as possible.

Mr. Gore's volume on "The Visible Universe"<sup>2</sup> is one of the best books of the season, and will be equally acceptable to the specialist in astronomy and to the multitude of general readers who still feel an interest in the "Story of the Heavens." It differs in many ways from the conventional works on astronomy with which most people are familiar, its aim and scope being altogether different. In these, the description of the heavenly bodies, their motions, size, and appearances, and their relations to one another, and to the Solar

<sup>1</sup> Government of India Meteorological Department: *Monthly Weather Review*: February 1892; ditto, March 1892; ditto, April 1892. By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Visible Universe*: Chapters on the Origin and Construction of the Heavens. By J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S. With Stellar Photographs and other Illustrations. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1893.



System, are usually the chief topics on which their authors mostly dwell, and if anything is said as to their origin or evolution, it is said briefly and in a more or less dogmatic fashion. But the author before us has set himself a very different task. He has essayed to give his readers an account, which shall be at once explanatory and critical, of the numerous theories and hypotheses which astronomers have advanced from time to time on the origin and construction of the universe. With him the universe as we know it is but the last phase of a long series of developmental changes, the broad outlines of which it is now possible to delineate. In attempting this he absolves himself on valid grounds from endeavouring to solve the mystery of the origin of matter, and is content to take its existence for granted. In like manner he avoids all speculation as to the "Unseen Universe," although he points out that there is a connection between it and the visible one in the mysterious force of gravitation and the luminiferous ether. The hypothesis that naturally falls first to be considered is the most comprehensive one perhaps—viz., that which is known as the nebular hypothesis. As a matter of fact this takes more than one form, as the author is careful to show, the best known being that due to Kant and Laplace. With equal impartiality the author sets forth both the strength and the weakness of this form of the hypothesis, showing that although it readily explains many of the phenomena involved, there are still difficulties in connection with it which have not yet been overcome. Faye's modification of the hypothesis endeavours to avoid some at least of these difficulties, and though not satisfactory on all points, is admitted by competent critics to offer a better explanation of some of the facts, and to provide in an intelligible way for the long periods in the earth's history which modern geologists demand.

Under the head of Stellar Evolution we have next an admirable account of Mr. Croll's theory of the origin of the nebula assumed as the starting point of the nebular hypothesis, with a full exposition of the facts and arguments used in favour of and against it. This leads up to the views of modern physicists on the fuel of the sun, the luminiferous ether, the constitution of matter, and celestial chemistry. The literature of these subjects has grown rapidly in recent years, but the author has made himself so completely master of it that he is able to act at once as expositor and critic, and to separate what is well grounded on established facts from what is more or less probable supposition.

The meteoritic hypothesis of Mr. Lockyer, which has aroused considerable interest in scientific circles, is in like manner subjected to a searching examination. The pith of all that has been said in its support by Mr. Lockyer himself, and the leading objections that have been urged against it in various quarters, are so carefully weighed in the balance that on neither side is there room for the slightest complaint of unfairness or partiality. The reader may

therefore rely upon this part of the volume as presenting all that is requisite for the formation of an independent judgment upon this most important hypothesis, and whether or not he agrees with the author's conclusion that "the weight of evidence is against it," he will acknowledge the conscientiousness with which it has been dealt with. Following upon this we have a description of the Milky Way, accompanied by plates and figures, which is superior in our opinion to anything previously published, at least in this country. It is based upon the observations of the most eminent astronomers who have made a careful study of this part of the heavens, and is one of the most interesting parts of the volume. Then we have chapters on clustering stars and star streams, stellar distances and motions, and giant and miniature suns; and, these matters satisfactorily disposed of, the author proceeds to discuss various theories of the structure of the universe, which from the eminence of the authors, or for other reasons, have taken a prominent place in astronomical literature. The discussion covers no less than five of the last half-dozen chapters, and is marked by a breadth and minuteness of knowledge which will inspire every reader with a high appreciation of the author's grasp of his subject. Into the details of the discussion we have no space to enter, but there is one point to which a brief reference may be made. In dealing with the theories which were put forward prior to the time of Sir W. Herschel, the author draws attention to one by Thomas Wright, of Durham, to which he justly attributes a high importance. The theory is found in a work published by Wright in 1750, which is now very rare, and which appears to be so little known that many students of astronomy will probably learn its existence for the first time from the pages before us. In that work Wright clearly enunciated what is known as the "disc" or "grindstone" theory of the Milky Way, a theory which is usually attributed to Sir W. Herschel. That there may be no mistake on this point the author quotes largely from Wright's work, and the quotations seem to be so conclusive that a recurrence of the error will probably be avoided in the future. As to the theory itself, it is shown later on that the objections raised by Proctor and others have made it untenable, but as it holds a distinct place in the history of astronomical theories it is only right that its real origin should be known.

There is nothing striking or novel in "An Introduction to the Study of Botany,"<sup>1</sup> which Messrs. Dendy and Lucas have written to meet the requirements of Australian students, except that within the same covers it deals both with cryptogamic and phanerogamic plants, and contains a special chapter on some Australian natural orders.

<sup>1</sup> *An Introduction to the Study of Botany.* With a special chapter on some Australian Natural Orders. By Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., F.L.S., and A. H. S. Lucas, M.A., B.Sc. With numerous illustrations. Melbourne: Mullen & Slade. London: 12 Ludgate Square.

It is divided into two parts, the first of which contains an account of several typical plants illustrative of the principles of general botany, while the second is occupied with flowering plants alone. In the former the plants selected as types are those which have already done duty in several similar works, beginning with such forms as *Protococcus* and *Bacteria*, and passing on gradually to those of more complex structure. This part of the work is chiefly due to Dr. Dendy, and is written in a style well adapted to the wants of those who are making their first acquaintance with botanical studies. The order in which the types are taken is that which has been much followed in recent years, but we venture to think Dr. Dendy would have been well advised if he had boldly reversed it, at least to some extent, and taken one of the higher types—not necessarily the highest—as the starting point. Those who have had practical dealings with students, many of whom have had little or no previous training of the powers of observation, know how difficult it is to get them to appreciate microscopic characters, differences, &c., and, in consequence of this, many teachers have abandoned the plan here followed. Then we think that in a botanical text-book the descriptions of the types should not have been so exclusively biological. If they are compared with those given in well-known books on elementary biology, the wonder will arise where the botanical part of the descriptions comes in, for both here and there they appear to run in similar grooves and are practically identical. As regards the facts and the manner in which they are presented, there is nothing serious to complain of so far as they go. Here and there, however, we come across a statement which is hardly in accordance with the knowledge of the day, or which lacks the precision which is so essential in a student's manual. Thus, in describing the process of carbon assimilation in *Protococcus*, no mention is made of the part played by water, and the impression is given that the oxygen given off is derived solely from the carbon dioxide absorbed.

In the second part of the volume the treatment is more botanical, but in our judgment it is too descriptive, or rather too much confined to an explanation of descriptive terms. On many morphological and developmental points the information is very meagre, and hardly calculated to give the student an adequate idea of the way in which a flowering plant elaborates its characteristic structures. The secondary thickening of roots and stems—a fundamental matter in gymnosperms and dicotyledons—can scarcely be said to be explained at all. A little is said on the subject in the first part of the book in the description of the stem of *Pinus*, but this leaves much to be desired. Similarly, the formation of periderm and bark, an important process both in stems and roots, is practically ignored. Apart from these and other omissions, this part of the book is fairly well written, and

will be useful to those who want a connected explanation of the technical terms used in systematic botany. •The chapter on Australian plants will be of interest to English students, as it deals with the characters, distribution and uses of the more important natural orders which Australia produces. The grouping adopted is that of Baron von Muëller, and differs in some respects from that followed in this country, but this is a detail of little importance.

"Beetles, Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects" is suitably described on the title-page as a brief introduction to the collection and preservation of these interesting objects, and may be heartily recommended to young entomologists. It contains descriptions and figures of the fairly typical examples of the more important groups of insects, most of which are British, while the rest are foreign. The descriptions are given in language which will be easily understood, and in most cases are sufficient for the purpose in view. The illustrations are brought together on twelve coloured plates and are unusually plentiful. We cannot say that in all cases they are as accurate as they might be, nor are they highly-finished, artistic productions. Still, they will be of great service to those for whom the book is intended, and are quite as good as can be expected in a cheap and popular work. The introductory explanations refer to the classification, structure, metamorphosis, habits, and haunts of insects, and lead up to the descriptions of the various orders. Special attention is given to the methods of collecting and preparing insects for the cabinet, and there is a good chapter on the capture and rearing of caterpillars.

Messrs. Baillière & Sons of Paris are issuing several series of small volumes whose merits, though inevitably unequal, ought to secure them a fair measure of popularity. Three of the most recent issues are before us, one on "Tea,"<sup>2</sup> a second on "Bread and Meat,"<sup>3</sup> and the third on "The French Alps."<sup>4</sup> The first belongs to the *Petite Bibliothèque Médicale* series, and is a very good *resumé* of present-day knowledge of the botany of the tea plant and its cultivation, the adulterations of tea as met with in commerce, and the richness in caféine of the different species. The chemistry of tea and the methods of analysis are described with sufficient detail to

<sup>1</sup> *Beetles, Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects*: A brief Introduction to their Collection and Preservation. By A. W. Keppel, F.L.S., F.E.S., and W. Egmont Kirby. London: Cassell & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Thé*. Botanique et Culture, Falsifications et Richesse en Caféine des différentes espèces. Par Antoine Biérix. Avec vingt-sept figures intercalées dans le texte. Paris: J. B. Baillière et Fils.

<sup>3</sup> *Bibliothèque des Connaissances Utiles*. Le Pain et la Viande. Par J. de Bravais. Preface de M. E. Risler. Avec quatre-vingt-six figures intercalées dans le texte. Paris: J. B. Baillière et Fils.

<sup>4</sup> *Les Alpes Françaises*. Par Albert Falsan. Avec cinquante-deux figures dans le texte. Paris: J. B. Baillière et Fils.

make the volume specially useful to young chemists; while the account of the leading adulterants will enable him to detect readily the admixture of foreign leaves. The second volume is one of a number of similar works now being issued as the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and should be read by every one who takes an intelligent interest in the food he eats. Though not large, it is very comprehensive, and deals in a satisfactory way with bread and meat from the time when the one is a plant and the other an animal, until they come before us on the table as articles of food. The natural history of the various cereals and animals used as food, and the chemistry and hygiene of foodstuffs are described in a careful way, much useful information on these points being brought together and displayed in an attractive form. The various processes by which the raw materials are prepared for use and consumption are also described and explained, and in this connection the alterations and adulterations to which they may be subjected are pointed out with some detail. To make the book complete, sections are added on the economic aspects of the subject, which contain many useful facts relating to the food-producing countries, current prices, the amounts of export and import and cognate matters. The third volume is a compendium of information on the mountains, waters, glaciers, and atmospheric phenomenon of the Western Alps. It contains a sketch of the geology of the Alps, based upon the writings of Bleichner, de Lapparent, Bertrand, and other geologists, which seems reliable so far as it goes, though this is perhaps not far enough to be of much service to the student of geology. The geography of the mountains, their limits, divisions, &c., will probably be of more general interest, and the same may be said of the account of the lakes, rivers, springs, &c. The chapter on the glaciers is sure to be much read, and will not be found disappointing if read as the author wishes it to be—viz., as an introduction to the more elaborate works of scientists. It is well illustrated, the illustrations showing the features of the modern glaciers, and some of the effects of more ancient ones.

A volume on "The Art of Massage,"<sup>1</sup> from the pen of one of its foremost advocates in this country hardly needs the approval of the reviewer to commend it to the notice of the medical profession. Nevertheless, in justice to the author, it should be said that it is no mere compilation from the writings of others, but an original textbook based upon his personal experience. It is intended to furnish those who practise the art with a handy compendium of all they need to know for its intelligent exercise, and readers of other classes with some knowledge of its value as a method of treatment for various diseases. It opens with introductory chapters on the antiquity and uses of massage, the masseuse and the necessary qualifications, and the structure and functions of the body. These are touched lightly but

<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Massage*. By A. Creighton Hale. London: The Scientific Press.

sufficiently, and then the subject proper of the volume is entered upon. This is dealt with in a series of short chapters, written clearly and pointedly, which practically cover all the aspects of the subject. In reading these the non-professional reader will be struck with the number of ailments to which massage has been more or less successfully applied, and will wonder at the fact that it has only been recognised in this country during the last few years. The instructions and explanations given are admirably illustrated by a series of excellent original drawings, which show the positions in which patients must be placed, the positions of the hands of the masseuse, and the directions in which the movements should be made. These are so unusually good that they are almost sufficient of themselves to indicate what is to be done without the fuller details which are given in the text.

Dr. Tuckey's pamphlet on *The Value of Hypnotism in Chronic Alcoholism*<sup>1</sup> is practically a reproduction of the paper read by him before the British Medical Association at its annual meeting at Nottingham in 1892. Its value lies in the record it gives of a number of cases where hypnotism has been employed in the treatment of those who are suffering from alcoholism. Details of the treatment and the results are given in each case, and these show that, although the treatment was not always successful, it was so in many instances, and even where it failed the failure was often relative rather than absolute. Thus there is some ground for the author's conviction that the evidence in favour of hypnotism in dipsomania is not only encouraging, but conclusive, and the hope may be expressed that others, seeing the value of his experiments, may be induced to repeat and extend them, and so lay the foundation for a rational use of hypnotic therapeutics.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. JOHN H. KING has produced two highly interesting and important volumes on the origin of *The Supernatural*.<sup>2</sup> The work is crammed full, not only of illustrations, but of original and pregnant ideas. It is impossible in a short notice even to indicate the wide field covered by the writer. The subject is divided into two sections: the *Origin and Nature of Supernal Concepts*, and the *Evolution of the Supernatural*. The striking idea is presented in the first part, that the tendency to believe in the supernal is organic in the human

<sup>1</sup> *The Value of Hypnotism in Chronic Alcoholism*. By C. Lloyd Tuckey, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

<sup>2</sup> *The Supernatural: its Origin, Nature, and Evolution*. By John H. King. Two vols. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

mind, and that the form of the belief varies according to the development of the individual. The most primitive ideas of the supernal spontaneously arise in aborted minds, and "we have in our midst men brought up under the ordinary conditions of modern civilisation who are influenced by the same class of supernal thoughts as are noted amongst the lowest races," &c. Mr. King does not accept the theory that the ghost-idea is the most primitive and universal germ of these thoughts. He finds a lower stage in a belief in luck which is entirely impersonal. He doubts "whether any first principle of a supernal nature has ever evolved from ghostly influences. All the characteristic actions of fetish, magic, of devilry and spiritualism are presented in impersonal attributes." He regards the tendency to evolve supernal sentiments as natural to the human mind. So he begins by an investigation of the ideas associated with luck, charms, and spells, and from thence proceeds to ghosts, nature powers, and tutelar deities. This leads to a discussion of the evolution of the gods in various nations, which is amply illustrated by ancient literatures. From the idea of a Supreme Deity we are led on to the differentiation of an abstract Deity, and finally to the concept of the Illimitable as an abstract deduction. We have said enough to show that Mr. King has dealt very thoroughly and comprehensively with a subject of almost unlimited extent, and has surveyed a large area of the development of human thought. He exhibits great powers of generalisation, and there are many passages in the book of striking eloquence.

The author of the *Genesis of Religion*<sup>1</sup> differs very widely from the writer of the work noticed above. In a sense he also believes that the supernatural is organically related to the human mind, but he gives a very different sense to the term. He affirms that in virtue of the very constitution of his spiritual nature "man necessarily believes in the existence of a power or powers superior to himself, to which he stands in necessary relation, and by which his destiny is determined." This is also Mr. Kellogg's definition of religion. It will be seen that he takes what is generally considered the last development of religion, and credits all mankind with being in possession of it in a more or less pure or degraded form. Mr. Kellogg appears to hold the doctrine that all religions have originated in a primitive monotheism which has been corrupted or forgotten. Indeed, it would appear from him that the most constant phenomenon in religion is not development, but degradation. That this is true in particular instances there can be no doubt, and most religions reach in time a level far below that of their founders. But all this is within comparatively narrow limits, and does not lead us back to the genesis of the religious idea. The difference between such

<sup>1</sup> *The Genesis and Growth of Religion.* By the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

writers as Mr. King and Mr. Kellogg appears to us to be that the latter arrests his inquiry at too early a stage; if we confine ourselves to literature there is some colour for Mr. Kellogg's contention, but a people that has a religious literature is very far advanced indeed. Mr. King, and the writers on anthropological religion generally, go behind the literature to the habits and customs of a people, and in these trace the germs or survivals of primitive religious ideas. Mr. Kellogg does not ignore what has been said on this side of the subject, and devotes a considerable portion of his book to a criticism of the theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Max Müller.

*Mind in Matter*<sup>1</sup> has reached a third edition, which shows the popularity of works in which science is made the servant of orthodoxy. The writer is well informed on scientific subjects, but rejects materialistic conclusions. He also is not above criticising Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer, and it is only fair to say they are open to criticism. Mr. Tait reviews the inorganic, the organic, the rational, and moral worlds, and comes to the conclusion that theism is the only satisfactory solution of the problems presented. The distinction between mind and matter is maintained: "Human consciousness is the self-consciousness of a spirit." This, as the author confesses, is said without circumlocution. From this we are suddenly plunged into the Bible and Christian orthodoxy, and we are told that "in Nature everything accords with the teaching of the book of Genesis." What satisfaction the author can find in that conclusion he is welcome to. There are some sensible remarks in the book, and some questionable ones—"Only a Being full of innocent humour could have made the world with which we are familiar," presents the Deity in a new light.

*The Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin*<sup>2</sup> is the title of a volume of sermons by Mr. Voysey. Most of them have appeared before, and they contain Mr. Voysey's well-known views, which may be described as optimistic theism. The questions are approached rather from the moral than the intellectual point of view, and thus make a direct appeal to the feelings rather than to the reason. We do not mean by this that the writer's position is unintelligent or unreasonable—very far from it; but he is prone to assume that which cannot be proved, nor for the matter of that disproved. Optimism is certainly the only creed which is likely to be universally adopted, and Mr. Voysey is its prophet.

*Les Passions et La Volonté*<sup>3</sup> is the reproduction of a professional

<sup>1</sup> *Mind in Matter: an Argument on Theism.* By the Rev. James Tait. Third edition. London: Charles Griffin & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mystery of Pain, Death, and Sin; and Discourses in Refutation of Atheism and Pessimism.* By the Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A. New edition. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Les Passions et La Volonté.* Par M. J. Gardair. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1892



course of lectures at the Sorbonne during the present year by Professor J. Gardair. They are an exposition of the doctrines of St. Thomas, whose scholastic theology was largely based upon Aristotle. The lectures retain the style of spoken addresses, which detracts somewhat from the pleasure of reading. It is hardly necessary to say they are intensely metaphysical, and the form of reasoning appears a little out of date and lacks vivacity. The analysis of the passions is followed by an exposition of the doctrine of free-will, but the most important section of the work is the refutation of determinism—physical, psychological, and metaphysical. It is an old controversy, which is not yet settled, but it is dealt with in a scholarly and thoughtful manner by Professor Gardair.

In *The Galilean*<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walter Lloyd has produced a little book which, if not to the taste of orthodox Christians, will be warmly welcomed by the seekers after natural religion. In a few brief chapters the personal human characteristics of Jesus are described. Mr. Lloyd sketches the natural man we find in the Gospels. Aided by such knowledge as has been gained by wide reading about the country and people of Roman Palestine, he shows Jesus in his relation to the Jews, to the Law, to the Gentiles, to Nature, and so on, incidentally displaying the aims and struggles and character of the Galilean teacher. The leading feature of the book is the distinction asserted, and supported by abundant evidence, between the Galilean and the Jew. The character and religion of Jesus are represented as being largely due to the broader life and more fertile nature of Northern Palestine, as compared with the narrowness and barrenness of Judæa. As a consequence, Mr. Lloyd disputes the ordinary rationalistic opinion that Christianity was a mere development of Judaism.

It is a piece of effective portraiture; but the great art and charm of the book is that, although it is evidently based upon a thorough acquaintance with Biblical criticism, there is no argument. It is written without regard to the great gulf between the orthodox view of the divine Messiah and the view of Jesus here presented. The world has been flooded with lives of Jesus which, whilst taking a more or less rational view of his personality and work, are instinct with a self-consciousness of their heresy. Mr. Lloyd avoids this, and simply says here is the man Jesus. Here is nothing which reason, logic, or a sense of historic probability need reject, and, above all, here is a man round whom admiration, love, and personal devotion may grow. The presentation, whether it be a true oasis or only a mirage, is a resting-place for mind and faith in the arid desert of discussion and crumbling dogma. The book is meant not only for the student of the New Testament, but for that larger class whose

<sup>1</sup> *The Galilean: a Portrait of Jesus of Nazareth.* By Walter Lloyd. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

creeds are inborn sentiments. Mr. Lloyd uses no argument except that most powerful of all, the positive creative one—that which without discussion presents a new object attractive in itself, and leaves it to awake its own proof in the sympathy of the reader.

*From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*,<sup>1</sup> by the late Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, is an extremely interesting but disappointing book. It is interesting for the sketches it gives of out-of-the-way places in the East, the descriptions of ruins of temples, and what may truly be considered the ruins, no less, of old religions. It is disappointing because there is less theosophy in it than we expected to find. There is one mysterious person who occasionally appears, Takur Gulab-Lal-Sing, who comes and goes in an occult manner, and is possessed of strange powers; he hypnotises an artist who, under “biological influence,” paints a distant scene instead of the one before his eyes; he also “removes” an inconvenient tiger by a “word.” These papers appeared originally in the form of letters in the *Russian Messenger*, and probably contain some of the germs of the writer’s theosophy. Much artistic effect is obtained by the incongruous proximity of the party of Americans, who accompanied the writer to the mysterious religious atmosphere of the East. There is not much to be learned from the book, and we should hesitate to put entire confidence in its representations of either the people it describes or their religions, but it is well worth reading. It closes with a defence of “occultism.”

Dr. Driver is recognised as one of the best representatives of the “critical school” in the Church of England, and this gives some importance to any of his utterances on the subject of the Old Testament. The sermons<sup>2</sup> before us only show how very little difference criticism has made in his estimate of that book. They are learned and eloquent, but the writer’s tendency to idealise induces him to attribute much more to the Old Testament writers than they can rightly claim. That he finds the orthodox conception of the person of Christ prefigured in the Old Testament is sufficient to show how much of the old theory survives in spite of the new science, and nothing seems to us less tenable than the assertion that the hope of Israel is consummated in Christianity. A sermon on “Isaiah’s Vision” is really a fine defence of natural theology, and the paper read by Dr. Driver at the recent Church Congress, included in this volume, on “The Permanent Moral and Devotional Value of the Old Testament,” contains little that calls for criticism, and much that deserves approval. The tone is far more rational than that of the sermons.

<sup>1</sup> *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*. Translated from the Russian of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. London: Theosophical Publishing Company. 1892. ¶

<sup>2</sup> *Sermons on Subjects connected with the Old Testament*. By S. R. Driver, D.D. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

*Le Règne du Christ*<sup>1</sup> is an orthodox presentation of a view of Christianity which has of late years fallen much into the background. The divisions of the work will be sufficient to indicate to our readers its purpose, and we can say that the treatment of the topics is thoroughly scriptural. The first book treats of the eschatological beliefs of primitive Christianity, and the others are as follow: Christian conception of the Messianic reign according to the New Testament; Biblical conception of the same according to the Old Testament; the future of Israel; the Militant Church and its terrestrial future; and the final consummation. We presume the teaching is in accordance with the Church as it appears to be with Scripture.

Mr. Salt has put forward a strong plea for a more considerate treatment of the animal creation than it has generally received.<sup>2</sup> The ground he takes is the broadest possible, and is based as much upon philosophical ideas as sentiment. "We have to decide," he says, "not whether the practice of fox-hunting, for example, is more or less cruel than vivisection; but whether *all* practices which inflict unnecessary pain on sentient beings are not incompatible with the higher instincts of humanity." The conception that animals have rights as much as man himself, he contends, is something more than a mere sentiment; and the scientific doctrine which links man to the lower races entitles them to be considered as part of humanity. Mr. Salt does not overlook the difficulties in the way of a thorough reform, but suggests the lines it may take. We wish the writer success in his self-imposed mission.

The nature of *Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay Preachers, arranged according to the Church's Year*, by the Rev. M. F. Sadler (London: George Bell & Sons), is sufficiently indicated by its lengthy title. Sermons based upon these outlines would be unimpeachably orthodox; but it would depend upon the user whether they were interesting: the outlines are not.

We have also received the *Bible Illustrator* (Timothy, Titus, and Philemon), compiled by J. S. Exell, M.A. (London: Nisbet & Co.).

## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

REAL cookery!<sup>3</sup> How on earth, we ejaculate, are we to classify this? Is cookery a branch of sociology? It is hardly politics: it is certainly not voyages or travels. Yet it has something

<sup>1</sup> *Le Règne du Christ, l'Eglise Militante et les Derniers Temps.* Par M. l'Abbé Thomas, Vicaire-General de Verdun. Paris: Libraire Bloud et Barral. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Animals' Rights considered in relation to Social Progress.* By Henry S. Salt. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Real Cookery.* By "Grid." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

akin to all: the eating is a great matter on a mail steamer, and all books of travel are full of the amateur cook's difficulties; we have heard the luncheon-bar gravely discussed in the House of Commons; and combination for purposes of dining is a dream of the Fabian Society. So we put this little volume in the fore-front of our section, and discuss it with such gravity as becomes one who has the habits of a Spartan and the digestion of an ox.

"Grid" we imagine to be a man, and we are strongly reminded of a very recent Governor of a British colony, who spent most of his time along with his private secretary in the kitchen at Government House, devising new dishes from day to day. We do not agree with "Grid" that a man "ought not to be above taking a very close interest in cookery." It is a man's first duty to eat what is set before him and to be thankful, and to keep his body in such health that he can assimilate a cannon ball if necessary. If, however, he chance to have a wife, he should not have much anxiety on the score of his dinner table,

But we will not quarrel with "Grid"; he goes for the fandangoes of the ordinary dinner-party, and we applaud him; he insists on the best materials only, and shows that a capital "little dinner" is possible on plain fare, and we clap again! We have held the same, and an expert is now at hand to support us. We can at least see that he knows what he talks about.

The simple directions on toast, tea, coffee, and so forth, on an ascending scale, are excellent, and on his advice we rushed off to buy an earthenware percolator, after a series of matutinal struggles with the family coffee-pot.

We have another book<sup>1</sup> this month which is rather outside our scope, but one which we have read with peculiar interest. We have had our own struggles in the field of literature, we know its disappointments, its real hard work, and its small reward; and nothing interests us more than an account of the similar trials of others. Mr. Russell's book is a very complete manual and guide for journalist and author, and those proud words, "sixth edition," on the title-page show that it has been appreciated. And it deserves to be; it is not a merely practical work—it is literary and appreciative of literature in its best sense; it does not discover the tricks of guinea-coining; it makes an effort to elevate the calling of the journalist and to impress a sense of moral responsibility. We refer specially to the chapters on journalism, because they probably appeal to the greater number, and contain hints which are more practical than those which are given in regard to the higher walks of literature. But even on the subject of general literature there is much matter of interest and value, and we have little else but praise for the volume.

<sup>1</sup> *The Author's Manual.* A Complete and Practical Guide to all Branches of Literary Work. By Percy Russell. Sixth edition. London: Digby Long & Co.

The Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada<sup>1</sup> form an imposing series, and each annual volume as it comes is full of good matter, and bears an introduction, in the name of Mr. Bourinot, of itself. The essays and papers in the present volume are as interesting and valuable as they are varied. A note on General Montgomery, one on Jacques Cartier, another 'on *La Langue Algonquine*, a paper on the Shuswap people of British Columbia, another on the Beothiks or Indians of Newfoundland, and an exhaustive contribution to the history of Cape Breton which of itself deserves a full and careful review—these are the contents of this volume which will attract the most general interest. But the scientific and mathematical contributions are equally varied and interesting. More and more as the world grows older some of its richest literary treasures are being buried in monthly or annual volumes of this kind, and it is impossible to impress too strongly the necessity of carefully scanning each one as it comes.

The Comte de Chambrun's little book<sup>2</sup> is a series of fragments, and we are inclined to disagree with their arrangement. The later pieces lead up to the conclusions stated in the first; those conclusions are stated incisively, but too baldly. They may be summed up as follows: the old political economy has given way to a new social economy—the spirit of materialism and gain to the spirit of spiritualism and reciprocal aid. The developments of human life must be in the direction of socialism; but socialism may be of many kinds, and many of them are harmful: the socialism of the labourers means anarchy, the socialism of the doctrinaires is impotence. The English race give us an example of the possibilities of state socialism, the Slavonic race of the workings of human love. The Church is the power which will combine both and make earth again an Eden. We have paraphrased the conclusions freely, but have not, we think, overstated their effect.

It is pleasing to an Englishman to find the English-speaking race held up as the example of true liberty. If we have thought it of ourselves, it is not always that others have admitted it of us. Our neighbours the French have often seemed to misunderstand us, and therefore we welcome the more the Comte de Chambrun's remarks upon the teaching of English and American polity.

One feature he has in common with the book that comes next in in our list,—a belief, which to us seems untenable, that Russia has an important rôle to play in the development of a socialised world. It has seemed to us inevitable that Russia should split up; we have never looked upon her as more than a transition State.

\* <sup>1</sup> *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for the Year 1891.* Vol. ix. Montreal, Canada: Dawson Brothers.

<sup>2</sup> *Aux Montagnes d'Auvergne: Mes Conclusions Sociologiques.* By Le Comte de Chambrun. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

## *Sociology, Politics, Voyages and Travels.*

M. Chirac<sup>1</sup> has an imagination ; his new book reads like a novel. He has already pictured the great social revolution of—when ? And in the book before us, he describes the experiences of a Frenchman, who is driven out before that revolution, and takes refuge in the patriarchal despotism of Russia ;—an imaginative picture of that country something unlike the reality. Here, for a while, the fugitive lives in peaceful seclusion till of a sudden a strange revolution seems to befall the people, a revolution organised by a despotic monarch falling like the dew of evening on the dry homesteads of the peasantry. Then there reaches him a story of improvements in France, and he leaves Odessa, and sails for his old home. Everything is changed : a social State has been inaugurated. He offers to fee the porter, who draws back with a smile, “the gentleman must be a stranger ;” the porter is employed by the State, and is content with his pay ; comfort and self-respect have met together ; morality and welfare have kissed each other. He asks for his old hotel ; it is gone ; the hotels of the municipality alone are to be found ; they are open to every stranger, and well appointed and managed beyond anything that he remembers before. And so through all his old haunts and life,—the State has stepped in and done everything, the members of the community are all of them State employés, all servants one of the other ; yet there is no government, simply *le conseil général de la statistique nationale*.

M. Chirac paints an Utopia, and his book should find ready readers both in England and in France ; he shows what might be, but he does not show how these things may be ; he does not sweep away the practical difficulties : who shall do it ? We can most of us see the blue line of the distant hills on the summer sky ; we would all be there, but the obstacles that lie between us and them must slowly and painfully be overcome. The practical effort to grapple with one corner of a social difficulty is, after all, better than to paint the glories of triumphant success.

M. Typaldo-Bassia<sup>2</sup> is a writer whose care and accuracy we have before had occasion to notice. We therefore welcome his contribution to the protest against Protection. In France, as in the United States, there is a new-born party opposed to the prevalent view of industrial legislation, and it steadily grows and increases in strength. The arguments which we referred to last month as used by the Free-traders of America are the same as those which M. Bassia addresses to his countrymen. To the French as well as to the Americans it appears to be necessary to explain that Great Britain gave up Protection not because it had made her rich, but under the pressure of one of the most terrible crises through which a nation

<sup>1</sup> *Si . . . Etude sociale d'après demain.* Auguste Chirac. Paris : Albert Savine.

<sup>2</sup> *La protection industrielle et le nouveau régime douanier.* Par A. Typaldo-Bassia. Paris : Chevalier Marescq et Cie. 1893.

has ever passed. M. Bassia makes a brave effort to chase away the misconceptions which surround his subject; his *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument that Protection is national is one that will be read with pleasure by every one. In his tenth chapter he shows with some success that the result of Protection as it subsists has been to crush out small industries, and to throw everything into the hands of big houses. There is, of course, an independent tendency in this direction of which we see the full strength in our Free Trade land.

M. Bassia's discussions of the opinions of leading French politicians, and of the effect of a protective policy on the political future of France, are the parts of the work which will have greatest interest for the English reader: "les protectionistes sont parvenus à isoler économiquement la République française," he thinks. Apart from this the subjects handled are familiar to economists in this country; but we wish the book a large circulation in its own.

We have a run on French works this month; but the solitary English contribution<sup>1</sup> to economic literature which it falls to our lot to notice deserves our warm commendation. Mr. Hadfield has practical experience of working days, and M. de Gibbins' careful research is already sufficiently known. Amongst the useful facts and suggestive ideas with which the book teems, two appear to us to stand out beyond the others. The chapter on Australia will, by actual instances of the operation of the "eight hours day," open the eyes of many to the fact that they are arguing on the question without knowledge; and we may quote again Mr. Rae's opinion that "altogether the more we examine the subject the more irresistibly is the impression borne in from all sides that there is growing up in Australia, and very largely in consequence of the eight hours day, a working class which, for general morale, intelligence, and industrial efficiency, is probably already superior to that of any other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and for happiness, cheerfulness, and all round comfort of life has never seen its equal in the world before." Secondly, this improvement need not, as some fear, mean deterioration or loss of working power: the other way indeed; evidence goes to show that increased efficiency in labour more than makes up for loss of time.

Against one idea, however, which is not considered in this book, we must at any cost guard. No man shall be forbidden to work on his own account more than the eight hours. To some men is given that boundless energy and wondrous physique which enables them to work, as we know well, for twelve or fifteen hours a day, even with the brain; to them it is life—the overflowing of an enormous vigour. Weaker men are apt to fear it. Trades-unionism has erred in trying to reduce men to a dead level. So

<sup>1</sup> *A Shorter Working Day.* By R. A. Hadfield and H. de B. Gibbins, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

have the best of the socialists. But social organisation must make use of individuality; it has no right to crush it.

M. Decrais' book on contemporary England<sup>1</sup> is a series of sociological and political studies. It proceeds from a kindly heart. M. Decrais has felt that which every day of our life in London is appealing to us with gesture as clear as the vision from Macedon—the bare-footed, thinly clad children who pray us to buy a "light," or cry the evening papers. We may shut them out of our doors, and thank God for the warmth within, but we cannot drive the vision from our eyes or remove the responsibility from our daily pathway. Paris is fortunate in not affording evidence of such misery. That it is entirely free from the real depth of misery and squalor which is too apparent in London we can hardly think.

There is nothing very fresh for the English reader in M. Decrais' book. The condition of the poor; the tithe question, that of foreign immigration, and the description of our criminal procedure are all rather for the French student of politics. But "A Labour Parliament" is the heading of a chapter which will be read with some interest; and it is of advantage to have a stranger's views on the anxious question of alien pauper immigration.

It is this last which forms the keynote of *La France aux Français!*<sup>2</sup> In the "struggle for life" he sees the evidence of a new invading army, the source of insidious danger to the happiness of his country. "Ce mot de *lutte* sonne mal à l'oreille. . . . C'est le cri d'assaut des envahisseurs auquel répond le cri des défenseurs de la Patrie." In his view it is the competing force of an impoverished band of immigrants which is the real support of large industries. Those unwieldy machines for wealth-making are purely selfish, they grind down the physical and moral well-being of the mass of Frenchmen; and M. Marchand advocates systematic measures for cutting the ground from under their feet. One point which he strongly urges is that the representatives of the people should be chosen from the country, where the true life of France is still unimpaired, not from the towns, where French thought is debased, and foreign importations are leavening the national character. And herein he strikes a chord with a true note. Paris is too overwhelming a power in French political life, and it has been so throughout history. There is none of that healthy decentralisation which makes places in our own country like Birmingham, Leeds, or Manchester, after all truer centres of national development than cosmopolitan London.

It is well to find a French writer<sup>3</sup> who takes a strong line on the subject of the responsibility of criminals for their actions. We are apt to be somewhat flabby in our view of such matters nowadays.

<sup>1</sup> *L'Angleterre Contemporaine*. Par Julien Decrais. Paris; Calmann Lévy. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *La France aux Français*. Par Ed. Marchand. Paris: Albert Savine.

<sup>3</sup> *De la Responsabilité des Criminels*. Par M. Fabreguettes. Paris: Chevalier Marescq et Cie. 1892.



Medical evidence is too often misused. It is fair to say that the doctors usually take a strong view of the matter, but there is a certain school of modern humanitarians who would treat all crime as disease—even though they may not admit the converse, to which we ourselves lean. And French lawyers have not met with the approval of Englishmen in the view they have taken of the grades of responsibility in criminals. We therefore congratulate M. Fabreguettes on his wise and suggestive *brochure* on this subject, which displays a firmer and healthier tone.

In recent investigations which we made into certain statistics we have been hampered by the absence of complete accounts from abroad. The fat little volume<sup>1</sup> now in our hand fairly supplies the want for France, and should be more widely known than it is. It is a worthy companion to the *Statesman's Year Book* and the *Almanack de Gotha*, and we find that in some respects its summary for countries outside France is better than either.

We always find it difficult to deal with an educational work. To us of Oxford or Cambridge education seems to have come by a law of nature, and the highest development of education is evidenced by elasticity of system and scope for individuality. M. Marion<sup>2</sup> therefore has at first sight the appearance of labouring a point well proven, while all rules of the technic of education frighten us with the spectre of an unsympathetic crystallisation. Approaching the subject as we do from an opposite point of view to that held by M. Marion we may hope that our favourable opinion of his work will be the more gratifying to him. While on the one hand as the embodiment of the result of a series of conferences its object may be considered as attained, on the other we believe that for those practically engaged [in the organisation of teaching at large centres it contains many useful hints and suggestions.

It is only once in a year or so that we have to review a regular legal treatise ; and it is satisfactory to be able to speak well of one when it comes. Mr. Phipson's book on the *Law of Evidence*<sup>3</sup> deals with a subject which is of considerable interest outside the law-courts ; but it is in every respect a legal treatise, and not intended to popularise the subject. Mr. Phipson does not confine himself to English cases ; he makes use of the best American opinion and precedents, and he has in consequence turned out a very complete work. Not picking holes in one or two small corners which are not quite faultless, we feel justified in speaking highly of its general arrangement : its illustrations by examples, taken mostly from the Courts, is really good throughout. The care and research which is in evidence in every chapter reflect the greatest credit on the compiler.

<sup>1</sup> *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique et de la Statistique* 1892. 49<sup>e</sup> année. Paris : Gilliaumin et Cie.

<sup>2</sup> *L'Education dans l'Université*. Par Henri Marion. Paris : Armand Colin et Cie.

<sup>3</sup> *The Law of Evidence*. By Sydney L. Phipson, Barrister-at-Law. London : Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

The work is divided into three books : the first deals with the production of evidence, the second with the admissibility of evidence, the last with the effect of evidence. Thus procedure is considered in its relation to proof, and the doctrine of presumptions and estoppels has an appropriate place. The admissibility of evidence (Book II.) is treated under three divisions—Facts, Witnesses, and Documents ; and to the first-named branch thirty-four chapters are assigned, so that a separate discussion of each important point is made possible, and the various rulings on such vital subjects as Character, Hearsay, Admissions, Confessions, and so forth, are separately collated and may readily be referred to. This care in arrangement removes much of the difficulty which is found in consulting works packed with learning and precedent, as this is.

The theory of the rules of evidence is not discussed, though it is now and again suggested by certain cases. It would be well if the general public had some closer knowledge of the leading rules and their theory ; for though they have grown up partly at haphazard, they are the product of the efforts of successive generations of lawyers to be fair and fight fair, and they are often of themselves a lesson in logical connection and severe impartiality. Daily criticism on our fellows would be greatly modified for good if we had imbibed something more of the spirit of our Courts in respect of evidence.

Mr. Phipson's digest will be a first-class handbook not only for the barrister, but for the country solicitor ; and its points are put so clearly, that the layman can easily learn some things in the direction which we have indicated.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It has been a reproach to English writers that they have so long neglected the history of the New World, with which England was so closely connected. The result of this neglect is seen clearly in the works of recent American historians, who have taken what we may pardonably term an insular view of their early connection with England. We are glad to think that now this reproach is likely to be removed, and we welcome most heartily Mr. E. J. Payne's *History of the New World called America*,<sup>1</sup> which has recently been published. The author has been well-known as the writer of the little book *European Colonies* in Messrs. Macmillan's Historical Courses, and has already proved his fitness to deal with the subject he has now taken up. The history of America is both

<sup>1</sup> *The History of the New World called America.* By Edward John Payne, Fellow of University College. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1892.

large and complicated, and as the result of this Mr. Payne hardly touches the history of the New World, as we understand the phrase, in the volume before us. We are given in the first half of the book a long account of the geographical conditions and circumstances which made the discovery of America possible and probable, together with the history of discovery from the days of Greek and Roman geographers up to the more recent days of Columbus and his contemporaries. Interesting as this essay on the progress of geographical discovery undoubtedly is, and full as it is of deep and full knowledge, we cannot but feel that it is a little out of place in a history of America. To the ordinary reader, who, deceived by the title, hopes to find in this book an account of the early American history, it will be no small disappointment to find that in a volume of over five hundred pages, he is barely, if at all, introduced to his subject, and he might very reasonably complain that a *History of the New World* does not (as far as it is at present published) touch upon the history of the New World at all, but should exclusively confine itself to days in which the New World was unknown. Further, he might object to the fact that Mr. Payne's learning is not clothed in more attractive form and style. Many of the pages of this volume are not only exceeding dull reading, but are sorely disfigured by the continued use of words unknown to any respectable English writer; it is enough to mention one, the word "sphericity." We are inclined to imagine that Mr. Payne's immense knowledge has destroyed his power of writing an artistic and truly English sentence.

But apart from these defects, which are very obvious and lie on the surface of the work, the *History of America* is a valuable book, and adds very greatly to our knowledge of early American history. The writer has spent great pains in investigating the much-disputed question as to the amount of civilisation possessed by the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and he concludes by believing that the word "civilised" cannot fitly be applied to either the Ancient Mexicans or Peruvians. Although they possessed "a material basis sufficient to support a low degree of civilisation, their habits of thought and life remained essentially savage." The proof of this statement is to be found scattered throughout the book: the existence of cannibalism and of regular human sacrifices, combined with the existence of slavery and certain rudimentary forms of exchange, seem to bear out Mr. Payne's statement, which is further extended to show that the Mexicans had reached a higher level of life than the Peruvians. The aboriginal advancement, such as it was, of America, was, Mr. Payne holds, of indigenous origin; for if, as the writer contends in the preface, "advancement is universally based on the conversion of natural food-resources, already known to savage tribes, into an artificial basis of subsistence," it will follow that, since the American

aborigines had moved from the Old World, and since they possessed foods—the potato, maize, and the like—unknown to the Old World, their civilisation had followed their immigration, and was advanced somewhat before the latter immigration of Europeans. We cannot follow Mr. Payne's argument and learning further, but commend his book to the attention of those who are interested in the early history of discovery, and in the aborigines of America. Those who wish to follow the history of the New World that grew up in the sixteenth century must wait for a later volume of the work. We can only hope that its author will deal with their period with the same accuracy and knowledge that he has shown in writing of America's earlier history.

Under the title of *Sketches From Eastern History*<sup>1</sup> Professor Nöldeke has put together nine studies on various subjects connected with Eastern History, some of which have already been printed separately. Though the book, therefore, consists of disconnected "sketches," and though the author does not as a rule refer to the authorities he has made use of, it is hoped that the work will be of value to Oriental scholars, as it is obviously written for their benefit, as allusions are left unexplained, and considerable knowledge on the part of the reader is throughout presupposed.

The essays deal with various subjects; the first with the characteristics of the Semitic race, as they have been discussed by late critics; the second is a critical account of the Koran; the third a general historical sketch of Islam; and the rest touch on further historical events taken in greater detail.

In speaking of the Semitic people as a whole, Professor Nöldeke insists chiefly on the general tendency towards Monotheism, and to a less degree on the simpleness, moral force, and exclusiveness of their religion, apart from which there is no sign of democratic spirit or national feeling. As is necessary, these general statements are the result of careful investigation, and partly take the form of comments on Chevolson, the opponent of Renan; they represent the people as one-sided and limited in genius, with a greatness mostly in the past, yet capable, perhaps, of future invigoration. The history of Mohammedanism shows all these characteristics. Of Mohammed himself the Professor has not a very high opinion; he describes him as being without heroism, culture, or even originality, and as never reaching to the height of greatness, except in success. He was forced onward by circumstances, and built up his religion from fragments of Judaism and Christianity. His new faith was before all things practical as well as simple, and imposing by reason of its very simplicity; the chief lesson it taught was a belief in fatalism, or, rather, fullest

<sup>1</sup> *Sketches From Eastern History*. By Theodor Nöldeke, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Strassburg. Translated by J. S. Black. London: A. & C. Black. 1892.

confidence in the divine power ; the force resulting from this was directed by a single will, and naturally grew by conquest. The wars of this conquest are described, and their success allowed to be inexplicable, even after acknowledging that they happened when the State was yet deeply religious and warlike. The same spirit which had inspired conquest found outlet later in the civil strife which raged round the Caliphate, and destroyed the power of Mohammedanism. But doctrinal controversy never seemed to have had deep influence, and even the Dervishes, mystic and pantheistic, never touched the heart of Islam.

A full examination and criticism of the Koran cannot explain its deep influence. It could convince, and so achieve its primary object, which was conviction, although its style was unequal and its contents heterogeneous. Professor Nöldeke in the next three chapters deals with the history of the eighth and ninth centuries, the slave war, and the lives of the great leaders, already touched upon in the general sketch. An account is also given, among other Syrian saints, of Simon Stylites, who is represented by the author as an example of ignorant pride, and of "limited intelligence," in criticism both scornful and adverse. We are brought down to modern times by a concluding essay on "King Theodore of Abyssinia," a great man, checked and embittered, the victim of difficulties and mistakes.

The style of the book is direct at times even to abruptness, and the chapter on the Koran, written originally for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is perhaps a little out of place, as it is an incomplete textual criticism inserted in a collection of historical essays ; so also are the author's scornful comments in the essays on the Syrian saints ; but the *Studies* taken together form a varied whole, much of which is of general interest.

*The Story of Kaspar Hauser's Life*<sup>1</sup> is told in a very interesting and able manner by Elizabeth E. Evans. There appeared in Unschlitt-Platz, Nuremberg, on Whit Monday, May 23, 1828, a young man apparently sixteen or eighteen years old, dressed like a peasant, and moving about in an uncertain way, as though he were drunk. This was Kaspar Hauser, "The Riddle of his Time." Who he was has never been certainly determined, but all the evidence available upon the subject seems to identify him with the heir to the throne of the Grand Duchy of Baden, who was supposed to have died in 1812, when a child but a few months old. Our authoress has studied all the records which relate to Kaspar Hauser. She has come to the conclusion that his right to the throne of Baden no longer admits of reasonable doubt, and the result of her labours has taken the form of an advocacy of Kaspar Hauser's claims rather than of a judicial investigation of the facts. A very full

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of Kaspar Hauser*, from authentic records. By Elizabeth E. Evans. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

bibliography of the literature upon the subject is, however, given at the end of the book, so that all who disagree with the conclusions put forward, may, if they choose, and are good enough German scholars, search out the question for themselves. This method of writing history is not altogether satisfactory, but at least lucidity and directness are ensured by it.

As soon as Kaspar Hauser could tell his story he declared that he had lived long in a dark cell—not knowing night from day—kept alive by bread and water, which he found beside him after he had slept. The result of these abnormal conditions of growth was a state of body and mind which is of extremest interest to students of such matters, and it is most fortunate that many of Kaspar Hauser's sayings and doings have been recorded in detail by educated and scientific men, who were attracted by the peculiar circumstances of his case.

But the tale of his life during the short period of his freedom is very terrible, and the interest which it evokes is somewhat morbid. The plotters who had abducted him, in order that another branch of his family might gain the throne of Baden, soon became alarmed at the excitement which was aroused by the unfortunate youth's story, and determined to murder him. The first attempt failed, but at length Kaspar Hauser met a violent death towards the close of 1833. His few years of real life were indeed tragic, and it is to be regretted that there is little room to doubt that his most treacherous enemy and hired assassin was an Englishman—Philip Henry, fourth Earl of Stanhope. Of historical gain little can be gleaned from picking up and gathering together the minutest details of this dismal episode in the annals of the rulers of Baden, but mystery lends an enthralling charm to the subject, which has been most forcibly put before us in this little book.

In the *Promenades en Russie*,<sup>1</sup> by M. Ed. Balcan, an attempt is made to estimate the present position and future progress of Russia. The writer, in the preface, acknowledges that the book is written "d'après un . . . ouvrage Anglais paru à Londres . . . sous le titre de *A Summer Tour in Russia*, par M. A. Gallenga." The present work is practically a translation of the English book, and we cannot but think that the name of the real author should have appeared both on the title-page and on the cover of M. Balcan's reproduction.

However, the book is one of interest. The writer dwells upon the rapid rise of Russia as an European State. Two hundred years ago Russia barely existed; for it was not till the days of Peter the Great that the State became either civilised or European. Within fifty years from his time Russia took a prominent part in the European States-system, and it still maintains that position with

<sup>1</sup> *Promenades en Russie*. Par Ed. Balcan. Paris: Libraire Ch. Delagrave. 1892.

indefinite and indefinable possibilities of future expansion and development. The cause of this rapid rise is the cause of Russia's present stagnant condition, for the very centralisation of government which was the instrument by which Peter carried out his reforms now has rendered Russia incapable of initiation and of self-government. The writer then proceeds to show how all the departments of government are controlled by the central administration, either, that is, by the Emperor or by the Chancellor. This has led to that system of law which to the dwellers in Western Europe seems to be so evil in its results—namely, the system under which everything which is not allowed by the law is regarded as being forbidden; and further, it has led to the rise of Nihilism, and its complements, fear and hypocrisy.

The writer, in discussing the future of Russia, sees the only hope of progress in the gradual relaxing of the tyranny of the central power, and in the gradual formation of some scheme of government under which the citizen shall feel that he has individual interest and responsibility in the work of government. We have dealt mostly with the last chapter of this book, since it contains a summary of the writer's views. The earlier chapters contain the grounds upon which his views are based, in the shape of descriptive tours through Russia and its various towns. In conclusion, it may be added that the book is interesting, and will give to many readers a knowledge of Russian life, which has hitherto been unobtainable in so handy a form.

To those who are interested in military history we would commend a little book, *Charges Héroïques*,<sup>1</sup> by M. George Bastard, which contains an account of the five regiments of the Margueritte division, forming part of its author's series which tells the tale of the Armée de Chalons. The present volume contains in great detail the events leading up to and at Sedan, and, although the wealth of military detail may weary some readers, the narrative is vigorous and full of interest. In addition, it should be added that the book is well illustrated with both maps and other pictures. To the military reader it will be full of interest; to the ordinary civil reader the book will appear readable, although perhaps unnecessarily full of technicalities and unintelligible details.

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#### BELLES LETTRES.

THOSE who remember Mr. Marion Crawford's *Saracinesca* and his *Sant Ilario*—and few who have read them can have forgotten them—will hail with unfeigned pleasure the appearance of *Don Orsino*,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Charges Héroïques*. Par George Bastard. Second edition. Paris: Albert Savine. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Don Orsino*. By Marion Crawford. Three volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

another Roman novel, in which, after a lapse of some twenty years, we find all our old friends once more on the scene. Don Orsino is the eldest son of Giovanni and Corona, and in following his career, we pick up the life-threads of nearly all the other characters where they were dropped at the termination of *Sant Ilario*. Even old Prince Saracinesca himself is still to the fore, a little less fierce and irascible than of yore, but bland, kindly, and masterful as ever. Don Orsino is not quite such a sympathetic hero as was his father, nor is his love story, which is the principal theme of the present narrative, half so romantic nor so thoroughgoing as were the loves of Giovanni and Corona. Orsino is of a less ardent and lover-like nature than his father—both morally and physically he is more like his cousin, the Marquis San Giacinto. The heroine is a strange, enigmatical personage. We were afraid, on her first introduction, when we read of her tawny hair, and golden eyes with a slight cast in them, that she was “the witch of Prague” in a new impersonation; but, happily, this misgiving proved to be unfounded. She is, throughout the story, mysteriously mixed up with Count Spicca, the melancholy duellist—another of Mr. Crawford’s strange and puzzling creations, but far more striking and interesting, to our mind, than either “the witch of Prague” or Maria Consuelo, the somewhat *louche* heroine of *Don Orsino*. Count Del Ferice is also reintroduced, and plays an important part in the history of Don Orsino. So, too, though in a less degree, does Anastase Gouache, ex-papal Zouave, now an artistic celebrity in Rome, and happily married to Faustina Montevarchi.

On the whole, *Don Orsino* is neither so great nor so charming as *Saracinesca* or *Sant Ilario*; but it is well worthy to take its place in the group of Roman novels, which are undoubtedly the finest things that Mr. Marion Crawford has produced—not excepting, even, *A Cigarette Maker’s Romance*. In *Don Orsino*, it is not alone by the story, nor by the characterisation, that the value of the work must be gauged. Scattered broadcast over the three volumes are pages which the most clear-sighted and thoughtful historian might be proud to have written.

The author of *Mona Maclean*<sup>1</sup>—evidently a woman—sets out, apparently, with the intention of writing a triumphant *plaidoirie* for “advanced women,” the equality in intellectual power of the sexes, &c. But, as the story proceeds, doubts of her own contention seem to have grown upon her. But, after all, the thesis which “Graham Travers” set herself to demonstrate, and which at the end of the third volume is still undecided, is not the point on which the merit of the book depends. Nothing can really be proved or disproved by the imaginary adventures, or the pre-arranged dialogue

<sup>1</sup> *Mona Maclean, Medical Student*. A Novel. By Graham Travers. In Three volumes. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.



of fictitious characters. Only one question could the story of *Mona Maclean* definitely settle—whether its author could, or could not, write a good novel. And that, we think, it answers in the affirmative. There are, no doubt, traces of inexperience—*longueurs* which make the story lag; occasional lapses into “tall talk,” euphemistically known to the heroine as “beautiful thoughts.” But, notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, which may not universally be regarded as such, *Mona Maclean* is an unusually bright, clever, and interesting novel.

*Out of the Jaws of Death*,<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Frank Barrett, introduces us into a world *de haute fantaisie*, where neither the people nor the incidents are like anything we are accustomed to see or hear of in real life. Mr. Barrett's *dramatis personæ* may be divided into two classes: Nihilists and Russian police agents in pursuit of them. The will of the Czar, in Mr. Barrett's world, is hardly less omnipotent in London than in Moscow or St. Petersburg. Kidnapping, and deportation by means of Russian armed steamers lying in wait in the Thames, are mere commonplace occurrences; and Russian refugees are well aware that when the Czar has decreed that they shall be silenced, the law of the land of their adoption is powerless to protect them. The characters in this fantastic drama are no unless unfamiliar and surprising than the perils and adventures that befall them. The hero, “Taras”—prince and escaped Nihilist—is a sort of Russian “Triton,” impossibly, madly, altruistic, but a fine fellow after all. The heroine is a poor little half-starved, and wholly ignorant, waif, from the East End, who, under the transforming touch of “Taras,” turns, in the twinkling of an eye, into a refined, captivating, and noble woman. The villain is an Irishman; he is, at one and the same time, a Nihilist, an exalted official in the Russian police, and a traitor to both—using his influence in the two opposed camps for his own nefarious ends. From this slight sketch it will be seen that the story does not err on the side of *terre-à-terre* versimilitude. But, if the incidents are impossible, they are exciting; and though the characters have hardly the air of being drawn from life, they are striking, and consistently sustained throughout. The book is well written, too, which covers a multitude of sins, and, whatever else may be said of it, it cannot be called dull.

In *The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent*<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Oliphant is not at her best. The framework of the story is solid and good enough; but there is, in the details, a want of finish to which the veteran novelist has not accustomed us. Were it not for the preface, which rebuts beforehand any imputation of undue haste, we should have thought the book was written against time. It contains,

<sup>1</sup> *Out of the Jaws of Death*. By Frank Barrett. In Three volumes. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent*. By Mrs. Oliphant. In Three volumes. London: Macmillan. 1892.

however, some well-drawn characters. Lord Frogmore, the clear-sighted, slightly cynical, but kindly old man of the world, is a successful creation. The heroine seems to us to be far less naturally drawn; she is impossibly amiable—a being without gall. Her unflinching solicitude, for the interests of a woman who had treated her with cruelty and contumely, is sickly and out of nature. Her enemy, too, is rather a slapdash piece of character painting; she is made not only improbably villainous, but vulgar as well, for which neither her birth nor her associations give any warranty. Of course, the story is interesting; in that Mrs. Oliphant rarely fails.

It is not often that unbiassed criticism takes the form of unqualified praise. But in Mr. Sidney Bolton's *Lord Wastwater*<sup>1</sup> we can find no flaw. The style is clear as crystal, simple, direct, and elegant. There is not, from first to last, a single slovenly phrase, nor an ill-chosen word. The mode of narration is singularly rapid, while sufficiently explanatory. The story is quite original, and, though deeply tragic, the poignancy of the tragedy is softened by the artistic skill of its presentment. The book is well named, for all its interest centres in the strange personality of Lord Wastwater—one of the most startling, repulsive, and yet fascinating, creations that the modern rage for studies in morbid psychology has produced. The only valid criticism on Mr. Sydney Bolton's work turns on the question: Are such studies desirable?

*Miss Blanchard of Chicago*<sup>2</sup> is not a work of transcendent literary merit. The style of writing leaves much to be desired, and the mystery, which, in the earlier part of the book, seems as if the whole story were going to turn upon it, has, after all, little or no influence on the *dénouement*. It is cleared up eventually, but the explanation comes when it has ceased to have much interest, and it is, besides, rather clumsy and intricate. However, the plot is not by any means the *clou* of the piece; it is but the thread on which are strung a chain of incidents, and some really stirring adventures, illustrative of various phases of American life and manners. Of character painting there is, strictly speaking, hardly any. The only really individual and typical figure is that of "Sam Hicks," the Dakota farmer. He is a sort of Western "Dandie Dinmont"; the very soul of easy genial good-nature in every-day life, but when a wrong has to be righted, or a friend backed up, rushing into a fray with as much glee as if it were a merry-making.

*Under Pressure*<sup>3</sup> is, we presume from the heading of the title page, the first of a series of "Scenes from Roman Life." It is dedicated to Mr. Marion Crawford, and though, in dramatic power and

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Wastwater*. By Sidney Bolton. In Two volumes. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Miss Blanchard of Chicago*. By Albert Revill Davies. In Three volumes. London: F. V. White & Co. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Under Pressure: Scenes from Roman Life*. By the Marchesa Theodoli. In Two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

literary finish, the work of the Marchesa Theodoli can hardly vie with that of the eminent American novelist, who has, in some sort, made himself the chronicler of Roman society, still her sketches may be received as a pleasant and useful supplement to Mr. Crawford's; for they evince a knowledge of Roman habits and manners, even more intimate and detailed than his own; such knowledge, indeed, as could only be attained by one who, either by birth or marriage, belonged to the society she has undertaken to portray.

We will not enter into any detailed criticism of *Jem Peterkin's Daughter*.<sup>1</sup> It is by no mean a bad story, but the manner of its telling spoils it for our individual taste. Mr. Churchward himself, calls it "an Antipodean Novel;" to us the description seems but too true.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging four volumes recently added to "The Pseudonym Library."<sup>2</sup> Two of them, *Makar's Dream* and *The General's Daughter*, are translated from the Russian. The stories in both volumes are decidedly good of their kind, albeit it is not a kind which strongly recommends itself to us. The truth is, Russian stories while strangely resembling one another, are so unlike anything else in art or in nature, that, whenever we read a Russian novel, we have the sensation of being in an unknown world, peopled by beings to whose motives and actions experience gives no clue. The other two volumes, *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter* and *A Splendid Cousin*, though in most respects widely differing from each other, have in common that particular flavour of strangeness and *bizarrierie*, which is, as it were, the distinctive badge of the "Pseudonym" collection, and to many readers, is probably one of its chief attractions.

Of the books for youthful readers which year by year herald the return of Christmas, some rather more than average specimens have reached us. *Fairy Tales from the Far East*,<sup>3</sup> by Theo. Gift, are culled from Professor Rhys David's translation of the *Birth Stories of Buddha*. They are skilfully arranged and adapted for the use of children by Theo. Gift. Each little tale, or fable, contains some simple homely moral. But we think Miss Julia Goddard's *Fairy Tales in Other Lands*<sup>4</sup> are likely to be even more popular with the little people for whose amusement both books are produced. There is so much brightness and fun in Miss Goddard's versions of the old world-wide folklore tales—such delicately humorous anachronisms—in short, such an atmosphere of gaiety and mirth, that they cannot

<sup>1</sup> *Jem Peterkin's Daughter*. An Antipodean Novel. By W. R. Churchward. In Three volumes. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

<sup>2</sup> Pseudonym Library: (1) *The General's Daughter*. By the Author of *A Russian Priest*; (2) *Makar's Dream*, and other stories; (3) *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*. By Tom Cobbleigh. (4) *A Splendid Cousin*. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Fairy Tales from the Far East*. By Theo. Gift. With Illustrations by O. Von Gleden. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

<sup>4</sup> *Fairy Tales in Other Lands*. By Julia Goddard. With Eighty-six Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

fail to please young readers. Mr. G. A. Henty has achieved such well-deserved renown as a purveyor of entertaining literature for boys, that his name on the gaily decorated cover of a Christmas book is a more effectual recommendation than anything a reviewer can write about it. *Berie the Briton*,<sup>1</sup> a romance of the time when Roman invasion was fast merging into conquest, in no way falls below the high standard maintained throughout his voluminous works by the boys' own author. While for those who prefer a modern story, Mr. Henty, with the versatility which is one of his most enviable gifts, has provided *Condemned as a Nihilist*,<sup>2</sup> showing himself just as much at home in describing a contemporary escape from Siberian exile as in the patriotic wars of our remote ancestors. *The Divers*,<sup>3</sup> by Mr. Hume Nisbet, is a story of wild, not to say "rollicking," adventure among the tropical islands of the Pacific. We see, by the author's jovial preface, that *The Divers* is written for the special delectation of boys, but it hardly reads like a boys' book.

*Complices*<sup>4</sup> is one of those hideous stories that sometimes come to light in criminal trials, but which, in fiction, few, if any, can recount with such terrible power, or such realism of detail, as the veteran novelist, Hector Malot. It is a case of cold-blooded, deliberate, poisoning, perpetrated by a woman who is a phenomenon of specious perversity. She is an instance of what may be called moral insanity. In exhibiting the inner working of her complex, unfathomable, corruption, M. Hector Malot has all but surpassed himself. Formally speaking, she had, as the title infers, an accomplice in her abominable crime—a commonplace, worthless Don Juan of *bourgeois* type, without even the making of a great criminal. Subjected to the occult but irresistible pressure of her stronger nature, he was but as clay in the hands of the potter.

*Monsieur le Duc*<sup>5</sup> is a continuation of the history of *Monsieur Fred*, and is marked by the same vein of humour—keen and slightly cynical—which characterised that most amusing volume. But when "M. Fred" (now "M. le Duc") married, or to speak more accurately, is married to, a young and charming girl, who loves and implicitly trusts him, *ça tourne au drame*. The rapid loss of all her bright, girlish illusions is a piteous spectacle.

The opening words of M. Jules Verne's *Château des Carpathes*<sup>6</sup> are: "Cette histoire n'est pas fantastique, elle n'est que romanesque." We regret to differ from so distinguished an author in his apprecia-

<sup>1</sup> *Berie the Briton*. By G. A. Henty. With Twelve Illustrations by W. Parkinson. London: Blackie & Son. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Condemned as a Nihilist*: A Story of Escape from Siberia. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated by Walter Paget. London: Blackie & Son. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *The Divers*: A Romance of Oceania. By Hume Nisbet. London: A. & C. Black. 1892.

<sup>4</sup> *Complices*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: E. Flammarion. 1893.

<sup>5</sup> *Monsieur le Duc*. Par "Gyp." Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1893.

<sup>6</sup> *Le Château des Carpathes*. Par Jules Verne. Paris: Hetzel et Cie.

tion of his own work; but, in our opinion, *Le Château des Carpathes* is anything but a romantic story. It is simply a marvellous tale made up of all the scientific inventions of the last twenty years—from the reflecting mirrors which produced “Pepper’s Ghosts” at the old Polytechnic, down to the telephone, the phonograph, and all the latest novelties by Edison. That the thing is well done will not be doubted by any one who knows M. Jules Verne’s wondrous skill in blending scientific truth with wildest fiction. But “romantic” is the last word to apply to the strange *mélange*.

A few books, English and French, still remain, which our exhausted space compels us to dismiss with a mere passing mention. *Victory at Last*, by E. G. May (Elliot Stock), a religious novel, with the motto, “In cruce vinco.”—*The Girls and I*, by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan). A girl’s book, so pleasantly written that we should like to have noticed it more fully.—*The King’s Favourite*, by W. A. Taylor (Methuen); well written, but rather high-flown and very shadowy. The characters have only Christian names.—*L’Instituteur*, par Théodore Chèze (Paris: Savine). A sombre story, but with wonderful truth of detail.—*Diane de Prymal*, par Max Ellyan (Paris: Calmann-Lévy). A very sad, and in some aspects, a beautiful love-story; but with a fearful taint about the heroine, which precludes the book from being a favourite in England.—*Un Cœur Discret*, par Gustave Guiches (Librairie Plon). A painful tale throughout, with strange topsy-turvy notions of morality—*e.g.*, a young lady is admired as “disinterested” for preferring an irregular union to legal wedlock.

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## POETRY.

A SELECTION from the poems of the Hon. Roden Noel,<sup>1</sup> chosen by the poet himself, and issued with an introduction by Mr. Robert Buchanan, ought certainly to excite interest, despite the fact that Mr. Noel is by no means a popular writer. It is indeed remarkable that he should be so little known, for the mass of his work is considerable; he has a strain of high and delicate poesy, and his writings, whether in prose or verse, contain much subtle thought and abstruse speculation. Readers of Mr. Myles’s *Poets of the Century* will, however, be familiar with some of his best pieces, as also with the dictum of Mr. J. Addington Symonds, that “Mr. Noel ranks as the first philosophical poet of our times in England.” Opinion may differ as to the relative importance of thought and form in poetry

<sup>1</sup> *Poems of the Hon. Roden Noel*. A Selection. With an Introduction by Robert Buchanan (“Canterbury Poets” Series). London: Walter Scott.

but it is in expression that Mr. Noel is deficient. Even his present sponsor, Mr. Buchanan, who keenly appreciates his quality, admits that he is found "wrestling with his vocabulary," and too often "inarticulate from pure emotion;" and this is a grave weakness, for is it not the business of the poet to be articulate? Despite frequent felicitous phrases and passages of luxuriant description, Mr. Noel's thought is seldom clearly and consequently developed, and his poetry has an incoherent and tumultuous effect; it is poured out with passion, and is rich and sensuous in imagery, but it is lacking in lucidity and serenity. Mr. Noel is an original writer, and has a marked mannerism, with sudden and somewhat disconcerting transitions. He is enthusiastically religious, but his belief is too mystical and spiritual to be easily understood. He appeals to the few, because he requires in his reader a critical and reflective mind able to disengage the beauties from the defects of his production. Like Mr. Swinburne, he is a swimmer, and his love of the sea is often his inspiration. The present volume gives much of Mr. Noel's best work. The fragment chosen from *The Water-nymph and the Boy*, is no doubt the finest portion of this exquisite poem; but we wish we could have had the whole of it, and would have suggested the omission of some of the African poems, if necessary, to make room. As specimens of the poet at his best, *Ganymede*, *The Sea*, *Love Hiding*, *That they All may be One*, should certainly be read. We will give a stanza from the much discussed poem of *Pan*, as an illustration in some degree at once of the charm and of the peculiar difficulty of Mr. Noel's method:

"Wave illumined ocean palaces,  
Musically water paven,  
Whose are walls enchased like chalices,  
Gemmed with living gems, a haven  
For foamy, wandering emerald,  
Where the water lights are called  
To mazy play upon the ceiling,  
Thrills of some delicious feeling!  
Sylph-like wonders here lie hid  
In dim dome of Nereid:  
Tender tinted, richly hued,  
Fair sea flowers disclose their feelers  
With a pearly morn imbued,  
While to bather's open lid  
Water fairies float, revealers  
Of all the marvels in the flood,  
And Pan not dead!"

It is a sharp contrast to turn from Mr. Noel to Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,<sup>1</sup> the one writer intangible, mystical, and transcendental; the other humorously practical and shrewd: one so cheery and didactic with his homely American speech, tender

<sup>1</sup> *Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. Edinburgh: David Douglas.  
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sentiment, and kindly wisdom ; the other intensely speculative and turgid through the strain of expressing metaphysical subtleties, and rendering evanescent shades of feeling and perception. Mr. Holmes is a real poet ; but perhaps his qualities have their most harmonious play in his prose writings, or in his society verse (American society) ; for though he cannot equal Mr. Austin Dobson in exquisite finish and deftness of phrase, he has a broader and even kindlier tone, and fuller moral meaning, till for those who can read it, a lesson lurks beneath his lightest trifling. The venerable American poet writes for the people, and speaks to their hearts ; and if his melodies and rhythms are commonplace, and his tone too familiar, he has passages exquisitely tender in feeling, and apt and memorable in expression, many touches, too, of quiet insight and humour, and quaintly happy similes and illustrations. A great deal of what is included in these four volumes might have well been omitted, as the number of occasional poems is very great, but the intention appears to have been to produce a complete edition.

A new edition of Wordsworth's poems<sup>1</sup> is being issued by Messrs. Bell in their "Aldine" Series. It is edited by Mr. Edward Dowden, and will be complete in seven volumes. The first of these contains an interesting memoir by the editor, and a preface expounding the plan of the edition. This appears to be well thought out, careful, and scrupulous in adherence to the wishes and directions of the poet, as regards text and arrangement ; for Wordsworth's own somewhat esoteric classification is followed (dates, however, being given wherever possible), and the text is almost invariably given as left by him in the edition of '40-'50. Readers will be grateful to Mr. Dowden for his "desire to present the poems as such without the distraction of footnotes," while they will enjoy the copious and clearly arranged notes placed at the end of each volume. The excellent editing, clear type, and convenient form of this popular edition ought to ensure its success, as both in scheme and execution it is eminently practical and pleasing.

Mr. Dutton Barnard<sup>2</sup> is apparently a man with a mental history ; an earnest soul much occupied with the problems of existence and religious belief. His message would seem to be the inculcation of a distrust of reason and our own finite faculty, and of the necessity of looking upwards for the Divine Helping Hand to point our way. The first poem in the volume, *The Suicide*, shows a certain power ; but Mr. Barnard's expression is unfortunately too prosaic for his work to reach a really high level of interest.

There remain now on our list two translations of well-known plays, the one from the Russian of Gogol, and the other from the

<sup>1</sup> *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*. Edited, with Memoir, by Edward Dowden. "Aldine" edition. London : George Bell & Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Out of the Depths*. Poems by W. Dutton Barnard. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

German of Schiller. We believe this to be the first time that the Russian dramatist's most popular comedy, the *Revisor*,<sup>1</sup> has been done into English, and we took it up with curiosity under its new name of *The Inspector-General*. The great reputation of the play is no doubt largely due to the boldness of its satire, and its daring exposure of the abuses of the Russian bureaucratic system; but the character drawing is good, and though the fun is somewhat broad and naïve for Western taste, the action is brisk and amusing, while Mr. Arthur Sykes's rendering is spirited and readable.

Major-General Maxwell has also put good and conscientious work into his translation of Schiller's "romantic tragedy," the *Jungfrau von Orleans*,<sup>2</sup> and his historical appendix will help to rescue the reader from the condition of bewilderment into which the poet's very free treatment of historical fact is apt to reduce him.

## ART.

THE literature of music—criticism and history, technical theory and æsthetical philosophising—is undoubtedly on the increase in the English language. Mr. Hadow,<sup>3</sup> in a series of academically written studies in modern music, deals with such unacademic musical composers as Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner. He deplores the past, wherein "apparently we have allowed generations of foreign influence to obliterate our own national style," and extols the present, when "the day of England's music is near at hand." To the instructive biographies and critical appreciation of the three masters he has chosen to study he has prefixed a "Discourse on Method" in music and musical criticism. In this he explains the condition of the problem and the principles of musical judgment.

The author clearly grasps the distinction between music, which directly presents or produces the beautiful in sound, from the representative arts, which reproduce material already existing in Nature, while adding to it the formal element of Beauty; and he sees the analogy between the rhythm of sound and the eurythmy of the lines of ornament in decoration. He has, perhaps, not attended to the fact that in architecture also the ideal or formal element is presented only in outline, while the essential impression to be conveyed is chiefly a matter of "suggestion." In painting itself the colour

<sup>1</sup> *The Inspector-General (or Revisor)*. A Russian Comedy by Nikolai v. Gogol. Translated from the original, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur A. Sykes. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

<sup>2</sup> *Schiller's Maid of Orleans*. Translated, with an Introduction, Appendix, and Notes, by Major-General Maxwell. London: Walter Scott.

<sup>3</sup> *Studies in Modern Music*. By W. H. Hadow, M.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1893.



scheme is quite as often a harmony of sense impressions as it is an intelligible portrayal of things. This explains, in part, the varying likes and dislikes of different ages and countries in all these arts; physically, the education of the senses changes the susceptibility of eyes to half shades, for example, and of ears to minor keys or intricate polyphony; and psychologically, through new habits of feeling, Schiller's *sentimentalität* of art comes into varying play,

It is the spasmodic seeking after new emotions, joined with the technical perfection of modern instrumentation capable of novel effects, which, we imagine, is responsible for the "Romantic" school of music, and for Impressionist art in general. Mr. Hadow, however, finds in this school only "the suggestion of beauty tinged with emotion," while Classical music limits itself to "the pure presentation of abstract Beauty." In his detailed appreciation of the Romantic masters he leaves aside these general statements, and gives a highly interesting analysis of their musical effects.

In his *Conversation on Music and its Masters*,<sup>1</sup> Herr Anton Rubenstein, whose technical knowledge and skill—that which constitutes the *virtuoso*—none will deny, gives a completer estimate of the progress of music, it seems to us, than Mr. Hadow with his sharp division of Schools Classical and Romantic. He reckons "the beginning of music as an art" from Palestrina, who opens the "organ and vocal epoch" which finds its culmination in Bach and Handel. The second, or "instrumental epoch—i.e., the development of the pianoforte and orchestra"—dates from Philipp Em. Bach, down through Haydn and Mozart, until Beethoven, its greatest representative. The last, or "lyric-romantic epoch," is reckoned from Schubert, with Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, "whom I recognise as its last representative."

However much this may smack of the *vir systematicus*, we cannot but respect the classification of one so thoroughly familiar with the details of technical execution. Herr Rubenstein's break with the idolatry of the day has probably detracted from the importance which might otherwise be attached to his views on the historical development of music. While acknowledging the mastery of Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt in orchestral instrumentation, he declares bluntly: "All in all, I see in them the virtuoso-composers. . . . In the sense, however, of specifically musical creation, I can recognise none of them as a composer."

"A specifically musical creation," if it means anything at all, must imply such a novel arrangement of sound as to give that fulness of satisfaction to the ear which will imperatively suggest to the mind a consciousness of ideal beauty. This may be a dreamy repose or a spasmodic tension, which is also rest after its manner. But the

<sup>1</sup> *Music and its Masters: a Conversation.* By Anton Rubenstein. London: Augener & Co.

primary basis must be in the judgment of the ear, as Cicero discerned in regard to the rhythm of the oratorical sentence: *aurium judicium superbissimum*. It is only in the second place that there is need of some shade of mental activity—call it “emotion” or not—which may distinguish the effect of Berlioz’s orchestration on man, for instance, from that of bugle calls on cavalry steeds. Perhaps time will tell how far Wagner’s music has depended for its effect, in our generation, on its union with poetry and the drama, and with national sentiment. Our author has not adverted to the purely sensuous character of many Wagnerian harmonies—something for which the modern mind is duly, or unduly, prepared, and something which Plato and the Greeks deprecated for their youth. Perhaps, too, time has already decided that Berlioz and Liszt are mainly of technical interest in the art of music. In its history, of course, they will always mark an epoch of great æsthetic uncertainty.

From æsthetic studies, in which there is more than a difference of tastes to confuse the judgment, it is refreshing to turn to the five volumes with which the Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music has completed his treatment of the theoretical part of musical composition.<sup>1</sup> On the whole, he must be congratulated on the success which he has obtained in so vast and so difficult a task. We believe that he has followed the only true method of laying down theoretical rules in music—namely, by founding them “upon the actual practice of the great masters.” This is in accordance with the scientific principle first clearly brought out by Helmholtz—that not the physical laws of sound alone are in question in music, but the condition of ears also, the æsthetic perception of sounds. Now the “æsthetic principles have already changed, and will still further change, with the progressive development of humanity.” Scales of only five notes are found among the Chinese; Arabic music divides the octave into as many as sixteen intervals; while our own modern music uses twelve notes to the octave. Evidently, a selection has to be made from the harmonics offered us by Nature; and the whole system of scales, modes, and harmonic tissues can be best built up from a study of the inspirations of musical genius—that is, from the harmonies invented by men endowed with the highest sensitiveness to sound. The unalterable laws of Nature, which made ears as well as sound vibrations, will thus not be violated; and no one will have occasion to say, “Beethoven is wrong,” “This was a license on the part of Bach.” The simple fact is that the masters have invented no new effects which a sound system cannot account for.

This is, perhaps, the most valuable feature of the series—the illustrative examples are taken exclusively and impartially from the works of the greatest masters, from Bach and Handel, with whom

<sup>1</sup> *Harmony; its Theory and Practice*. Counterpoint, Strict and Free. Double Counterpoint and Canon. Fugue. Fugal Analysis. Five volumes. By Ebenezer Prout. London: Augener & Co. 1889-92.

modern harmony may be said to begin, down to the present day. Thus, the various forms of the chord of the thirteenth, including the generator, are taken from Schumann (4), Dvorak, Verdi, Gounod, Beethoven (3), Wagner (2), Bach, Spohr (2), Chopin. The text also is clear and well ordered, and by its insistence in defining shows the experience of a practical teacher.

The volume on *Counterpoint* has an independent treatment of its subject, which is now as much neglected as it was once made too much of. As the author significantly remarks, most of the works of the great masters are not written in Strict Counterpoint, which he recognises as "preliminary technical study to actual composition," rather than a system of necessary restrictions; and he has done well to base it on exclusively modern tonality. We venture to think, however, that he under-estimates the present importance of the old ecclesiastical modes. Since Cherubini and Albrechtberger, whom he mentions, there has been a curious "Cecilian" revival, dating from Ratisbon, to which Richard Wagner was not a stranger. It may have escaped the notice of English musicians, but it has powerfully affected both organ-playing and singing in Roman Catholic churches throughout the world, including the Eternal City itself—surely not a negligible quantity in the world's musical practice.

That our author is not without appreciation of even the fantasies of the older music may be seen in his treatment of *Canons*, with the remarkable examples from Marpurg, Byrd, and Tallis. There is still lacking, in English at least, a competent study of the music which culminated in Palestrina and—the one triumph in the musical history of England—in a few Elizabethan composers.

The independent *modernité* of Professor Prout is at its height in his last two volumes on *Fugue*, where he admits all that Bach practised—perish no matter what rules—and on *Fugal Analysis*, where he takes all his examples from "composers of acknowledged eminence," and never from a mere "fugue-writer or theorist." Even so, we fear that Berlioz's definition, as related by Schumann, will find its way into more than one mind: "In music, fugue is where one voice goes out before the other, and the listener before either."

In 1888, M. Paul Souriau, Professor in the Faculty of Letters at Lille, gave twelve lectures on "Hypnotism and Suggestion in Art," which he has expanded into a volume of the *Library of Contemporary Philosophy*.<sup>1</sup> In the meantime, M. Henri Bergson, a representative of the new French school of psychology, published similar conclusions, in another volume of the same series, on "the immediate data of consciousness." These two authors agree in maintaining that the methods of Art are a form, "attenuated, refined, and in a manner spiritualised," of the methods of hypnotism.

<sup>1</sup> *La Suggestion dans l'Art*. Par Paul Souriau. Paris: Alcan. 1893.

In a first part of seventy pages, which is an introduction to his main thesis, the author treats of hypnosis proper, in comparison with admiration that reaches the ecstatic point, in its conditions physical and moral, in its various determining causes, especially visual and auditive fascinations, and in its mental tendency. In the second and main part of the work, he takes up the relations between hypnosis and suggestion, with a detailed study of the latter in such visual effects as the illusions of perspective, and the spontaneous impressions of physiognomy, in imitative and descriptive music, in poetic imagery, and the dramatic or musical expression of sentiment. All these 350 pages are announced by the author, in conclusion, to form a "demonstration—that suggestion plays a considerable part in the contemplation of the beautiful and in Art."

It is not quite easy to judge the validity of such a conclusion from a book in which there is a great deal more literature than science, and more science than sound logic. Suggestion in hypnosis, however obscurely known in its manner of action, is a very definite psychological fact depending on physiological facts which are also fairly well known. Suggestion in art, on the other hand, was known long before, and still more definitely; for it is a primary fact of consciousness, and as such easily recognised. Like all mental phenomena, its processes imply certain definite physiological conditions and accompaniments. The calling up of images already stored away in the memory, the exciting of sentiments already felt, the leap from idea to idea with the helping impulse of a metaphor, are at the basis of Aristotle's treatment of the action of first principles in mental judgments, of the workings of the imagination in memory, and of the principle of "economy" of mental activity which Mr. Herbert Spencer, after Aristotle, has made the foundation of style. Such suggestion may easily draw out the full activity of the faculties, and may be responsible for that mental ecstasy which supposes a certain concentration or "inhibition" of nerve-action. But between this suggestion, in the normal state of waking, from ideas to ideas, or from sense-perceptions to idealised images, and the suggestion which is applied in the hypnotic sleep, there is a great gulf fixed that MM. Souriau and Bergson, to say the least, have not passed over. It would have been more profitable to the cause of scientific truth if they had turned from the fallacious instance of music, which, of course, is capable of either suggestion, to that of mathematical truths in the contemplation of which a high degree of ecstasy is often obtained. Even before the simple  $2 + 2 = 4$ , the imagination is so bound that it cannot, willy-nilly, conceive the contrary; but this does not prove that mathematics hypnotise.

## THE DRAMA.

THE month of December has been fruitful of dramatic events of a more or less mediocré character. Quantity rather than quality seems to have been the order of the day, and the London theatrical manager has been bent upon marking the exit of the dying year with some show of energy, if not of judgment. Thus the Garrick honours its *clientèle* with a four-act drama, entitled *David*, which is constructed somewhat on the lines of Mr. John Hare's earlier success, *A Fool's Paradise*, though singularly devoid of its predecessor's interest on the score of originality or unconventionality of design. *David* is preceded by a rather insipid *lever du rideau*, called *A Caprice*, and adapted from the French of Alfred de Musset, by Mr. T. H. McCarthy. The respected leader of the Irish party (Anti-Parnellite *bien entendu*), not satisfied with figuring before the public as the champion of Home Rule, as the eminent leading-article writer, the pre-eminent novelist, and super-pre-eminent historian, has also made an excursus into the regions of music-hall enterprise, and has favoured the opening of the gorgeous new Palace of Varieties with an entirely original one-act tragical sketch, not adapted from the French this time, but rather too serious for the Variety to-be-entertained. Nor has the opera-house been without novelty. M. G. Chevalier Bach is responsible for the two-act cantata, produced under the title of *Irmingarda*, which, with the assistance of Mascagni's really excellent *Cavalleria Rusticana*, did not fail to draw a full house.

But most important in this month's list is decidedly Mr. Brookfield's adaptation of M. Victorien Sardou's *Divorçons*, now being given at the Comedy Theatre under the not very felicitous title *To-day*. In spite of the excisions of the innuendos with which the original abounds, and which would be ill-suited to such a haven of virtue as our capital; notwithstanding all the liberties which have been taken in order to disfigure M. Sardou's masterpiece beyond recognition, to the intense indignation of that eminent playwright, there is left in *To-day* more than enough wit and satire to suffice for one evening's delectation for a large class of playgoers. *Divorçons*, like *Nos Intimes*, so well rendered in the English version of *Peril* at the Haymarket Theatre during the early part of the year, has little to speak of in plot or story. It consists merely in

clever fooling and satirical character-sketching of modern society, and, as has been already said, belongs rather to the domain of farce than of comedy. Mr. Hawtrey, however, as the jealous, distrustful husband is not quite in his element. He is too earnest, or perhaps Mr. Brookfield has imported a tinge of the serious into his character which is altogether out of place, and Othello is distinctly at a discount because the Iago is so inexpressibly ridiculous. The absolute brutality of the satire on this type of society *habitué* is worthy of Molière himself. Bertie Twyford is a young man of advanced ideas on the subject of marriage, dabbles in philosophy at a lady's afternoon tea-party, where he seats himself on a most inadequate stool, and rather than speak his words looks them with an expression of earnestness mingled with "idiocy. He is musical and artistic. He sings silly songs of his own composition, which he accompanies himself, though he is utterly devoid of anything resembling a voice. He intrigues with Charles Prothero's wife, who treats his advances with amused contempt. All this is very funny, especially when acted by Mr. Brookfield; but the weakness of the play lies in the possibility of Kitty Prothero's husband, who is otherwise a reasonable individual, being seriously affected by this wretched creature, and with such real terror that he puts up an electric clown to acquaint him with the approach of the unwelcome guest. Miss Lottie Venne has most of the second act to herself, and pours forth her wrath at the sad lot of the married woman who is attached for life to a jaded, dissipated, worn-out man of the world, who never seeks to marry until his fortune and manhood are frittered away by the indiscretions of a riotous youth. Her acting is clever throughout, and especially telling in this long monologue, though in our opinion she excels rather in the defiant than in the pathetic mood. The third act of the play will require revision, and will under any circumstances remain the weakest of the three; but there is enough in the intrigues of Bertie Twyford and the sarcastic strictures of Kitty Prothero to ensure a successful issue to the meritorious efforts of Mr. Hawtrey's cast.

*David*, the four-act drama of Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Thornton Clark, though it loses so much by the inevitable comparison with *A Fool's Paradise*, is not without a certain interest of its own, and Mr. Carston was distinctly successful as the Doctor who studies criminal mania with so much devotion that he ends by becoming a criminal maniac himself. The idea is a good one, dramatically speaking, and leads to almost an infinitude of strange developments. Unfortunately, the two first acts are dry, the story drags and wearies, because it is unrelieved by any attempt at brilliance of dialogue. Indeed, it is impossible not to feel that the conversation in so many of the dramas now placed on the London

stage is distinctly inferior, as regards wit and humour, to that at the average drawing-room At Home. The world, when not absorbed in itself, loves to dwell on the lives of clever men and women, and not on those of dull mediocrities, however worthy.

Gilliatt Grenfell and David da Silva are both the sons of the same father, if they only knew it. Gilliatt, the younger, succeeds to his father's estates in the ordinary course. As is usual, not only in plays, the author of all the mischief dies in his bed at a respected green old age, and when the truth is finally revealed it is useless to dig the old gentleman up in order to give him a piece of one's mind, so the only satisfaction left to the survivors is to consign him to the furies of the nether regions. David da Silva tacitly accedes to his mother's request to be revenged on his unoffending brother—a promise which he has the good sense to ignore when the occasion comes, as he fully realises that his mother had no right to take advantage of her death-bed position in order to try and compel him to commit acts of folly. Through the agency of Doctor Wendover, he becomes Gilliatt's secretary. Now, David is clever, whereas the other is only very good. Such is the curious plot of the drama, which is still further elaborated by the Doctor's daughter Dorothy, who is engaged to be married to Squire Grenfell, instantly falling in love with David the first time she sees him. All this belongs to the first two acts, which are commonplace in the extreme, but for those whose growing impatience has not already induced to leave the theatre, weighty matter is to come later on. The latter and impressive acts are taken up with Mrs. Grenfell dowager's suspicions and dislike of David; Da Silva's renunciation of his love, rather than hinder the happiness of his brother, to whom he is now devoted; Gilliatt's self-sacrifice when he finds out to whom Dorothy is really attached, and his death from the poison of the mad Doctor, who conveniently dies in order to avoid scandal.

The real interest of the play is entirely centred in Doctor Windover. He is the theoretical man of science, absorbed in his books on the subject of criminal mania, which is the work of his life. The last chapter he completes in the final stages of approaching insanity. He gradually assimilates himself with his patients at the criminal hospital, and his great knowledge, trained intelligence, and logical faculty add to the subtlety of his evil purpose. Mr. Carston makes many clever hits in the rendering of his character, and a poisonous herb is sought for and found, hitherto unknown, the use of which defies detection—an idea which is certainly not new, but which brings about the demise of Grenfell in the most approved style. But the first two acts are over-spun out. They ought to be revised and reduced to one. On the other hand, the events in the latter part of the play crowd upon one another in breathless haste, as if the authors had become impatient with their work, as indeed the public is likely to be, and are eager to make up for lost time.

With careful revision, *David* may be improved into a fairly powerful drama.

We do not think much of M. Emile Bach's opera *Irmengarda*, and we may as well say so at once. There is a want of point about it. The libretto was never intended, or ought not to have been intended, for an opera, it is so undramatic. The foundation of the plot, if there were any, is an historical episode of German history in the year 1140. Wimsberg, a fortified town in Swabia, is closely invested by the troops of Conrad III., king of Franconia. The inhabitants are in great straits through lack of food and losses which they have suffered during the siege, and the women have also taken up arms in defence of the city. Conrad, who is impressed by the bravery of the inhabitants, consents to give quarter to the garrison, and to permit the women to go free and take with them that which they value most highly. The women choose their husbands as the chattels they most highly prize. To this story the opera adds a few events of a more or less happy selection. Irmengarda dresses herself up as a boy, and proceeds within the lines of the besieging force. She meets an old playmate, Cuniborto, and they devise the plan referred to above to save the city. Irmengarda, however, is already plighted to one of the burghers, Lucas, and has no intention of deserting him, though he in anger engages in a duel with Cuniborto, in which he is justly wounded.

A more flimsy libretto it would be difficult to imagine, and it is hardly fair to judge the composer harshly for not succeeding in investing such insipid twaddle with any degree of dramatic effect. For instance, he did his best to finish the first act with something resembling a climax in orchestration. But there was no climax to reach in the story, excepting one of absurdity. Every now and again there was an attempt at melody, though never anything we could carry away as impressing us with the melodious genius of the composer. The influence of Wagner on modern opera was ignored. M. Bach divided up his work into numbers in the most orthodox old style, being supremely contemptuous of our new-fangled ideas of continuity of style and unity of design. The whole work was scrappy in the extreme, every here and there showing indications of its author's musical talent, but disappointing to aggravation by the want of any development of the ideas, as though it had been written offhand, without due care or study. It is only fair to say that the opera was very warmly received by the composer's numerous friends, who gave him every encouragement to try again, and we wish him also better luck next time.

The new Palace of Varieties in Shaftesbury Avenue is certainly a triumph of an Augustus age, as far as splendour of decoration is concerned. As an opera-house this theatre was reputed *hors de concours*. Now perfection has been improved upon. Moreover, a decided advance towards free trade in theatrical enterprise was made



by the production of Mr. J. H. McCarthy's tragedietta, *The Round Tower*. We hail this step as one in the right direction, as we never could see why managers should not give what they like in their places of amusement, and why the law should come in and say special kinds of pieces shall require special licences. However, *The Round Tower* was a very mediocre success, as the Olympian heights of the house testified in a manner unmistakable, if not polite. They did not expect to be harrowed, we suppose, and so left their pocket-handkerchiefs behind. Again, it is a curious psychological fact that the British public only sympathises with the downtrodden so long as there is a possibility of a subsequent turning of the tables. In this case the heroine was only saved from dishonour by death, instead of being rescued by the conventional jolly tar. Consequently the public did not care much about her. Unlike so many of our December productions, *The Round Tower*, whatever its other shortcomings, can boast of having been put together with some attempt at a settled idea. The persons, a Major Stewart (broad Scotch), Captain and Mrs. Cumber, are disclosed in the tower beset by Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny. The captain has promised to shoot madam rather than let her fall into the hands of the rebels, which he does eventually, after the rebels' terms have been rejected with suitable scorn. This is not too much, but just enough for a quarter of an hour's sketch, and had it not been so blood-curdling *The Tower* might have been an artistic success. Surely Mr. J. H. M. is poking fun at our national susceptibilities.

Space prevents us from further discussing the December novelties, and *Uncle Mike* and *The Silent Battle*, both drawing crowded houses, must be held over until a more favourable opportunity. In regard to the production of Glück's *Orfeo* at the Lyceum by the Royal College of Music, we can only recommend them next time to choose something which has not been heard quite so often before. Of course, the opera is so attractively easy and inexpensive to stage, but really, since the idea occurred to Dr. Stanford to give Glück's masterpiece at Cambridge, we have had *Orfeo ad nauseam*. Why not have tried something of Massinet or St. Saens, which we might have hailed with rapture? The progress of French music is great indeed at the present time, and is not being followed very closely in this country.

We have to record the sad death of the famous comedian, Mr. Fred Leslie, and we do so with deep regret. His departure from amongst us leaves a gap in that branch of the art in which he was a master that it will be difficult to fill. After all, it is not the art that makes the man, but the man that makes the art. The brilliant actor had created a form of burlesque peculiar to his own genius, and no imitation could equal the original. Comedy and farce, like everything else, must have their passing phases.

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## ARTHUR YOUNG.

Few writers are more frequently quoted than Arthur Young; few are less generally read. The voluminous character of his works accounts, in some measure, for the comparative neglect they have incurred. Not many readers, indeed, are likely to have either the leisure or the patience which would enable them even to scrape acquaintance with the forty-six thick tomes of the *Annals of Agriculture*, in which some of his best work is to be found, while the remainder of his writings, dealing with questions of rural economy, are for the most part either inaccessible to the majority, or marked by a fulness of detail which may have been, and doubtless was, necessary and meritorious at the time when they appeared, but which stands in the way of their abiding popularity. Moreover, the science of agriculture, in common with other progressive sciences, requires fresh treatment whenever new conditions are brought about by successive discoveries and inventions. In the days of Arthur Young the application of labour-saving machinery to the cultivation of the soil, had not been carried out to any considerable extent; the steam plough and the steam threshing-machine were still unknown; the drill of Jethro Tull was in a very rudimentary form, the practical uses of agricultural chemistry had not been found out, artificial manures had not been introduced, ensilage had not been heard of, and many other elements in the advance which has since then been effected were altogether absent. Hence, apart from the drawback resulting from their number and their bulk, the value of the purely agricultural works of Young has a tendency to diminish as time goes on, with the result that they possess an historical rather than a practical interest. Yet, even now, the cultivator of the soil may find in such books as the *Farmers' Kalendar* a mine of information for which he would seek in vain elsewhere, and which no improvements can render obsolete; while the *Tours* and *Surveys* are among the most valuable sources of knowledge we possess as to the condition alike of the land and of the people of that day.

It must, indeed, be remembered that, in the course of the eighteenth century, agriculture in England had progressed by leaps and bounds, principally in consequence of the widespread adoption of root crops in the place of bare fallows, and the more general use

of natural manures; and, as an illustration of the advance in one particular department, it has been pointed out by Professor Thorold Rogers that while the maximum weight of a fatted ox up to the beginning of the eighteenth century was 400 pounds, in Young's time it constantly reached 1200 pounds. Of the progress effected the most faithful record is to be found in Young's pages; and, apart from certain subjects, with respect to which he is unduly biassed by his regard for the interests of agriculture, and his views are bounded by a somewhat narrow horizon, most of his economic ideas are distinctly in advance of the prevalent opinion of his age.

One of his principal merits consists in the clearness of his language. A long array of writers had devoted themselves before him to the discussion and elucidation of rural topics. Some of them, such as Bishop Grosseteste, whose *Rules* were written in the first half of the thirteenth century, and Tusser, whose *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* constitute the Georgics of the Tudor period, had been connected with Young's own county of Suffolk, either by birth or by residence. In a greater degree, however, than any of his predecessors, from Fitzherbert downwards, Young introduced a precise phraseology, and gave a literary turn to the subject. He did, in some measure, for agriculture what his contemporary, Brillat Savarin, did for the culinary art. The defects of his style are patent. There is no beginning, middle, or end in what he writes. He utters freely and frankly what is in his mind, and cares little for arrangement. And yet it would be difficult to find, in the whole of his works, a sentence which fails to convey to the reader's mind the exact meaning intended by the author, the clearness of whose thoughts is reflected in the clearness of his language.

Arthur Young's reputation, however, is based not so much upon his agricultural writings as upon the *Tour in Ireland* and the *Travels in France*. In both works he exhibits the same accuracy of observation, the same keenness of insight. In both we find sentence after sentence, couched in crisp and lucid language, and pregnant with judicious generalisations from facts which have come within the writer's own experience. In both cases he was fortunate in the date of his visit. The *Tour in Ireland* is a graphic delineation of the state of that country a few years before "Grattan's Parliament" was called into existence. The *Travels in France* present an even more interesting picture of the social and economic conditions which prevailed on the eve of the great Revolution, and have long been regarded by the most competent historians, notably by De Tocqueville, Henri Martin, and Taine, as a work of paramount importance. The appearance of a new edition of the two works in Bohn's Libraries is a matter for congratulation. The *Travels in France*—with the omission of the parts relating to Spain and Italy—are edited by Miss Betham-Edwards, and are preceded by a useful introduction, and by a

brightly written biographical sketch, in the composition of which that lady was able to avail herself of the materials placed at her disposal by the present owner of Bradfield, the grandson and namesake of the distinguished author. The task of editing the *Tour in Ireland* has been carried out by the capable hands of Mr. A. W. Hutton, and the value of the work is enhanced by the addition of a bibliography, compiled by Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum.

Before passing to the consideration of those two works, it may be well to sum up briefly the story of Arthur Young's life. Born in 1741 in London, his home during his boyhood, and during the greater part of his life, was the old house at Bradfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, which had remained in his father's family since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The scanty teaching imparted to him at the Lavenham Grammar School was supplemented by a course of omnivorous reading; and at a remarkably early age he evinced a disposition to embark upon a career of literary activity. Accident, rather than design, made him an agriculturist. The Church, the army, and commerce, were each in turn on the point of securing his allegiance. At length, soon after his father's death in 1759, it was decided that, as he was not properly equipped for any of those professions, he should rent a farm of his mother, and try what measure of success would attend his efforts. During the next few years, in the course of which he married Miss Martha Allen, of Lynn, he carried out no fewer than three thousand experiments, which brought enrichment to others and impoverishment to himself. In 1770, the famous Fanny Burney, a connection of his wife, writes in her diary: "Mr. Young, whose study and dependence is agriculture, has undone himself by experiments. His writings upon this subject have been amazingly well received by the public, and in his tours through England he has been caressed and assisted almost universally. Indeed, his conversation and appearance must ever secure him welcome and admiration. But . . . by slow degrees his fame has been sported with and his fortune destroyed." The difficulties, however, in which he remained involved for the next seven years were not without their redeeming feature, in so far as they were the occasion of his visit to Ireland, where he spent three years, during part of which he acted as manager to Lord Kingsbrough's estate in County Cork, whilst he was also enabled to make an exhaustive investigation into the condition and resources of the Irish people. One of the earliest results of the publication of his book was the reduction by one-half of the bounty on the inland carriage of corn, the mischievous effect of which he had pointed out, and in '97 it was abolished altogether. After Young's return from Ireland he took up some more farms on his mother's estate, and on her death became the owner of Bradfield Hall.

The limpid fluency of his pen and the extent of his knowledge

stood him in good stead during the ensuing period of his life, which witnessed the production of the *Annals of Agriculture* and numerous other books and pamphlets relating to the subject. His reputation increased rapidly, and many a visitor came to Bradfield from distant parts of Europe for the purpose of obtaining information at the fountain-head. Even the Empress Catherine sent some of her subjects to study farming under his supervision. It is to that period of his life that belong the travels in France, extending over the years '87, '88, '89, and part of '90. They were undertaken at the suggestion and in part under the guidance of the Duc de Liancourt, a man considerably in advance of his time, and one of the few French nobles of that day who had attained to a right conception of the duties and responsibilities connected with territorial possessions. The *Travels in France* constitute the great literary achievement of Young's life. The subject, indeed, was one of absorbing interest. The eyes of the whole world were riveted on France, and here was a book unique alike in what it told and in what it foretold. No wonder that the writer's fame and honours grew, and that his correspondents and guests included some of the most eminent men of the age in literature and politics. And the success was not undeserved. The *Travels in France*, says Mr. Morley in his study of Burke, contain "a luminous criticism of the most important side of the Revolution, worth a hundred times more than Burke, Paine, and Mackintosh all put together."

In 1793 Young was appointed secretary of the newly established Board of Agriculture, which differed from the present Board in so far as it was not, properly speaking, a Government department, but a private association under Government control. It opened out to him a fresh sphere of usefulness, and, by providing him with a sufficient competence, enabled him to devote the moments he could snatch from the business of the office to the task of completing the history of agriculture in ten folio volumes of manuscript, which have not yet been printed. He was also the author of the surveys of various counties published by the Board of Agriculture. His views, however, began to lose most of their breadth and vigour. The remaining years of his life were spent partly in London and partly in his Suffolk home. They were, however, darkened by the shadow of a twofold calamity—the death of his favourite daughter and the complete failure of his own eyesight. Almost to the end, however, of his long life his memory remained unimpaired, and he was able to dictate reminiscences of his earlier days, as well as sundry pamphlets and minor *opuscula*, besides giving an address to the villagers every Sunday evening. He died in 1820 and was buried at Bradfield. In private life he was one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men. As an economist, a traveller, and a writer on agriculture, he exhibited an amount of erudition, industry,

and enlightenment which have often suggested a comparison between him and the illustrious Varro. His faculty for minute observation and vivid description of the aspects of rural life, calls to mind his Suffolk contemporary, the poet Crabbe.

Although the *Tour in Ireland* is the less interesting of the two books of travel by which Arthur Young is principally known, the work is deserving of close attention. The period of prosperity which had elapsed between the conclusion of the Peace of Paris in 1762 and the outbreak of the American War in 1775—a period during which, Young tells us, rents had risen twenty-five per cent.—had been followed by a period of depression. Bad laws, bad finance, and other causes brought about the crisis which resulted in the relaxation of the commercial code and of the penal laws in 1778, and in the subsequent development of the volunteer movement, culminating in the memorable events of 1782. It is strange that Arthur Young, who remained in Ireland from '76 to '79, should have so little to say about the political state of affairs. He gives us incidentally to understand that in his view the best outcome of the difficulty would be a union with Great Britain, though he was informed that “nothing was so unpopular in Ireland as such an idea,” and that “the great objection to it was the increasing of the number of absentees”; and, in another passage, he advocates a partial union, which would allow the Irish Parliament to remain “for the civil protection of the kingdom,” so that the British Legislature should “not be deluged by an addition of Irish peers and commoners; the reason, among others, which made the Earl of Chatham repeatedly declare himself against such a measure” as the passing of an Act of Union. Little did he foresee the solution which was to be attempted by Fox and Grattan a few years later.

The truth was that he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the social and material facts with which he came in contact, especially in the rural districts of Ireland, that he paid comparatively little attention to the more purely political aspects of the situation. The dominant interest in his mind was that of agriculture, and on everything directly or indirectly connected with land he speaks with clearness and authority. The contrast between the inherent wealth of the Irish soil and the actual poverty of the Irish people, is brought out with great force. Comparing England with the sister island, he says that “natural fertility, acre for acre, is certainly in favour of Ireland.” And at the same time, “give the farmer of twenty acres in England no more capital than his brother in Ireland, and I will venture to say he will be much poorer, for he would be utterly unable to go on at all.”

The explanation afforded by Arthur Young of the strange co-existence of these two circumstances is not altogether complete.

He does not enter upon the history of the relation between landlord and tenant in Ireland, and it is only occasionally that he allows remarks to slip pointing to excessive rents. Nevertheless, he lays his finger upon some of the real causes of the evil, and indicates possible remedies. He comments, for instance, on the "ill-judged restrictions laid by Great Britain on the commerce of Ireland, which have prevented the general industry of the country from being animated proportionably with that of others." He notes "the great drain of the rents of absentees' estates being remitted to England," without, however, attributing to them as much mischief as is commonly supposed, though he estimates that out of a rental of over £5,000,000 no less than £732,000 was sent out of the country in payment of rents. In Ireland, he says, "the amount proportioned to the territory is greater probably than in most instances; and not having a free trade with the kingdom in which such absentees spend their fortunes, it is cut off from that return which Scotland experiences for the loss of her rents."

Again, the system under which intermediate tenants, or middlemen, relet the land at short tenures to the occupiers of small farms excites his indignation: "Living upon the spot, surrounded by their little under-tenants, they prove the most oppressive species of tyrants that ever lent assistance to the destruction of a country." Yet even they were not as formidable foes to the well-being of Ireland as the "oppression of the Catholics, which, by loading the industry of two millions of subjects, has done more to retard the progress of the kingdom than all other causes put together." It must be remembered that, by the so-called Laws of Discovery, a Catholic was absolutely incapacitated from purchasing land, or from taking a lease for more than thirty years, or from lending money on mortgage; that if a son abjured his religion he was able to turn his father into a life-tenant; that a younger brother by so doing could deprive his elder brother of his estate; that a Catholic having a horse in his possession above the value of five pounds forfeited the same to the discoverer; and that priests celebrating Mass were liable to be transported, and, if they returned, to be hanged. Young mentions the Whiteboy disturbances as affording a proof that "the iron rod of oppression had been far enough from securing the obedience or crushing the spirit of the people," and "shows the impolicy of endeavouring to cut off two millions of peasantry from every connection that can influence their submission." He demonstrates the futility of the policy by pointing out that, "after seventy years' undisturbed operation, the system adopted in Queen Anne's reign has failed in this great end and aim, and meets at this day with a more numerous, and equally determined body of Catholics as it had to oppose when it was first promulgated." Chief Baron Foster said to him on one occasion that

those laws, though severe in the letter, were never executed. This brought to Young's mind the saying of Burke, that "connivance is the relaxation of slavery, not the definition of liberty."

Arthur Young's plea for toleration and humanity finds a parallel in his condemnation of the oppression to which the labouring poor were subjected. "A long series of oppressions," he writes, "aided by very many ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission, speaking a language that is despised, professing a religion that is abhorred, and being disarmed, the poor find themselves in many cases slaves even in the bosom of written liberty." Then, after speaking of the Whiteboy Acts, "which seemed better calculated for the meridian of Barbary," he addresses the following exhortation to the gentlemen of Ireland: "Let them change their own conduct entirely, and the poor will not long resist. Treat them like men who ought to be as free as yourselves; put an end to that system of religious persecution which for seventy years has divided the kingdom against itself; in these two circumstances lies the cure of insurrection; perform them completely, and you will have an affectionate poor, instead of oppressed and discontented vassals."

The *Travels in France*, which are written in a crisper and more telling style than the *Tour in Ireland*, contain a faithful and graphic record of what Arthur Young saw and heard in that country at the most important and critical period in its history, and furnish the best explanation which has ever been given of the causes which brought about the Revolution. His opportunities for observation were unique, and his insight and experience enabled him to understand what he observed. In 1787 and 1788 he devoted his attention to the western half of France; whilst in 1789 he visited the east, the centre, and the south-east. No feature of importance was neglected; every detail that threw any light upon the economic condition of the people was accurately chronicled; every man who was noted for his theoretical or practical knowledge of agriculture was induced to impart his fund of information; and the daily life of the various classes in the community was made the subject of careful diagnosis. The price of labour, the systems of land tenure, the burden of taxation, the cost of living, were all investigated. No object of human interest seemed to be alien to the writer's sympathies.

It stands to reason that the travels of 1789 are of the greatest historical value, on account of the light they throw on the condition of affairs in France at the time when the memorable events of that year took place. Two years before, while Brienne was still Prime Minister, Arthur Young had placed upon record the prevalent opinion that "they are on the eve of some great revolution in the



Government ; that everything points to it." In 1788, under Necker, he wrote : " I believe it will not be possible for the present Government to last half a century longer, unless the clearest and most decided talents are at the helm. The American revolution has laid the foundation of another in France, if Government does not take care of itself." In 1789, after the States-General had met, and the National Assembly had been constituted by the union of the three orders, he wrote on the 27th of June : " The whole business now seems over, and the revolution complete"—a sentence which reflects the views current at the time, and shows how even a clear-headed observer could be deceived. On the following day Young left Paris for the eastern provinces, determined, in spite of the prevailing ferment, to see everything that deserved to be seen. At Strasburg, on the 20th of July, he first heard of the capture of the Bastille, which had taken place six days previously. " The spirit of revolt," he writes, " is gone forth into various parts of the kingdom ; the price of bread has prepared the populace everywhere for all sorts of violence."

He proceeded, however, on his journey as if nothing were happening. Twice at least he was in imminent personal danger. At Baume-les-Dames he was threatened by a crowd because he had lost his tricolor cockade, and only saved himself from violence by declaring that he was an English traveller, and by making a pithy speech, in which he said : " Gentlemen, we have a great number of taxes in England which you know nothing of in France ; but the *tiers état*, the poor, do not pay them ; they are laid on the rich ; . . . a seigneur with a great estate pays the *vingtième* and *tailles*, but the little proprietor of a garden pays nothing." He ended by shouting " Vive le tiers, sans impositions !" Later on, in Auvergne, his chamber was entered by a detachment of the *milice bourgeoise*, and he was accused of being a conspirator with the Queen, the Comte d'Artois, and the Comte d'Entragues, and of having gone to that district for the purpose of measuring the fields in order to double the taxes. In spite of all difficulties, however, he was able to extend his tour beyond the limits originally contemplated. At Clermont he heard the news of what had been done by the National Assembly on the night of the 4th of August, when tithes, the *gabelle*, the game laws, and feudal rights were all swept away at one stroke. By the time he reached Paris, in January 1790, he had enjoyed opportunities for intercourse with the best minds, and had obtained an acquaintance with the real facts of the situation far deeper than any he derived from listening to orations delivered in Paris or Versailles, or even from the perusal of the *cahiers* of reforms demanded by the three orders in the State.

When, on July 15, 1789, Arthur Young heard at Nancy of the banishment of Necker, his first question was, " What will be the

result at Nancy"? The answer was: "We are a provincial town; we must wait to see what is done in Paris; but everything is to be feared from the people, because bread is so dear; they are half starved, and are consequently ready for commotion." Although, however, the impulse given to particular events proceeded from Paris, the strength of the movement lay in the provinces, and originated in the perpetuation of the feudal system, the evils of the existing mode of land tenure, the oppressiveness of taxation, and the general misgovernment. On all those aspects Young's narrative throws a lurid light. "*Les tailles et les droits nous écrasent*," says a woman to him at Mars-la-Tour. "The murder of a seigneur," he writes, "or a château in flames, is recorded in every newspaper; the rank of the person who suffers attracts notice; but where do we find the register of that seigneur's oppressions of his peasantry, and his exactions of feudal services from those whose children were dying around them for want of bread? Where do we find the minutes that assigned these starving wretches to some vile pettifogger, to be fleeced by impositions and a mockery of justice in the seigneurial courts? Who gives us the awards of the intendant and his sous-délégués, which took off the taxes of a man of fashion and laid them with accumulated weight on the poor who were so unfortunate as to be his neighbours? Who has dwelt sufficiently upon explaining all the ramifications of despotism, regal, aristocratical, and ecclesiastical, pervading the whole mass of the people; reaching, like a circulating fluid, the most distant capillary tubes of poverty and wretchedness?" And all this is not written at random, but is supported throughout the narrative by an array of evidence, the importance of which consists in the fact that it was not marshalled for any specific political purpose, but that it represents the impression produced from day to day upon the judicial mind of an unbiassed traveller.

Young's views on questions affecting the tenure of land are distinctly in advance of his time. Waste land was an abomination in his eyes, and the result of his observations was to connect it with the existence of territorial possessions. In the thirty-seven miles of country, for instance, lying between the Garonne, the Dordonne, and the Charente, and consequently one of the best parts of France for markets, he notes in 1787 that the quantity of waste land is the predominant feature the whole way. "Much of these woods," he proceeds, "belonged to the Prince de Soubise, who would not sell any part of them. Thus it is, whenever you stumble upon a Grand Seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. The Duke of Bouillon's and this Prince's are two of the greatest properties in France, and all the signs I have yet seen of their greatness are wastes, landes, deserts, fern, ling." Again, early in 1790, not far from the château of the Duke of Liancourt, who in most respects was a model landlord, he observed a piece of

waste land close to the road, and belonging to the Duke. He saw some men "very busily at work upon it, hedging it in in small divisions, levelling and digging, and bestowing much labour for so poor a spot." It appeared that, acting on the principle that the waste belonged to the nation, and proceeding from theory to practice, they had taken possession and begun to cultivate, and that the Duke, not viewing their industry with any displeasure, would offer no opposition to it. "If there be one public nuisance greater than another," comments the writer, "it is a man preserving the possession of waste land, which he will neither cultivate himself nor let others cultivate. The miserable people die for want of bread in sight of wastes that would feed thousands. I think them wise and rational and philosophical in seizing such tracts; and I heartily wish there was a law in England for making this action of the French peasants a legal one with us."

*Métayage* was a system on which he looked with scant favour. Speaking of the Sologne, he says that "the people who cultivate the soil here are *métayers*, that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and seed, and he and his tenant divide the produce; a miserable system, that perpetuates poverty, and excludes instruction."

On the other hand, the peasant proprietor, in the true sense of the term, receives the meed of praise which is his due. With reference to the country near Gange, for example, Young says: "An activity has been here that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the rocks with verdure. It will be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause: the enjoyment of property must have done it. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will turn it into a desert." Again, near Dunkirk, he notes, "a great number of neat little houses, built with each its garden, and one or two fields enclosed, of most wretched blowing dune sand, naturally as white as snow, but improved by industry. The magic of property turns sand to gold."

Arthur Young estimates that "probably half, perhaps two-thirds of the kingdom are in the possession of little proprietors, who paid quit-rents and feudal rents for the spots they farmed." This disproves—if disproof were needed—the assertion which is sometimes made, to the effect that the French Revolution brought into existence the class of peasant proprietors by an artificial process. As a matter of fact, as M. Taine puts it, "*La Révolution n'a pas créé la petite propriété, elle l'a libérée.*" The class of small cultivators was already in existence; the abolition of seigneurial dues and other oppressive burdens represents the main difference between the old order and the new. No doubt the number of land-owning cultivators was augmented by the confiscation and sale

of Church lands, and, later on, by the provision for compulsory division among the children incorporated in the Code Napoléon. The former circumstance, however, only accounts for a comparatively insignificant accession to their ranks, while the latter has had less effect than is generally supposed. According to M. de Foville's computation, the total number of owners of land in France has increased from 4,000,000 in 1788 to nearly 8,000,000 in 1889, of whom about 5,000,000 may be regarded as peasant proprietors. On that subject, at any rate, an observer of the condition of that country at the present time is able to appreciate the wisdom and foresight of Arthur Young. The peasant proprietors, freed from the trammels of the feudal system by means of the great "*Seisachtheia*," or shaking off of burdens, which the Revolution brought about, and with full freedom and security to apply their capital and their industry to the development of lands which they can call their own, exhibit in a marked degree the beneficent working of the "magic of property." If we bear in mind the fact that those 5,000,000 of peasant proprietors own the greater part of the enormous national debt of France, that most of the amount required to pay the war indemnity to Germany came out of their pockets, and that the extent of the investments they are able to make out of their savings, alike in sound undertakings; such as the Suez Canal, and in unprofitable ventures, such as the Panama Canal, is of a nature to excite the envy of capitalists—it will not be difficult to understand how productive must be their energy, how solid the basis on which they rest, and how conservative an element—in the best sense of the word—they represent in the structure of the social edifice.

The immediate effects of the changes accomplished during the first year of the Revolution on the three classes principally interested in the land, is clearly indicated. The large owners, of course, lost heavily. Of the Baron de la Tour d'Aignes Young writes: "A great extent of country, which belonged in absolute right to his ancestors, has been granted for quit-rents, *cens*, and other feudal payments, so that there is no comparison between the lands retained and those thus granted by his family, The loss of the *droits honorifiques* is much more than has been apparent, and is an utter loss of all influence." There was also an apprehension that the *métayers* would retain their farms without paying the landlord his half of the produce. With regard to the peasant proprietors, Young points out that the benefit to them was unmistakable, and required no explanation. "Their agriculture," he writes, "must be invigorated by such wealth"—that is, by the sums which remained in their pockets, instead of finding their way into those of their feudal superiors and of the receivers of titles—"by the freedom enjoyed by its professors, by the destruction of its innumerable shackles; . . . and these leading facts will appear in a clearer light, when

the prodigious division of landed property in France is well considered." It should, however, be noted that the abolition of those burdens was followed by the imposition of a varying land-tax; and Young, while recognising the benefits which flowed from the action taken by the National Assembly on the 4th of August, is careful to dissociate himself from any expression of approval with regard to the financial and economical policy pursued by the Chamber.

A lover of liberty and a hater of licence, he looked with feelings of dismay upon the excesses which the Revolution brought in its train. Yet he saw plainly that those crimes and follies were the outcome of the crass ignorance and of the deplorable social conditions which the misgovernment of former years had endeavoured to perpetuate. His mental leaning was in favour of the forms of the British Constitution. Despotism and anarchy were equally repugnant to him. But he perceived that the desperate nature of the evils required the application of desperate remedies, and he recognised to the full the ultimate benefits which were likely to result from the enlightenment of men's minds and from the spread of individual freedom. And, indeed, the facts which stand recorded in his work—and which nothing he subsequently wrote could blot out—furnish a condemnation of the *ancien régime* and a justification of the Revolution stronger than any that is to be found in the most eloquent speeches of Mirabeau, or in the wildest diatribes of Anacharsis Clootz.

Throughout Arthur Young's travels, as throughout his writings, it is easy to perceive that the interests of agriculture are uppermost in his mind. It is the same in Suffolk and in Sardinia, in Limerick and in the Limagne. He visits Pradel, the home of Oliver de Serres, the great writer on the cultivation of the soil of the time of Henri Quatre, with "that sort of veneration which those only can feel who have addicted themselves strongly to some dominant pursuit and find it in such moments indulged in its most exquisite feelings." He expresses a wish that "he might have a score of farms from the vale of Valencia to the Highlands of Scotland, and visit and direct their cultivation by turns." He has an eye for the "poor sheep, and the pigs with mathematical backs, large segments of small circles." At l'Oriol he enjoys "a long and truly farming dinner," and drinks "*à l'Anglaise* to the success of the plough." Wherever he goes he ponders over the question, how the productiveness of the soil can be increased, and by what means its qualities can be turned to the best account. From such a man, with his knowledge, his insight, his faculty for observation, his cool judgment, his devotion to a great pursuit, there is much to be learnt; and it is to be hoped that the recent editions of his travels will have the effect of turning the attention of a larger number of readers to the instructive productions of his ready pen.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR STEVENSON.

## A FRENCHMAN 'ON SPORT.

*Quot homines tot sententiæ.* We have recently been reading, in the pages of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW and elsewhere, the arguments of those who maintain that men are not justified in inflicting upon innocent creatures the pain which is inseparable from those amusements which are generally known as "field sports." And now here is M. Charles Diguët,<sup>1</sup> who, so far from being troubled by any such sentimental theories, looks upon shooting as an end in itself, a very *culte*, well worthy of the poet and the philosopher! M. Diguët tells us at the outset that he passionately loves sport (*la chasse*) for its own sake, and for the manifold pleasures which it provides. In it he finds a wild and esoteric poetry which delights him. One must, he tells us, be born a sportsman, just as one must be born a poet; and Providence has made him both. ("On naît chasseur absolument comme on naît poète. Pour mon malheur, autrement dit, pour mes appétits non satisfaits, la Providence m'a fait naître l'un et l'autre.")

One does not usually associate poetry and breech-loaders; but, according to M. Diguët, the true sportsman is poet and philosopher combined. Meditate upon this idyllic picture all ye who inveigh against the cruelty of field sports! "The sportsman"<sup>2</sup>—there is your true philosopher. Free from all the carking cares which consume the soul, he has nothing to do but to study self-discipline. He, at least, is incapable of abandoning himself to foolish pleasures. The sportsman is the only man who really loves the country, and who understands all its charms and all its healthy influences. A dreamer at times, he lets the charm of poetry mingle with his reveries. He is stirred with tender thoughts as he contemplates the ever varying scenes that bounteous Nature conjures up before him at each step he takes. Content with little, his gun on his shoulder, his dog beside him, breathing the free air of heaven, he has all that he wants for to-day, to-morrow, and the days to come. If it is true that sensual pleasures distract a man from high thoughts and enervate his will, *it is incontestable that sport (la chasse) elevates the moral sense.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mes Aventures de Chasse.* Ouvrage orné de quarante-cinq gravures dans le texte, de dix-huit gravures hors texte, d'après les dessins de Jules Didier, et précédé d'un portrait de l'Auteur. Paris: Librairie Furne, Jouvett et Cie., Éditeurs. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the old-fashioned word "fowler" would best translate *chasseur*, as that term is understood by M. Diguët, were it not for the fact that his game is by no means limited to the fowls of the air.

<sup>3</sup> The italics are mine.

It reinvigorates the debilitated man both morally and physically; it keeps him safe and sound in the straight path for which Providence has created him."

What? *Sport* elevate the moral sense! *Sport* keep a man in the path for which Providence has designed him! Shade of Professor Freeman, arise and do battle against such monstrously warped ideas!

But let us do justice to our French author. We may search all through his *Aventures de Chasse* and we shall find no mention of the *battue*, no sanguinary details of "big game" shooting, such as have been poured upon us of late, *usque ad nauseam*, by aristocratic sportsmen. M. Diguët is no lover of "warm corners" and champagne luncheons. He, at least, is no vulgar votary of the big bag. He loves to wander alone, with his dog and his gun, much as old Gilbert White may have wandered about Wolmer Forest in days gone by, killing, it is true, some of Nature's wild children, but at the same time reverently contemplative of the Great Mother's face, and deeply appreciative of her charm.

His book has about it a fine healthy smell of the autumnal woods redolent with fallen chestnut leaves, and though the English pheasant-slaying Philistine may laugh at the description of the shooting-party that sallied forth to surprise one woodcock, or of days rewarded by the killing of some two couple of hares, he may rest assured that if he could but apply himself to the culture of "sweetness and light" he would find much to learn from the simple pages of this poetical *batteur de buissons*.

But now, having said so much, I am free to criticise M. Diguët's extravagant eulogium of sport. I deny *in toto* the proposition that the sportsman is the only man who really loves the country and appreciates its charms. It is true that field-sports—hunting, shooting, and fishing—lead men into lonely spots which many of them would never have seen unless thus led. It is true also that such sports lead some men to study the habits of the wild denizens of flood and forest. But I doubt if M. Diguët intends himself to be taken seriously when he asserts that the real charms of the country are only disclosed to the man who walks about with a gun on his shoulder. Not thus was Nature revealed to Burns and to Shelley; not surely through the medium of "villainous saltpetre" are the poet and the philosopher to invoke

"Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation."

No; if it be a high gift for a man to be able to appreciate Nature with a breech-loader under his arm, it is assuredly a far higher gift to be able to appreciate her without one.

But according to M. Diguët, the true sportsman is not only philosopher and poet, but also a profoundly religious man. Thus, in some charming chapters entitled "*Parva domus magna quies*," he has given us a delightful sketch of his friend "Jacques"—a "*vaincu*," or, in other words, a disappointed *littérateur*, who had fled the "*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*" (*i.e.*, Paris) to seek health, repose, and "*la chasse*" on the coast of Brittany. Jacques, we are given to understand, had hoped for and deserved the red ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour, but had lived to see that such decorations are not the reward of merit, but of charlatanism and self-assertion; so he wore instead at his button-hole the red ribbon and the cross of Christ. "*En effet, la croix du Christ était suspendue au ruban sanglant afin que nul n'en ignorât.*" And well might he wear the *ruban sanglant*. For what was the daily life of Jacques, the religious philosopher? The "*melancholy Jacques*" we know wept over the wounded deer, but not so Jacques of Brittany. Thus he describes the round of his existence: "*Chaque jour que dieu fait, à part le dimanche, dont la matinée est consacrée à aller à la messe, et ceux pendant lesquels, suivant le dicton, on ne mettrait pas un chien dehors, je prends mon fusil ou mes filets, et je vais tuer un canard, un lièvre ou un lapin, ou pêcher un homard et jeter une ligne de fond.*"

"What a fine day! Let us go out and kill something." Was it not thus that the Frenchman spoke in satire of the Englishman? And yet here is held up for our admiration the portrait of a noble-minded Frenchman who actually "*finds salvation*" in killing something every day of his life, "*the blessed Sabbath*" always excepted! Well may our author remark that to the *chasseur* alone "*peuvent s'appliquer ces mots 'à chaque jour suffit sa peine'*"!

The fact is that throughout all the pleasant pages of this attractive and charmingly illustrated book—a book which is rich in the love of the country and of natural scenery—we hardly find a trace of any real sympathy for that animal suffering which is the inevitable concomitant of sport. Sport, says the author, elevates the moral sense. What a commentary upon this assertion is afforded by M. Diguët's history of his own boyhood! His mother makes him a present of a double-barrelled gun. He is naturally delighted, and at once goes off to shoot—"dicky-birds"! His first prize is a starling—a bird most useful in life, utterly useless in death. But the sole object apparently is to kill something. And thus is the boy's moral sense elevated! Nay; even when he has become a great *chasseur*, we find him and his friend, the religious Jacques, "*firing volleys right and left*" at sea-gulls, puffins, divers, and such like marine birds on the coast of Brittany—a kind of sport which we had fondly hoped was reserved solely for the amusement of the British 'Arry!



"But man, to whom alone is given  
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,  
Glories in his heart humane—  
And creatures for his pleasure slain!"

It is a pity that "*la croix du Christ*" could not have taught these Christian poets and philosophers that the useless slaughter of these beautiful birds was hardly in accordance with the spirit with which it is supposed to be animated, however well such doings might harmonise with "*le ruban sanglant*"! It is, indeed, surprising that such reflections should not have occurred to M. Diguët, for that he is a highly cultured, kindly hearted man, of keen sensibilities, no reader of his book can doubt. But the lesson which was *not* taught by the miracle of the Gadarene swine has to be evolved by the tedious processes of thought and civilisation.

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

## SUFFERING LONDON."

THIS book is the outcome of a conscientious and industrious inquiry into the position of the London voluntary hospitals, and the public support accorded to these invaluable societies. We trust that such a report will elicit the attention it fully deserves. Mr. Hake's work is prefaced by an antiquarian article from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant. This essay is brief; but vivid and instructive, evincing sedulous research. The author has felicitously abandoned a novelistic style, which, however successful in narrative, flows too easily for an essay. Little in this statement is technical, or bears upon the hospital system. The writer of the preface has left that and the question of public maintenance to Mr. Egmont Hake. Here Mr. Besant has but shown his habitual discretion. Usually, the aim of the chairman at most lectures seems to be the demonstration of the fact that he is much better acquainted with the subject than the lecturer whom he introduces. The same unpleasant spirit has often appeared in our writers of introductory prefaces. Happily, Mr. Besant's egoism does not take this form. His only reference to the necessity for greater financial aid to hospitals on the part of the public is in his concluding sentence: "Charity by cheque may be a very poor kind of charity, but the motive concerns the giver; it may be left to him. The cheque may mean brotherly love and pity; it may mean love of science and the advancement of knowledge, it may mean pure selfishness—a sop to the needy—something to keep him quiet. The motive concerns the giver. But he must give."

Thus Mr. Besant has not overlooked the fact that, in allying himself with Mr. Egmont Hake, his aim is to entice the reader's sympathy in a most important charity. He proves an able advocate. The essay is historically interesting. All are not aware that Lanfranc founded the first hospital on English soil, St. John's of Canterbury; or even that St. Bartholomew's, the wealthiest, is the oldest of these institutions in the metropolis, having been built in the fourteenth century, and upon its present site. After referring to the advance from ancient times, when the old, the sick and wounded were exposed to die, because they could not work, Mr. Besant proceeds:

<sup>1</sup> *Suffering London; or, the Hygiene, Moral, Social, and Political Relation of our Voluntary Hospitals to Society.* By A. Egmont Hake. London: The Scientific Press, Limited.

"It would not be difficult to show, though this is not the place for such an investigation, that what we call sympathy, the sense of brotherhood, the enthusiasm of humanity, the discovery of interdependence, has grown and developed in inverse proportion to the existence and the reality of slavery."

His next words, dogmatic and philosophical, are worthy of a modern Epictetus:

"When man has absolute power over another man, he loses the sense of respect for that man; the slave is oppressed, the slave-owner is hardened. If it is bad for the slave, it is far, far worse for his master."

*Suffering London* is the resultant of two palpable facts: (1) the inadequacy of the public support given to metropolitan hospitals, and (2) the evidence that the revenues of these institutions have experienced most serious diminution, owing (*a*) to a fall in the rent returns of their landed estates, and (*b*) that a recently propounded philanthropic scheme, appealing in a wider sense to the popular conception of what is charity, has largely diverted that financial assistance which might otherwise have fallen to the houses of sickness. In our opinion the far-reaching nature and operation of the scheme we refer to, was never fully recognised by those enthusiastic gentlemen who so readily gave their handsome donations to stamp out London poverty. No one ever had the presumption to demand so much as the leader of the Salvation Army upon this occasion, and for a scheme in its ultimate development absolutely overwhelming. Followed to its limits, it would make the Salvation Army the supreme force in our kingdom. The platform of *Through Darkest England* was not merely theological; it was moral, judicial, and administrative. Our Poor Law system would be entirely replaced. We should submit our affairs to the officers and staff of this religious sect. They would supply us with doctors and lawyers, be our guardians of the poor, and our tradesmen.

The Utopian scheme of Mr. Edward Bellamy was not wider. We cannot enter into the question here whether it be advisable to convert our empire into a vast Boothocracy. The idea seems to us to have its disadvantages. But one thing has been very clear, and that is, that those amiable gentlemen who gave their thousands to this scheme carefully deducted money in almost similar amounts from their customary subscriptions to other charities. The hospitals suffered; beds and even wards were abandoned through this lessening support. Without wishing to disparage in any way either the work or the motives of Mr. Booth, we must say that in our opinion the sums of money taken from the hospitals to further other ends have, in the words of a writer in the *Times*, "been diverted to objects which are less indisputably worthy in themselves, and less demonstrably necessary to the welfare of our social organism."

*Suffering London* has not, we believe, and we cannot see how it could have, induced much adverse criticism. On the part of the author it is a labour of love. His cause is universally approved. The admirable introduction is a similar gift, nor does charity end here, since all profit rising from the publication will not be taken by the Scientific Press Association, or be given to advance its programme, but is to go to benefit our metropolitan hospitals. In a measure it does promote the work of this society, since the efficiency of these institutions must be a foremost object in the minds of those who have at heart the growing influence of hygienic science. Readers familiar with Mr. Hake's *Chinese Gordon* need not be told that he is sympathetic, in his work, nor that his ideas are consistently economic. It is refreshing now, when men are so anxious to municipalise our institutions to find one writer who throws us upon our individual responsibility. The striking opening of the book, portraying the magnificence of London, stamps the author at once a forcible rhetorician. Though, *prima facie*, this work is a practical inquiry into the system of our hospitals, it displays the highest literary merit. The appeal is eloquent, stirring, and powerful, even masterly. We shall, we hope, be pardoned, however, for taking some exception to Mr. Hake's treatment of his subject. It seems to us at times sensational. When once this notion enters the mind, we feel that we are listening to the cries of an alarmist, and consequently our attention becomes less sympathetic. It is not surprising that an indignant writer should adopt somewhat strenuous expressions when he finds such institutions as our London hospitals neglected. Mr. Hake seems resolved to terrify his readers into being generous by fearful pictures. The first chapter is entitled "The Pale Spectre." After one of the most admirable passages in the book, descriptive of the vital activity of London, and how this great city marks the zenith of human energy, Mr. Hake proceeds: "But the very hour when the sprightly ballet, the enchanting opera, the ridiculous comedy, are the centre of attraction, when the excitement of the gay ball-rooms is at its height, the army of silent sufferers, often ill-cared for and sorely in want of the primary necessities, are counting the dreary hours, hundreds are struggling with the last gasp, and the midnight trains, loaded with the dead, are stealthily leaving the great metropolis."

This is surely hyperbolic. Again, when Mr. Hake conclusively shows that the statistics as to railway accidents annually issued by the interested directors of companies are fallacious, and moreover that the risk we run is six hundred times greater than we commonly imagine, it makes one resolve never to travel by train. But later in the book we read:

"Many of the comforts of modern life can only be enjoyed at the risk of serious accidents. Leaking gas-pipes cause explosions, and

the death-roll for which that new agent, electricity, is responsible is already considerable. Each severe frost brings its crop of boiler accidents. Paraffin lamps continue to explode. Every day or every night there are fires, many of which lead to frightful accidents and often death. The large masses of people gathered together in a huge city like this are exposed to constant attacks from those insidious, unseen enemies, the bacteria. The dust, and soot, and fog foster these enemies of human life. The ground under London is 'honeycombed' with drainage pipes, large and small, measuring thousands of miles. Each mile of drain is charged, sometimes at high pressure, with poisons sufficient to kill hundreds of the healthiest men. It is enough to make us shudder to think that only a few feet divide us from a gigantic death-dealing octopus. So that it appears if we give up travelling we run an almost equal peril in staying at home."

Taking into account the conveniences of the modern steamer, you question whether it would not be wiser to abandon living on land altogether. But here you are terrified once more, for Mr. Hake has his doubts as to the purity of the ocean. He writes on page 22 :

"Many of the small tributaries of the Thames have been converted into gigantic sewers, and their contributions tend to turn our beautiful river, already polluted by other towns and villages, into one vast sewer, changing the river, which should be a source of health and pleasure to Londoners, into an agency of disease and death. To all of us it is revolting to think that our rivers should carry such a mass of uncleanness into the sea and poison it. Scientists tell us that the ocean is the great purifier of our globe, and that it does not become defiled. Let us hope they are right. But," &c. &c.

Probably, by this time, most of Mr. Egmont Hake's readers have taken to living in balloons.

It may not be so, but one would like to imagine the English mind capable of being moved to charity without terror ; that it is willing to give a calm, clear judgment to every calm, clear statement. It should detest what is merely theatrical ; the sensational petition is an insult to our reasoning justice. We admit that Mr. Hake's extensive public experience must have made him intimate with the popular mind, yet in his place we should have appealed less to its impulses and more to its judgment. Those books, however, that have raised the fire of public sympathy have frequently been melodramatic. *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London—How the Poor Live*, are examples. They blossomed for an hour and died. But *The Children of Gibeon* and *Catherine Regina* are still read. We believe that if Mr. G. R. Sims had chosen another style, simpler and more real, his books would have had longer life. But

the final question is, Which does the greatest good? Some will say the people want stirring up; the sensational catches their sight in a moment. Yet it seems to us that sympathy so quickly kindled is quickly numbed.

This exaggerative spirit leavens *Suffering London*. The book begins with the word "millions." The only type correction is characteristic. On page 20, lines 19 and 20, for "hundreds of thousands of accidents and deaths," read "over five thousand accidents, and over one hundred deaths." When reference is made to the inevitable European war, a plague is foretold infinitely worse than influenza, in which we shall be "attacked by "billions upon billions of bacteria," and the only safeguard against this is a more liberal support of the hospitals. This author's exaggerations are never irrelevant; every word bears directly upon the cause he zealously and ably advocates. It is remarkable that whilst Mr. Hake is so scrupulously accurate in revising the statistics of railway accidents, and detecting the fabrication of figures to suit particular purposes, he does not himself avoid the fault he reprehends in others. He has been misled by the fact that often clerks in hospitals do not, in their returns, clearly distinguish between old cases and new, and sometimes a single sufferer, who has paid ten visits to one of these establishments, has appeared in the documents as ten patients.

The enthusiasm of the writer makes him inconsistent. He tells us, in urging broader charity, that the work of the hospitals is so marvellously good that well-to-do persons are only too eager to avail themselves, without any compensating payment, of privileges intended for the poor alone. Later he observes, such ignorance of hospitals prevails that most people believe they merely exist for the supply of subjects for dissection.

But Mr. Hake has pursued his labours in so true a spirit, and with such unostentatious benevolence, that to find fault is the unpleasantest of critical tasks. Mr. Hake shows clearly—(1) that the hospitals are well-conducted; (2) that they are very necessary institutions; and (3) that the public assistance accorded them is insufficient. The words printed outside hospitals, "Supported by Voluntary Contributions," are regarded usually as an interesting statement of fact, not in any sense as a petition. When the ordinary passer-by reads them he feels no personal responsibility. He presumes they thrive on such voluntary aid, not knowing how inadequate the help given is to the absolute necessities of the institution. Yet the figures are singularly plain. Looking at the balance-sheet of one of our great hospitals in a populous district, we find that its annual expenditure of £14,000 exceeds its annual reliable revenue by £8000; and if the reader will examine the financial position of other metropolitan hospitals he will discover deficit on deficit. The

Press has shown how sometimes, through inadequate funds, the nurses, being too few, get utterly overworked, till aided by the pen of the thrilling journalist we begin to think that the endeavour of the governors of hospitals is to eclipse with actual fact the fictitious distresses of conventual life. It would be difficult to imagine any institutions so useful, so charitable, and therefore so worthy of public encouragement. Yet it is stated that some persons have conscientious objections to giving any support towards hospitals. The usual excuse of an illiberal man for his want of generosity is that charity demoralises; the recipient of alms is necessarily degraded by its acceptance. It might be urged, however, that he who gives is as much raised, in most instances, as the other is lowered, whilst in many cases it is clear that both must benefit.

It may be said that whilst some of these institutions are too poor, the rest are too rich, and that the deficiencies of the one should be compensated by the superabundance of the other. But whilst it seems to us that for mutual support and progress the hospitals might stand in some sense associated, their amalgamation would not meet the necessities of the case; there would be the same need of substantial sympathy. We shall not attempt to meet those strict philosophers who would leave the sick to die and the wounded unhelpt. Among some there is the opinion that poverty and illness in that station of society which relies in sickness on our hospitals, come often from self-indulgence, idleness, and reckless drunkenness, till at last one would almost suppose that of all classes the poor least deserve compassion.

"But," says Mr. Hake, "the cases which are treated in our hospitals show that the conscientious fulfilment of duty and the strenuous efforts to gain a livelihood produce vastly more illness among working classes than vice."

Again, it is open to question whether our London hospitals are managed with consummate economy. Thus, when we compare the expenses of the Hamburg Hospital, which in construction and operation offers admittedly "the best example of elaborate arrangements for the restoration of health which yet exists," with St. Thomas's Hospital, we find that, taking into account the outlay for land, building materials, labour, &c., the cost in construction of the latter was at the rate of £1000 per bed, whilst the Germans followed an equally substantial and a more advanced hygienic device for less than a quarter of this sum. When, too, our doctors perceive that at Hamburg the average cost of each residential patient is only £43 per bed per annum, they experience what they term "a very uncomfortable surprise." It must be confessed, however, that nothing impels so much towards extravagance as the consciousness of the injustice of inadequate support and palpable unsympathy. But if money is wasted in this proportion under a voluntary system,

what would occur if our hospitals were replaced by those bureaucratic institutions so vehemently advocated by pseudo-socialistic politicians?

This comment will introduce the reader to another section: those who hold that our hospitals should be supported by the rates. It is needless to meet the members of the Fabian Society with those manifold objections which must be regarded as absolutely insuperable to their antiquated little ideas. We shall not take the Collectivist so seriously. To place things under State control and enlarge the official realm has been always the best means of securing wholesale corruption and a combination of the highest cost and the slightest efficiency. This does not seem a desirable consummation, but there are other reasons for avoiding the bureaucratic system in medical establishments.

"In our voluntary hospitals," Mr. Hake writes, "patients are received and looked after with a care which, to those acquainted with Government-regulated institutions of a similar kind, form a striking contrast."

"Charity," says Mr. Walter Besant, "is always the work of those who love their fellow-men—always voluntary. Charity administered by the State is no longer charity,"

Mr. Egmont Hake frequently refers to this subject, and even holds that the municipalisation of our hospitals would be equal to their abolition. It seems strange that would-be reformers urge upon us the nationalisation of our institutions, not only against the common principles of economy, but in the face of facts with which they cannot fail to be conversant. Our post-office lost in energy, efficiency, and progressive spirit from the moment that it came under State control. It would be hard to indicate two institutions whose worth is so manifest, and whose failings are so slight, as those of the hospitals and the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, both the results of voluntary organisation. We cannot suppose that the hospitals are neglected, because the public generally is heedless of those who suffer. But the spirit that forgets is due more than all else to the socialistic tendency that seeks to supplant independence by a nursing State protection that shelves all individual responsibility and with it common charity.

Without troubling the reader with statistics that he can procure for himself probably with greater advantage, we may state that the constant work in our hospitals, never ceasing day or night, speaks for itself in figures. Mr. Hake may well write that the impressions a visit to these hospitals calls up lift the mind into a wider and loftier world.

"Here," he says, "whatever ails them, they are, if not completely restored to health, always relieved. To many poor patients who have rarely met with human sympathy and kindness, the gentleness and



generosity they encounter must be like a foretaste of that heaven of which they have but dreamed."

To go from the street into one of these hospitals is indeed like the step from earth to Paradise. The nurses in their sweet lives show all an angel's grace, more than angel love, forbearance, and self-sacrifice. Some have deemed the theatre the church of to-day, but to us the hospitals seem the true cathedrals for an ethical age. The general responsibility to support such places is self-evident. No one can read Mr. Hake's book without feeling new compassion for the weak and suffering. He strives to arouse "that spirit of citizenship which tells every waking conscience that to do nothing outside the narrow circle of your own trivial life is not to know how to live, is not to perform the common duty of a citizen, and consequently, when that last and unknown of all experiences comes—not to know how to die."

We are very far from thinking that the inadequate support of the hospitals is due to an intentional indifference to the sufferings of the poor. At the same time, our feelings of charity towards the afflicted might be often deeper. The sick and wounded are gathered in these hospitals, away from the world; and it is no wonder that, seeing little of the suffering, we almost imagine there is none. Yet, apart from our sympathy, Mr. Hake brings new reasons to the surface. He pictures very vividly the bright, lucent side of London life. It seems the scene of endless health: the dancers on the stage, the girls who wait at the refreshment bars, the domestic servants, have such happy faces. This is the result of competition: when the weak fall out, new comers take their place; the infirm are carried to the hospital. Mr. Hake writes:

"The smart shop-girls and barmaids who to the exacting customer have to appear perpetual automatons, warranted to work politely and cheerfully during perhaps sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, are made of flesh and blood after all. The manifold causes which in addition to overwork undermine their strength and sap their health, have lately been dragged out into the light by the press. Even in the comfortable English home things are not what they seem: the trim and healthy serving-maid is not trim and healthy because she lives in a big house, but she is allowed to live in the big house because she is trim and healthy. When her appearance and working powers are impaired, either by accident or by the fault of her employers, she is either discarded as a used-up tool and returned on the hands of her generally poor relatives, or packed off to the hospital."

We do not go through a single day without enjoying certain comforts, and even necessities of life, in the manufacture of which the makers have indubitably suffered. The man who bakes our bread shortens his life to do it. The railway servants who work our trains

submit themselves to constant peril. A certain number of these men is annually lost. The man who paints and papers our rooms weakens his health by the constant fumes of size and turpentine. The glass-blower and steel-worker contract the maladies of their craft.

We will not enumerate more cases, but it would be easy to show how large is the proportion of such patients under treatment in our medical establishments, for whom it is assuredly our duty to provide. Even where we have passed our most philanthropic laws, we have driven new cases to the hospital. The passing of the Factory Acts has occasioned much home work. We find children toiling in the close atmosphere of tiny, dirty, ill-kept rooms, contracting endless infirmity. As Mr. Walter Besant says, we may plead the cause of hospitals on religious and charitable grounds, on civic or national grounds, for the advance of science, the discovery of things preventive and things curative; the stoppage of things contagious and infectious. Mr. Hake's report is literary rather than statistical; we wish that in the appendix he had given the balance-sheets of the various hospitals, showing their daily, weekly, and annual expenditure, the growth of their requirements and work, and the by no means corresponding increase in the support afforded. Such figures must prove forcible, and no one is more competent to arrange them than Mr. Hake, whose banking reforms must have given him much of the financier's technical knowledge. Taking the hospitals and medical institutions recognised as such by the organisers of the Metropolitan Sunday Fund, it may be stated that to meet an expenditure, in maintenance and administration, of £586,172, the reliable income only amounts to £344,550, so that the yearly sum of £241,622 has to be raised in benefactions to enable the work to proceed. How are we to meet this urgent case? In the first place, and most manifestly, by greater generosity. In Mr. Hake's opinion, the average Londoner might give ten times more than he does to these places. If we were better acquainted with the work that is done in them, our charity might be more spontaneous. Ardent supporters of hospitals aver that the press, whilst it is ever ready to condemn, never gives a word of praise. But the press has not always the opportunity. Hospitals hide their light under a bushel too completely. It seems to us that they should bring out some monthly return of their work, and send it regularly to the leading London journals. More publicity would kindle greater sympathy.

It is stated that London is not as well provided with hospital accommodation as the provincial towns, nor does its position in this respect bear comparison with continental centres. Yet, to bring our metropolitan establishments up to a very high standard of efficiency would, it appears, only need an annual expenditure of

£670,000. "My opinion," says Mr. Hake, "is that twice this sum could easily be raised in London for the benefit of destitute sufferers. This would represent only about 6s. per head of the population per annum, or about 1½d. per week."

Londoners have not a vilely parsimonious reputation; but the very reverse, and they will, we trust, respond to Mr. Hake's disinterested and earnest appeal. We do not care for his suggestion, that at dinner-parties the host should, as the cigars appear, habitually ask his guests for some small subscription towards the hospitals. But Mr. Hake does show how very little acts of self-denial would enable us to send something to these institutions, which, however slight in itself, might in the aggregate achieve the greatest benefit. In chapter ix. Mr. Hake propounds a scheme that has, we gather, already received the approval of some professional authorities, and seems capable of extension. He does not give a cut-and-dried plan, but makes a suggestion that might crystallise in its ultimate development into a very operative organisation for the greater support of and interest in our voluntary hospitals. The author wishes to form what he terms Congregation Guilds in connection with the central churches and chapels in the various districts of the metropolis; but we should advise him to avoid giving his associations what must appear to many a denominational basis.

In conclusion, we agree with one of our contemporaries that the best way to bring persons to give thoughtful consideration to our hospitals is to induce them to read Mr. Egmont Hake's book and Mr. Walter Besant's very able preface. We trust that *Suffering London* has not been written in vain. It must be remembered that the needs of the hospitals are constantly increasing; the question, therefore, gets momentarily more serious. These hospitals, not only to meet current expenses, but even to defray the interest upon their past indebtedness, have frequently to draw upon their capital, so that they might become self-exhausted and die out, as the mind will become atrophied that feeds upon itself. If this should happen, how black a stain upon our public sympathy.

E. S. L. BUCKLAND.

## PARISIAN VIGNETTES.

### IN THE SQUARE DES BATIGNOLLES.

I SUPPOSE it is the Parisian custom of assiduously watering the grass which keeps it so lush and fresh always in the public parks and enclosures.

The Square des Batignolles, though situated in a poor quarter, is very "bowery" as Chaucer would have said. It carries itself proudly like a private garden, and has a very brave show of flower-beds and blossoming bushes to greet the Spring. Trees, too, flourish here; polonias with their curious mauve clusters, the weeping willow, whose antiquated aspect recalls Gray's *Elegy*, and the mosses and decay of rustic churchyards. On the north side the ground rises to quite a respectable eminence, upon which many majestic oaks affront Batignolles winds. Here there is a coign of vantage from which the park guardian, an old soldier, surveys the crowd of urchins who are everlastingly dabbling in the stream by the stepping-stones. There is a running brook actually in this enclosure, a very artistic and murmurous imitation of the genuine rural article. It has been wheedled into starting away from one artificial lake to pour itself, purling as it goes, into another, and it accomplishes its task as if to the manner born.

The little lakes bear not only white water lilies, but yellow ones, on their smooth surface, and the starry flags in April line the banks and make a delightful sleeping place for Mother Duck and her brood of younglings. It is pleasant to watch week by week the gradual metamorphosis of the amber fluff balls into white plumaged lank-legged young birds, whose soft bills are scarcely equal to worm-catching, and whose weak cackle imitates the discordancy of the parental voice without much success. These ducks are given to shift their place from one lakelet to the other, and their journey may only be accomplished *via* the brook and the footway. At the same hour every afternoon the old bird waddles up to the stepping-stones and quacks furiously; this is her departure signal, and immediately the down balls squirm, flounder and slither up from the sedges until they form a proceSSIONAL line in her wake. Then the park guardian shoulders and pulls the lads away from their wet play-place, and when the coast is clear Mrs. Duck strikes out her

webbed feet right royally and slithers along the footway and down the tiny waterfall into the lower lake. The ducklings, tremulous and unsteady in gait, follow her reluctantly, but it is some time before they succeed in catching her up. This migration delights both the children and old folk—who have outlived the cares of middle life and prepare for the long last sleep by a sort of harking back to the simple pleasures of infancy.

One old woman, with silver curls bobbing round her wrinkled forehead, takes up her station every Sunday afternoon upon the grass and feeds the live stock, pigeons and sparrows as well as ducks, with grain and breadcrumbs. She carries a disdainful green parrot on her wrist hawkwise, but she is very unlike the hunting ladies of the days of jess and hood. Her bonnet pokes quaintly in the fashion of 1840, and a couple of stout keys dangle from her waist-belt. Her light eyes are joyous and innocent, and she leans very slightly on her cane as she returns to her seat. I wonder vaguely who she can be; a bit of human flotsam and jetsam, doubtless thrown up from the wreckage of the Lamartine and Elvire epoch into this corrupt and scoffing age of ours; but fortunately for her she is too old to feel its strangeness. The old lady's parrot sings; he has no idea of speech, but his one eternal evensong, which he resumes after the business of duck-feeding is over, is "J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière, j'ai du bon tabac, tu n'en auras pas." The last line he quavers with emphasis and glares malevolently at the ring of youngsters, shining-faced and muddy, who take up their stand round the chair of this elderly child. She is generally well supplied with papers of nuts and comfits, which she doles out to them from the depths of her satin pocket. The crabbedness of the parrot and the benevolence of the old dame make a charming yet comical contrast, and I catch myself wondering vaguely whether this great metropolis, whose evil repute has penetrated to the four points of the compass, harbours many such idyllic old creatures as Madame Perruche.

By the stepping-stones reigns hubbub, and several inches to right and left of the trim gravel path the layers of mud kicked off by scores of heels coagulate to such an extent that maidens clad in muslins sit a very long way off from the *ruisseau*, for the formidable splashing of the genus "boy" does not agree with their constitutions.

Boat launching is of course a very favourite amusement, especially as the tiny waterfall does duty for rapids, and the urchins delight in leaning dizzily down over the lower lakelet to watch the behaviour of the various craft. Paper cocked hats are soaked through at once and submerged; snail shells bob and dip like the float of a fishing-net; penny wooden skiffs are carried far down among the water lilies, to be raked out presently with mamma's umbrella; but it is

the miniature cutters and schooners which suffer deplorably in the descent. Few boys can resist the pleasure of shooting a brand-new boat over the "rapids," though they may know that she will return to them dismasted, rudderless, shorn of her sails and her silky streamer, and altogether unseaworthy. Poor children! the artificial rivulet in which they may not wade or paddle as they would wish, represents a very real rivulet to them, represents scores of pleasurable hours which would otherwise be spent in the foetid gutters of Batignolles alleys. And the Square guardian on the whole is lenient with them. He knows most of them by sight, and when he hauls out young Adolphe or Anatole by his trousers-seat, he generally contents himself with administering a mild shaking instead of the proverbial cuff. He is the bogie man to the smaller children though, some of whom hide their faces in their mamma's lap when his echoing military step resounds along the gravel. A glance at his kind brave face reassures them, however, and presently they are pulling away at his clasps and medals as if he had never been represented to them as a terrible personage; so much stronger is the divine natural instinct of childhood at this early age than any foolish notions which nurse may have tried to engraft upon their credulity.

The Batignolles, outside the Square, has very little greenery to boast of; it is a dirty, narrow, ill-smelling quarter, and though situated almost on the borders of the semi-rusticity of Courbevoie and Neuilly, it shares the stale air and unpleasantness of the older poor quarters. Just for this very reason, however, Batignolles folk delight in their blooming and grassy enclosure, and spend every available recreation hour under its limes and willows.

Close by the gate, Guignol's theatre has its accustomed station, and enjoys a wide popularity. Dramas in miniature, terrible bloody scenes, are acted daily by these adroitly handled puppets. I don't think the repertory is extensive, the children know most of the plots and characters of these plays by heart, but they never weary of them. They shiver with pleasant horror when the brigand is hanged for homicide in the sombre wood, and applaud eagerly when the right couple get married in the fifth act after undergoing a very Pandemonium of existence in the preceding four.

Colours are laid on broadly to please the children and the great mass of the people whose standpoint is very near to theirs. We don't look for culture at the Batignolles, and I don't think we miss it either; it is a superficial varnish at best. Human nature is there, plenty of it, exuberant, occasionally choleric, but genuine. Probably the only artificial thing at the Batignolles is the merry little grig of a rivulet, which makes such joyous sport for its juveniles. And if all such artificiality was as artless and natural there would be fewer big frauds on the face of the earth.

## PARISIAN ANGLERS.

The Parisian angler for gudgeons who used to be constantly found a dozen years ago upon the stretch of quay bordering the Seine between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont d'Austerlitz has, I fear, disappeared. An impatient, casual set of men have taken the place of the old *habitués*, and those who dabble in angling are anything but faithful to one particular spot. Different faces greet one every afternoon, and the most shabby apologies for the good old line, taut and polished, which used to be invariably used by the contemporaries of old Pierre, hang into the river frayed and dull as the walking staves of Callot's inimitable *gueux*. In the old days men would not shift about as they do now, knowing that that is not the way to waylay the artful gudgeon, himself a Parisian, and well up in the windings of the Seine. It requires a very artistically constructed fly to hook him, and even then he has an aggravating tendency to wriggle off into his native element, after having just shown his enemy the toothsome glitter of his scales. Toothsome indeed, most toothsome, only second to whitebait in flavour and delicacy is the gudgeon, and not to be confounded for an instant with his salt-water first cousin *l'éperlan*. In wariness, too, he exceeds any other fish, except trout I am informed, and possibly that is why of late years, having benefited by the modern educational extension, he has retreated very knowingly to the semi-rustic part of the river known as Bougival and Marly. Alas! Governments have come and gone, the warm tide of Gambetta's eloquence has subsided for ever, poor Boulanger has left his Cocarde, and the parsimonious M. Grévy the Elysée, and the gudgeon has left the contiguity of the Boulevards for the respectable *villegiature* of the respectable suburbs. And the Parisian angler, can he afford the time to follow him into his retreat? Hardly ever! And this is the cause of the disappearance of a curious, inscrutable tribe of *badauds* affectioned by Musset, Alphonse Kerr, Charles Moncelet, and other men of letters of the past. Their successors are not *bona fide* anglers, but occasional anglers only. They are of the class who bring discredit upon the gentle craft, the sort of "duffers" like their eighteenth century prototypes, who made Swift say of angling in a moment of petulance, "it is a stick and a string with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." That they usually return home with empty baskets is nothing, every angler does that, but the present-day followers of the piscatorial craft carry off their non-success with infinite assurance. We are quite ready to believe that the gudgeon possesses a natural genius for self-defence, but also, if we were asked, we are equally certain as to the incapacity of the

gudgeon baitor, but he does not give us a chance to deride him. Bitten by the blatant *fin-de-siècle* self-satisfaction, he is as proud of himself at the end of a long fishless forenoon passed under the shadow of the Louvre, as is the Highland gillie after a prodigious slaughter of kelts upon the banks of Tay.

The old type of angler, according to Balzac, was silent, meditative, and crusty; his descendant is, on the contrary, loquacious, closely observant of everything but his fly and line, and carelessly amiable. Who would have dared address the hoary and respected Pierre when in the act of landing—for he really used to land something else besides tadpoles and old boots—or when cajoling with a fish from his time-honoured corner beneath the Pont Royal? No one, I venture to say, but the sharp-tongued gutter urchin may chaff the seedy yet imperturbable individual who has succeeded him, and, what is more, he receives a return volley of repartee garnished with puns.

Old Pierre, who was perhaps one of the best known figures twenty years back on the quays, breakfasted, dined, and supped off his takes of Seine fish, which were mostly dace, carp, barbels and tench. He had a varied assortment of recipes in his possession, and many a *cordons bleu* has received a hint for cooking the finny tribe from this ancient fisherman. No one knew exactly where and how he lived, or how he managed to obtain funds for the purchase of bait, yet he was always well supplied with the most expensive kind of gentles, greaves and paste, where his successor contents himself with roe and ill-made flies.

Except that he has inherited his station, Casimir Ragnin is in no sense the successor of old Pierre; indeed that unwearied adroit angler would have certainly disowned the man on whose shoulders his mantle has fallen. Though discredit has come upon the craft in the past dozen years, yet the Parisians are still experts in the preparation of the fish caught in the lower or city reaches of the Seine. The dace and gudgeons are fried, soused, or marinaded with lemon, cloves, and allspice, and the carp are "frizzled," so to speak, in butter, so that I think the King of the Cannibal Islands himself would be willing to forego his accustomed fare if he were to come within hailing distance of a plate of Parisian *friture*.

There is another angler besides Casimir Ragnin, that erratic inconsequent individual, who has caught my attention, and this is an old woman. Though anything but an expert in angling, she literally lives on the steps leading down to the Seine. She possesses that methodical and dogged patience, unredeemed by natural capacity, which so often characterises the uninitiated female. In rain or shine she sits there, her faded jersey clinging to her shrunken bust, and her feet encased in buttonless boots dangling over the parapet into space. She has an honest face set round with a wisp



of grizzled hair, and her eyes are deep brown, keen, and yet soft like those of a wallflower's underleaf, and her mouth is purposeful. The fault of the face is that it lacks imagination. Had she been a man she would have been a good soldier and died under arms; as it is, she is but an indifferent angler and an untidy old creature to boot. A couple of minnows flounder about at the bottom of her basket in a medley of worms and paste; she has not caught anything else as yet. This strange old woman is neither particularly loquacious, nor yet taciturn; she has been conversing with a carter, who had left his waggon, piled with freestone, to eat his lunch on the stone steps by way of a change. The great dray with its two weary gentle cart-horses remains motionless by the side of the road, and the pale sunlight surrounds it with a haze of mellowness; the cargo of brown stones have flying blots upon them as the rays filtered through the hectic plane-tree branches of the quays, the blond discs are tremulous also upon the steaming backs of the horses.

The carter pays no attention to steeds or dray; his long, white, dusty whip across his knees and those of the old woman his neighbour, a mighty hunk of bread and cheese tied in a cotton handkerchief in front of him, and a flask of pump water, these are the essentials, and his mind does not stray beyond their horizon. He is from Argenteuil, and acquaints his neighbour with the fact, but she does not answer at first, her steady brown eyes being interrogatively fixed on her bobbing line, as if she thought it was time it gave a satisfactory fish-laden jerk; but it does not, so she says, "And I am Parisian born and bred; three generations of my family have lived on the quays."

The carter cleaves a crust wedge-wise and remarks succinctly, "The bargemen and riverside folk make a terrible shindy at night, and the whistle of the steamers and clank of the crane-chains must prevent you from having your sleep out."

"Oh no," said the angler; "on the contrary, it sends you to sleep. The noises of the Seine are a sort of lullaby for those who live on the quays."

She made this observation with utter simplicity; neither of them knew that there was any poetic significance underlying the baldness of their speech. The carter gulps down his last mouthful, nods with genial *camaraderie* at his neighbour, and rises to go. Soon his blue blouse and broad white hat are specks in the distance. She does not turn her head to look after him. Two human atoms brought together by the wayside for a fugitive moment, a casual exchange of words, a careless greeting and separation, and that was all.

The carter, beyond saying he was from Argenteuil, had given no hint as to his manner of living; the labourer possesses a scanty

vocabulary, but it was plain that his home faced a quiet outlook—probably a stretch of meadow grass, ditch-lined and feathery with the awns of horsetails, whereon a regiment of greedy white geese strut and manoeuvre. The peacefulness of the Seine and Oise country is hardly to be exceeded anywhere. Perhaps the vicinage of the capital accentuates its rusticity instead of diminishing it.

Now the light fades out of the sky, and the Seine flies by like a river of molten lead or the Acheron pictured in antique Books of Hours. The sombreness falls like a pall over the quays and envelops the solitary bent grey figure seated thereon, until she too rises, rummaging in the chaos of her basket for the couple of inanimate minnows—nothing else of a finny nature had she caught that day.

Neither will she ever catch anything worth cooking, though she lives in the expectation of doing so some day.

# HERBERT SPENCER AS A PHRENOLOGIST.

THE first thought that the above heading will probably raise in the mind of the reader is likely to be: What is a phrenologist? At the present day preconceived notions and bias would perhaps incite some people to describe a phrenologist as a man who merely practises the art of reading people's character from the shape of their heads, and, in fact, as being a practising "Bumpologist," who, in order to draw the attention of passers-by, generally adorns his office-window with bald heads, each supposed to be typical of the predominance of particular tendencies; and who also adorns the walls of his consulting-rooms with gigantic maps, thus placing before his marvelling client highly-coloured and parabolic illustrations of the elements of the human mind. For instance, the organ of combativeness is symbolised by a prize-fight, conscientiousness by a pair of scales, the analytical organs by a telescope, and so forth. Then the client is shown into the chamber of horrors, where may be seen casts of the heads of criminals, and idiots, and of cranial malformation. He, of course, is shown testimonials from eminent citizens setting forth the great abilities of the professor; and last, but not least, a list of charges (ranging from half-a-crown for an analysis of character to one or two guineas for complete advice, including marriage and food charts, &c.).

This, it is almost needless to say, is but a travesty of the scientific phrenologist, and certainly it is not in that sense that I here connect the term with the revered name of Herbert Spencer.

Phrenology, fifty years ago, was a scientific doctrine supported by several men of great reputation, among whom I might mention Sir John Forbes, M.D., Sir James Clarke, Physician to Her Majesty, Dr. Elliotson, F.R.S., Mr. H. Atkinson, Sir George S. Mackenzie, Sir W. C. Ellis, Dr. William Gregory, Dr. Whately (Archbishop of Dublin), Dr. Engledue, Dr. Conolly, and last, but not least, Mr. Herbert Spencer. There was a Chair of Phrenology at the Andersonian University of Glasgow. At that time phrenology, though strongly opposed by the majority of metaphysicians and other scientists, yet was not placed in the category of opprobrium. On the contrary, it had risen to place of honour, for phrenology

then meant, what the word actually implies, a doctrine of the mind. George Combe, the celebrated author of *The Constitution of Man*, was then its chief and much respected defender. He was consulted by the Queen and foreign Royalty; and many of the leading members of the aristocracy obtained their phrenological developments, as, for instance, Lord and Lady Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord and Lady Lansdowne. Others asked his advice regarding the education of their children—as the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady John Russell, Lady Romilly, &c. The Duchess of Argyll brought her two eldest sons—the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Archibald Campbell—to Combe, in order to obtain an account of their phrenological organisation. The esteem with which the Royal Family of Great Britain regarded Combe may be estimated by the following autograph letter by the Prince Consort :

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—You have been several times so good as to give me a portrait of the phrenological conformation of our children; I take the liberty to-day of sending you Winterhalter's view of their physiognomies. May you, in looking on them sometimes, remember that their parents are very sensible of the kind interest you have taken in their welfare. I likewise send you an illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition, knowing that you have taken a lively interest in that child of mine also, &c. &c. Hoping that you are quite well, believe me always, yours truly,

“ALBERT.

“WINDSOR CASTLE, October 26, 1851.”

Combe frequently visited Buckingham Palace to examine the organisations of the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh).

Going still further back to the end of last century we find that phrenology, which was then known simply as “Gall's doctrine,” held a still higher position as a science. Dr. Francis Joseph Gall, its originator, was an anatomist of great reputation, the founder of cerebral physiology, and a man whose genius for observation has hardly ever been equalled. Moreover, he was so strongly impressed with the fact that there is a correspondence between certain formations of the head and definite peculiarities of character, that he began to classify his observations and inferences into consecutive order and reduce them to a system, for which his former colleague, Dr. Spurzheim, adopted the name of Phrenology. Gall, however, never made use of that term. Indeed, after reading some of Dr. Spurzheim's first English work, published on his arrival in England, Gall gave the book with disgust, but half cut, to Dr. Fossati, and afterwards refused to recognise anything more of Dr. Spurzheim's sayings and writings than what was pointed out to him; and it was

with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to take notice, even for a moment, of any of Spurzheim's writings. Gall's doctrines were, unfortunately, judged by the public in general from the teaching of his disciples; and thus it happened that when he, near the end of his life, brought out his large work on *The Brain and Nervous System*, with plates showing the anatomy of the brain with an exactitude hitherto unknown, he was already a contemned man, and his books were left almost unnoticed. Notwithstanding, many of his discoveries regarding the connection between brain and mind have been re-discovered during the last ten or twenty years. On the other hand, much that is attributed to him, which does him no credit, he never wrote. Anterior to his teaching, mind was viewed as an intangible entity or incorporeal essence, and its disorders were thought to be incomprehensible afflictions, and—some people still hold the notion—that these afflictions were due to the presence of an evil spirit in the sufferer, or to the enslavement of the soul by sin, or to anything else but the true cause, bodily disease. The brain was regarded merely as the source and centre of nervous influence, distributing the same, through the medium of the nerves, to the rest of the system. I am not alluding to the speculations of metaphysicians, but to the doctrine taught in the schools of anatomy and physiology. Gall examined the complex nature of man through his material organisation. He studied the brain and nervous system, and drew his inferences from the facts which he observed, and concluded that the organic state is the correlate of the mental state, and that heredity casts light on mental forms and the origin of ideas. He even looked at moral philosophy as a part of cerebral science. He compared the organisation of man with that of animals, traced the succession of the development of the brain and nervous system from the lowest type of animal life up to that which most closely approaches the human. Next he showed that even the human mind passes through stages in which it resembles lower organisms, and that we can fix no point of time at which distinctive human faculties awake. Thus he actually taught a century ago what the most eminent writers on mental science have recognised during the last few years only. (See Dr. Maudsley's works.) He wrote in 1790 that the highest development of brain-matter is found in the cerebral hemispheres and convolutions, and that the grey surface of the brain is the material base of all mental and moral activity. This portion of the brain, which he called the seat of the soul, he viewed not as a single organ but as consisting of a number of thoroughly differentiated organs, each one of which possesses particular functions, yet is in close connection with all the others. He even attempted to define a number of those organs, to determine their structure and individual energy, and to trace the physiological and pathological alterations which they undergo during the natural

process of development to maturity and decay, and in diseases to which they are subject. While this part of his doctrine is that which was most violently opposed, the discoveries which have since been made in experimental physiology have confirmed several of the localisations which Dr. Gall made. Still, on the whole, so much difference of opinion exists among the experimental physiologists of the various countries that I shall probably be more accurate in saying that this is a problem which has yet to be solved. It is the greatest problem for the anatomists and physiologists of the twentieth century, and one which when it is solved will cause a revolution in psychology.

Even if Gall had succeeded in doing no more than establishing the now universally accepted fact that the brain is the organ of the mind, he merited a prominent place of honour in the history of scientific discovery. His present-day antagonists forget that even very eminent men then thought, as Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, at the time wrote, "That there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the agency of any material organ."

Though Dr. Gall's doctrine embraces matters not lying on the surface, and where a personal knowledge and conviction of the truth can be obtained only with laborious study and observation, and though the opposition to his doctrine was a powerful one, he had many followers. Unfortunately, these had neither his genius nor his character, nor even a clear conception of his method, and their failings delayed the recognition of Gall still more. There were some, however, who did good work. Of these were several eminent French physicians—Drs. Voisin, Vimont, Broussais, and Bouillaud; and Broca, though he was not a disciple of Gall, wrote in his defence, and, indeed, he could not have done otherwise, for one of the greatest discoveries of Gall—the brain-centre for the articulation of speech—was established by the additional evidence of Broca himself. Among the philosophers we have Auguste Comte.

Among the English writers who defended Gall was Mr. Herbert Spencer. He, however, was ultimately so much influenced by public opinion, that while he continued to defend the principles which lie at the base of Gall's doctrine, he made no further mention of the name. His contributions to the *Zoist*, a journal of cerebral physiology (vol. i. and ii.) showed that he followed Gall's footsteps, but could not agree with the other followers, whom he criticises severely, later on, in the *Principles of Psychology*, for having taken no notice of his contributions to the subject. He says: "The crudity of their philosophy is such as may well make men who, to some extent, agree with them, refrain from avowal of their agreement, more especially when they are met by so great an unwillingness to listen to any criticisms on the detailed scheme rashly promulgated as finally settled." There can be no doubt that the failure

of Gall's doctrine is due to a great extent to the premature introduction of speculative reasoning by the earlier disciples of Gall into the exposition of that which had been really determined. In the proceeding of Gall facts of large amount, indiscriminately obtained, were constantly amassed ere he would entertain a suggestion, and only after observations had accumulated extensively, it was, he ventured to pronounce, that any proposition was made out. (See on this point Sir John Forbes' extensive review of Gall's works in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, vol. ix.). Let me give an illustration of my statement. Gall observed that persons endowed with a talent for facial mimicry had a portion of brain, corresponding to what is now termed the latter half of the second frontal convolution, prominently developed, as, for instance, renowned actors; idiots, too, often show this capacity for imitating gestures, and it cannot be said of them that the faculty is acquired. Gall also observed disturbances in the movements of facial muscles, and traced them to this region. He marked the centre of the greatest activity, and called this area "organ of mimicry." He did not say "mimicry" is the function of this area, nor did he draw any other deduction whatsoever. He simply stated the fact which he had observed. Now, argument is possible regarding the term applied to this region, but the fact itself is corroborated by Dr. Exner of Vienna, and Dr. Ferrier, who both traced paralysis of the facial muscles to disease of this brain-area. But how were they to know of Gall's previous discovery? Gall's disciples have drawn an imaginary outline round this region, and termed it "organ of imitation." They do not quote Gall; they give no proofs for their localisation.

As already mentioned, it was Dr. Spurzheim who adopted the unfortunate title "Phrenology," and made a system of the facts which Gall had collected regarding the functions of the brain. Gall has at no time made use of that term. He seldom went beyond a mere statement of his observations. Thus, he says that he had observed a particular brain-area excessively developed or diseased in men who were subject to hallucinations and visions. He could not tell how the necessary excitement of the perceptive organs is produced, nor give any other explanation. Neither could his followers. Nevertheless the latter ascribed to this brain-area a function which they designated "Wonder." Against such arbitrary and unscientific proceeding, Mr. Spencer objected in one of his contributions to the *Zoist*, entitled, "A Theory concerning the Organ of Wonder," in which, instead of the name of "wonder," he gave that of "reviviscence," and supposed this faculty to be the chief agent of imagination. In this essay, as in the others, Mr. Herbert Spencer shows himself to be an acute observer of the differences in the shape of heads. His own words are:

"The reader will at once see that the liability to be deceived by

spectral appearances must, other things being the same, vary as the power of the proposed faculty. The more efficient the instrument for the revivification of impressions, the more nearly will the images produced approach in appearance the realities. Celebrated painters have possessed the power of calling up objects so distinctly before the mind's eye as to render the process of depicting them little more than copying from Nature. If, then, the faculty be capable of effecting so much under the influence of its ordinary stimulus, we may reasonably assume that its unnatural actions will be accompanied by a difficulty in distinguishing revived impressions from real perceptions. Numerous cases of mental illusions from a slightly disordered state of the brain might be quoted. Similarly may be explained the mental action that gives rise to the seeing of ghosts and apparitions. During the gloom of night, and under the influence of appropriate feeling, every dimly-distinguished object calls up in the mind some pre-existing impression to which it may chance to bear a faint resemblance, and amid the excitement resulting from extreme fear, the mental image is rendered so vivid as to be mistaken for the thing seen. Persons will, of course, be subject to such illusions in the ratio of their endowment of the faculty of reviviscence. . . . Reviviscence creates mental imagery, love of ghost stories, witchcraft, affording scope for imagination. It has been maintained that reviviscence is the parent of imagination—that imagination is but a revival and putting together of impressions previously received by the perceptive faculties, and that upon the efficiency of the reviving agent must mainly depend the vividness of ideal images. Poets, therefore, who are in a great measure distinguished by their powers of imagination may be naturally expected to possess a large endowment of reviviscence. That such is the fact may be seen by reference to the heads of Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher (dramatists), Drummond, G. Buchanan, Otway, Malherbe, Tasso, Young, Bunyan (Bunyan was a true poet, philosophically speaking, though not conventionally recognised as such), Cowper, Darwin, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Hogg. In all of them the organ is large, in some very large. The names of other poets might doubtless have been added to the list had likenesses of them been attainable. . . . Further evidence is deducible from the fact that so many men of powerful memory, or brilliant imagination, have been subject to mental illusions. Tasso held conversation with a spirit gliding on a sunbeam. Malebranche heard the voice of God distinctly within him. Pascal often started from his chair at the appearance of a fiery gulf opening by his side. Luther conversed with demons. Descartes was followed by an invisible person calling upon him to pursue the search of truth. Swedenborg described heaven and hell. Benvenuto Cellini was accustomed to behold a resplendent light hovering over his own



shadow. Dante talked with spirits, and Cowper was haunted with spiritual sounds. Inasmuch as these cases favour the conclusion that the power of reviving impressions, either as manifested in memory or imagination, frequently co-exists with the liability to spectral illusions, they give collateral support to the proposed theory, for they show that these several traits emanate from the same peculiarity of organisation."

Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory, then, amounts to this—given in his own words :-

"That the faculty entitled 'wonder,' by the phrenologists has for its ultimate function the revival of all intellectual impressions, that it is the chief agent of imagination, and that it affords a tangible explanation of mental illusions, either when due to disordered states of the brain or to unusual excitement."

Curiously to observe, modern scientific researches seem to confirm Mr. Spencer's assertions. For the situation of "wonder" or "reviviscence" corresponds with one of Dr. Ferrier's brain-areas, "the excitation of which causes the eyes to open widely, the pupils to dilate with movements of the eyeballs and head. *It gives the appearance of attention, and the movements indicated are essential to the revivification of ideas.*" Dr. Ferrier's explanation is :

"Just as the initiation or partial excitation of any particular movement reacts back upon the sensory cohesions with which it is associated, so the movements of the head and eyes react back on the centres of vision, and keep the ideal object in the field of clear consciousness, and through this recall its various sensory and motor associations. It is not essential that the object revived in idea should be so clearly revived in the visual field as the actual object itself. There are great differences in this respect among different individuals."

Thus Dr. Ferrier acknowledges that his centre for the volitional control of head and eyes is the physical means for the revivification of ideas, and confirms Mr. Herbert Spencer's observation and localisation of the faculty of "reviviscence" foreshadowed by Gall.

Who knows what influence Gall exerted, directly or indirectly, on Mr. Herbert Spencer? It seems to me impossible for any man, however great his genius, to write a work like the *Principles of Psychology*, without relying at least to some extent on the legacies of the past. True, Mr. Spencer made no mention of Gall's name ; but he does not on any occasion give references to or make quotations from authors who have preceded him.

Thus, Dr. James Hunt, President of the Anthropological Society, says in the *Journal* of that Society, vol. v. p. 214 :

"Mr. Spencer speaks of 'the unscientific reasonings of the phrenologists,' and yet there is perhaps no modern writer in psychology who has so blindly accepted the fundamental principles

of phrenology as he has done. Mr. Spencer accepts all the chief principles of the phrenologists, often, however, without due acknowledgment, and at the same time sneers at the conduct of physiologists for not accepting the same as 'being in harmony with the course of controversies in general.' The only difference between the utterances of Dr. Gall and Mr. Spencer is that the one gives his opinion on the special localisation of the faculties as a man of science and observation, and the other as a dogmatic philosopher. Mr. Spencer says: 'Localisation of function is the law of all organisation whatever; separateness of duty is universally accompanied with separateness of structure, and it would be marvellous were an exception to exist in the cerebral hemispheres.' Mr. Spencer, indeed, goes still further than Gall, or I believe any of his followers, in his application of the doctrine of phrenology to comparative anthropology."

In an article on "First Principles," M. Auguste Langel, editor of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, describes Mr. Herbert Spencer as a follower of Comte, and says that Comte's influence is easily recognisable. Mr. Spencer protested against this statement in a pamphlet, *Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of Comte*. Seeing that both took Gall as their authority (Auguste Comte acknowledging the fact, but Mr. Spencer ignoring it), M. Langel's error is easily explained.

We must not forget that at the time of the publication of *The Principles of Psychology* there was not a single authority in favour of the plurality of functions of the brain except Gall's followers. The two authorities whom Mr. Spencer mentions in his defence against the supposed similarities between his writings and those of Comte (Sir William Hamilton and Flourens) wrote the reverse of what he advocated.

The former, in his *Lectures on Metaphysics* (page 264), says:

"No assistance is afforded to mental philosophy by the examination of the nervous system, and doctrine or doctrines founded on the supposed parallelism of brain and mind are, as far as observation extends, wholly groundless."

Flourens, another teacher, held a similar view to Hamilton, and supported it by experiments, which held good for half a century. Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Flourens were supposed to have dealt phrenology its death-blow. But what is that worth now? Flourens dogmatically lays down the law accepted by scientific men for fifty years, that "the brain is a single organ, that no individual part acts by itself, and that by slicing off the brain the functions are preserved." It is really difficult to realise that such theories could have prevailed so long.

It was not until 1870 that these investigations were shown to have been wrongly conducted. Scientists relied on the evidence furnished

by Flourens when they condemned Gall, and his experiments seemed to show that the brain acts as a single organ, inasmuch as by slicing off various parts none of its functions seemed to be impaired. Yet how is it, if Sir William Hamilton and Flourens were Mr. Spencer's authorities, that the latter wrote in the *Principles of Psychology* on the question of plurality of the functions of the brain as follows :—

“Whoever calmly considers the question cannot long resist the conviction that different parts of the cerebrum must in some way or other subserve different kinds of mental action. Localisation of function is the law of all organisation whatever, and it would be marvellous were there here an exception. If it be admitted that the cerebral hemispheres are the seats of the higher psychical activities, there are distinctions of time which, though not definite, are yet practically recognisable; it cannot be denied, without going in direct opposition to established physiological principles, that these more or less distinct kinds of psychical activity must be carried on in more or less distinct parts of the cerebral hemispheres. To question this is to ignore the truths of nerve physiology, as well as those of physiology in general. It is proved experimentally that every bundle of nerve-fibres and every ganglion have special duty; and that each part of every such bundle and every such ganglion has a duty still more special. Can it be, then, that in the great hemispherical ganglia alone this specialisation of duty does not hold? That there are no conspicuous divisions here is true; but it is also true in other cases where there are undeniable differences of function—instance the spinal cord, or one of the great nerve bundles. Just as there are aggregated together in a sciatic nerve an immense number of fibres, each of which has a particular office referring to some one part of the leg, but all of which have for their joint duty the management of the leg as a whole, so in any one region of the cerebrum, each fibre may be concluded to have some particular office which, in common with the particular offices of the neighbouring fibres, is merged in some general office fulfilled by that region of the cerebrum. Any other hypothesis seems to me, on the face of it, untenable. Either there is some arrangement, some organisation, in the cerebrum, or there is none. If there is no organisation, the cerebrum is a chaotic mass of fibres, incapable of performing any orderly action. If there is some organisation, it must consist in that same physiological division of labour in which all organisation consists, and there is no division of labour, physiological or other, but what involves the concentration of special kinds of activity in special places.”

Thus, Mr. Herbert Spencer advocated a view, forty or forty-five years ago, which was then held only by Gall's followers, in opposition to the majority of the great thinking men. Both Sir William Hamilton, and later, John Stuart Mill, relied on the evidence fur-

nished by Flourens in Paris, that mental phenomena do not admit of being deduced from the physiological laws of our nervous organisation. Even a physiologist so eminent as Dr. Carpenter relied on Flourens, and asserted that the cerebral hemispheres, as the organs of thought, "do not act in isolated portions, but as a whole"; but abandoned this view when he became acquainted with the results of experiments made after 1870. Yet the *Times*, not being acquainted with this change of opinion, credited him with the old view, which Dr. Carpenter had to contradict in a letter to the *Times*, September 27, 1873.

Mr. Herbert Spencer protested against the arbitrary proceedings and hypothetical conclusions of Gall's followers. Of the numerous critics of Gall's doctrine, there are not half-a-dozen who have read his original works, and of these few some had not the courage to express their admiration, as Dr. Frederic Bateman, in the completest work existing on *Aphasia, or Loss of Speech* (London, 1890), has done, who says that, "In spite of all that has been said against Gall, and all that has been written in depreciation of his labours, beyond all doubt his researches gave an impulse to the cerebral localisation of our faculties, the effect of which is especially visible in our own days, and I look upon his work as a vast storehouse of knowledge, and as an imperishable monument to the genius and industry of one of the greatest philosophers of the present age."

Dr. Ferrier, himself, though long conscious that several of his localisations of brain-functions confirm the observations of Gall, has withheld even the mention of the name simply out of respect for scientists who had adverse opinions against phrenology. It was in his last work only (*The Croonian Lectures on Cerebral Localisation*) that he condescended to say: "To Dr. Gall let us pay the tribute that in his analysis he followed strictly inductive methods, and made many observations of enduring value."

The most ridiculous assertions are made by critics, supposed to be acquainted with phrenology, but who in reality are ignorant of the subject except it may be a mere superficial acquaintance with phrenological busts sold in various shops. Take one of the latest writers, Dr. Bastian. One of the several reasons why Dr. Bastian dismisses phrenology is that "The grey matter of the convolutions—the matter which we now believe to be so largely concerned with the most delicate and subtle of brain-functions—was, by the founders of phrenology, considered to have no proper nerve function at all." The founder of phrenology was admittedly famous as an anatomist, and nothing can show the fallacy of Dr. Bastian's assertion clearer than George Henry Lewes's exactly opposite statement (*The History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 447) that "The basis of phrenology rests on four positions: 1. That the *grey* matter of the convolutions is the organic substance of all psychical actions. 2. That no other part

of the nervous system has any essential connection with the mind. 3. That each distinct faculty has its distinct organ. 4. That each organ is a limited area of grey matter." We must be sorry that Dr. Bastian has not given greater attention to phrenology.

His second statement against the doctrine rests also on an erroneous basis. He says (*The Brain as an Organ of Mind*, p. 519): "If we take the organ of philoprogenitiveness, for instance, whose assigned situation at the back of the head may be seen in any phrenological bust, we find that it corresponds with a bony prominence, which varies greatly in thickness in different individuals, whilst, internally, it corresponds to the point of union of four great venous sinuses, and within these, as much to the tips of the occipital lobes, as to a part of the upper and posterior border of the cerebellum."

Dr. Bastian evidently denies the phrenologist any anatomical knowledge, because the busts which are sold in various shops are not marked with the prominences of the skull. Had he looked at Combe's *System of Phrenology* he would have found (p. 75) that phrenologists are acquainted with the situation of the occipital protuberance, and place philoprogenitiveness in the third occipital convolution. But quite apart from phrenological theories, most anthropologists now agree that female skulls differ from male skulls in the larger curve of the occipital bone. The projection of the occipital curved lines is one of the characteristics of the female skull, and, taken together with the smallness of the head, cavities, and inion, and the peculiar formation of certain angles, Topinard says he can recognise a female skull five times out of six, Mantegazza says nine times out of ten. This larger curve was first observed by Gall, and as the love of children is a characteristic of the female character, and as he saw persons having either an excessive development of the occipital bone in its centre, or having it quite flat, according to the amount of love they possess towards their offspring, he thought it the probable seat of philoprogenitiveness.

Other critics reject the system on the misconception of the fact that the surface of the skull corresponds in shape to the surface of the brain. The best modern authorities have now established as much as was ever claimed by Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe. On this subject nothing more decisive can be quoted than Professor G. M. Humphry's *Treatise on the Human Skeleton*:

"The skull is moulded upon the brain, and grows in accordance with it. The size and general shape of the brain may be estimated with tolerable accuracy by the size and general shape of the skull. The opponents of phrenology, by denying this, do not in the least advantage their cause in the estimation of thinking persons, because the statement is of a kind at once to commend itself to common sense as being highly probable. The frontal sinuses and the pro-

jecting ridges, the inequalities on the surface of the skull, which have no correspondences in the interior, do not amount to much, and show only that allowance must be made, and that we must not expect in this way to form an accurate estimate; but they do not affect the principle that the skull is moulded upon and fitted to the brain, and that its exterior does, as a general rule, convey pretty accurate information respecting the size and shape of that organ. The arguments against phrenology must be of a deeper kind than this to convince any one who has carefully considered the subject."

Men were unaccustomed at one time to see the difference of development between the highest and lowest existing human brain, and those who did notice the difference attached no importance to it. To-day, however, not only are size and development most accurately observed, but it is asserted (as though by Gall) that a low organisation of brain goes together with low mental functions, and a highly developed structure with great intellectual and moral capacities. What was once the domain of phrenology is now the property of mental science, whose professors observe, as Gall has done, the physiological manifestations in animals, in children, in idiots, in savages, mounting up by degrees to the highest and most recondite parts of consciousness. Thus every principle of Gall's system becomes gradually the property of mental science, and I believe the time is not far distant when all the different faculties will be most accurately defined. Before long, all physiologists will come to see, as some have already recognised, that the brain cannot consist only of motor-centres. A centre for wagging the tail, a centre for the advance of the right foot, a centre for twitching the eyes—these are all, in the opinion of some men, that are needed for the manifestation of mind, that wonderful gift of creation. Such brain-centres as these may suffice for some people that raise similar antiquated objections against phrenology, but others are not in doubt that there must be special brain-centres for the manifestation of the different faculties. Phrenology, as is too often forgotten, is founded on close and frequently repeated observations, and similar observations are being made every day by persons who would indignantly reject an accusation of being inclined to believe in "craniology." When we talk of a fine intellectual head, we refer to a large development of the frontal region; on the other hand, a stunted growth of that part, with a great preponderance at the base of the skull, more particularly just above the ear, invariably tallies with our ideas of a brutish degraded character. No experienced observer of human heads denies that there is an essential difference between the head of a Shakespeare or a Goethe and that of the typical "sensual murderer," to choose an example which is held by experts in criminal anthropology to be absolutely unmistakable in nine cases out of ten. Now, we may well ask, as the Reviewer of my *Addresses to the*

British Association in the *Saturday Review* has done, if we are able to distinguish between the two extremes, and willing to recognise the external characteristics of a "noble head" and a "degraded mind," why should we not succeed in demonstrating the intermediate stages? There are no two skulls, just as there are no two characters, exactly alike. The logical proof of the parallelism of certain mental predominances with certain cranial aspects is only a matter of observation and statistics. On this plea alone the theories of those men who devoted their lives to such observations should be held worthy of investigation, and much that is interesting and should be useful would probably supervene, if their deductions, empirical though they may have been, were to be seriously and critically re-examined in the light of modern science.

BERNARD HOLLÄNDER.

## GREECE OF TO-DAY.

MODERN Greece, I am assured upon the indisputable authority of the newspaper critic, is a subject that does not engage the sympathies or the interest of the British public. This is sad for Greece, for she remembers Byron with gratitude, and would fain believe that his enthusiasm was not quite forgotten by his countrymen. Meanwhile she consoles herself with the admiration and affection of France, by whom she feels herself in a measure adopted. Not a voyaging race, the French have had at all times a fancy for excursions to her shores. They have written many books about her contemporary life, about her landscape, her monuments, her hopes and her weaknesses as a young nation.

Long before the appearance of M. Edmond About's immortal satire, *La Grèce Contemporaine*, France had produced volumes of travels in Greece, and sentimental poets had wandered thither to drink of the water of Castalia, and muse upon the slopes of Parnassus. And since then, M. Renan and others have offered up their pagan prayer among the temples of the Acropolis. And Beulé, like the Emperor Julian when called to the purple, shed tears of regret as he turned his face from Athens westward. That M. About's biting and brilliant satire has not diminished this enthusiasm of French travellers and writers for Greece, nor abated the interest of French readers in their successive peregrinations amid the modernised ruins of a dear past—the dearest associations of antiquity—may be gathered from the number of books, pamphlets and articles that still continue to appear about Greece of to-day. The latest of these has just been published in Paris by Armand Colin et Cie—*La Grèce d'Aujourd'hui*, by M. Gaston Deschamps.

M. Gaston Deschamps is a sober enthusiast. He dismisses M. About's book as a facetious masterpiece, the result of dissatisfaction with custom-house irregularities, of bitter experience of hotel perfidies, and of undisguised resentment against overreaching cabmen, porters, servants, &c. He accepts in a grateful spirit the consequence of all this ill-temper and the terrible leisure to which the witty and sociable Frenchman was condemned, and which he admits to have hung so heavily on his hands. In a more cheerful mood, and with hours more agreeably occupied during his stay at the French School of Athens, About would doubtless have given



the world a less brilliant picture of Otho's dull Bavarian Court, have painted less maliciously its superannuated courtiers, and the delightful strangeness of its brigand police. Now, as M. Deschamps points out, the young men, whom the Government grants a three years' pension for the study of archæology in Athens, have more to do than formerly. They work hard, and find their leisure amply filled with the reception and guidance of visitors, with the latest news from France, of which they are kept supplied by the swift and frequent mails; and lastly, but by no means least, by the winter "balls of Court and Fleet," and Legations. There are constant explorations, statues, inscriptions, bas-reliefs ever turning up and discovered to light by the diggers' spades. Thanks to what M. Deschamps describes as "charming labours and agreeable duties," the expatriated young Frenchmen of to-day are kept in continual good-humour during their sojourn at the foot of Mount Lycabettus. Hence the kindly and admiring tone of the book before us.

Chateaubriand advises the traveller to enter Athens by the road of Eleusis, and affirms that the first view of the town should be had from the heights of Daphni. But M. Deschamps differs from the illustrious author of the *Itinéraire*, and holds that arrival by the Piræus is more in keeping with the old traditions and more conducive to exquisite dreams. That he enters the port in the proper spirit of reverence may be gathered from the following sentence: "When Yorgi, the boatman of the French School, who was waiting for me below the ladder of the *Sindh*, landed me at the quay of greyish ground near the custom-house, I missed one of the steps, and without wishing it—perhaps by the exercise of a secret influence of the gods—I entered the country of Phidias upon my knees. I have since thought there was a happy presage in the chance that prostrated me thus, in spite of myself, upon my first step in the sweet land where bloomed the youth of the world, and whence should flow the quick source of all joy, of all science, and of all beauty."

This lyric mood naturally subsides when confronted with the rascality of the Customs' officers. Superiors and underlings all combine to drive him wild. One of his friends, who had the weapon of fluent Greek at his disposal, mounts guard above his maltreated luggage and eloquently harangues the officials. "Is it worth while," he asks, "to come so far to face such public affronts for the pleasure of contemplating the burnt skeleton of an old temple and enjoying the society of two millions of Palicares who live by this immortal ruin?" We can imagine to what degree the voluble Customs' knaves would be touched by this question.

But M. Deschamps soon recovers his temper, as behoves a traveller bent upon admiration, and finds even a charm in the dust of the

long road to Athens. He quotes an illustrious sculptor of our day who describes "these living sparkles" as penetrating him with "the wandering soul of the light and sober race that, like the cicada, is nourished upon dust and song and sunshine." It is not surprising that with a language so musical and clear as French he is able to turn very pretty descriptive phrases by means of such words as "amethyst," "violet," "mauve," and "rose," colours of which the bare Greek hills seem made up. Among them he lingers fondly, and accentuates them by the sharp contrast of purple sea and silver olive. This is not new ground, but it is a pleasure for one who shares his opinion to find that the end of a prolonged sojourn in the shadow of the Parthenon has strengthened his affection for a really charming little town. A self-sufficient young man, whose apparent duty it is to scalp unlucky writers in a weekly paper, once hoped I was alone in my admiration of Athens. Smarting under a sense of rebuke for bad taste, I am consoled in coming upon these lines from the pen of a learned Frenchman: "Such as it is (Athens) this town is charming; day by day sweeter and more dear, like those women we are at first tempted not to notice, and whom we love the more as we learn to know them. For my part, I have loved it with all my heart. Three years of intimacy have not destroyed its charm nor discouraged my fidelity." Here you can give yourself up to obstinate idleness without dread of languor or weariness. The senses are alert and amused, but for work there is no inclination. The brightest, the wittiest ideas may attack the lounge, but not for the world would he put pen to paper.

M. Deschamps sums up the Greek temperament felicitously as an even mixture of "verve" and phlegm. Calm and restless, they rarely lose possession of themselves, and have mastered the great art of avoiding the weight of time, unnecessary labour, which they express by the word *servitude*, and foolish expense. M. Renan admires their happy philosophy, the sobriety of their enjoyments, and the ready gaiety of their mood. Though their frugality is indeed remarkable, it is perhaps a pardonable extravagance in a humorous Frenchman to describe them as breakfasting on a plate of olives, dining on a bit of cheese, and living on pure water and vanity. I have eaten at modest Greek tables better soup than would be eaten at the same tables in France, and delicious *pilafs*, cakes, sweet rolls and honey-tasting mixtures. Roast beef may not abound, nor are cutlets an indispensable addition to the midday meal; but except in Lent they live much better and have more varieties at table than the middle and lower classes in Ireland. Indeed, if we except meat, I should not hesitate to put their diet above that ordinarily consumed by people of narrow means in England.

But it is no exaggeration to describe, as the author does, the Athenians (and the islanders, too) who drink little, as the pillars of

the coffee-house. They are fond of argument and discussion, and will sit for hours round a glass of water talking politics. This passion for politics is inherent. A youth of sixteen gravely explained his mania to M. Deschamps. "Monsieur, je politique; mon grand-père a politiqué depuis de longues années. Moi même j'ai commencé à politiquer et je politiquerai toute ma vie." This is irresistible. The distinction in Greek politics is chiefly self-interest. Everybody is a patriot; but the good of the State is a matter of personal judgment. If M. Tricoupis is unpopular, it is not because his public virtues are doubted, but because his administration is expensive for the multitude, and the taxes on wine, petroleum, and daily fare very heavy. Hence the Delyannistes nicknamed the great statesman the petroleum man, the oppressor of the people, and the enemy of the "lower class." M. Tricoupis is also too orderly and "too English" for pure patriotic taste. Upon this chapter M. Deschamps is good-naturedly amusing and tenderly ironical. He does not object, as M. About would, to the ear of the Palicare showing under the brim of the hard felt hat of the European. It is an additional note of local colouring, and, like a self-respecting traveller, he smiles upon it and is thankful. Besides this gratification, it affords him an occasion to be witty, and what Frenchman worthy the name could forego that chance? He describes the Chamber aptly as "a badly kept class," which gives the newspapers the opportunity of remarking that "yesterday the leader of the Opposition spoke for two hours, and perfectly showed up the baleful and wicked policy of the Prime Minister." If you are not a politician in Greece you must be a hero. But it is better to be a hero. You have nothing to do. "You promise, with a certain sincerity, to die for your country. That gives you the right, while waiting, to revel in the pleasure of living and doing nothing." Heroic men are men who despise Blue-books and reports, who smoke and consume small quantities of raki, and are unacquainted with the official stiffness of diplomacy. They shake hands readily, joke with everybody, and call their neighbour "brother." This is the type of man who is popular in Greece; this is the old Palicare of heroic times. "The bitterness of M. Tricoupis," M. Deschamps remarks, "his fatal ardour for work, his tragic and fatigued air, fill the Greeks with stupefaction. It seems to them his conception of life is strange, and that he must have learnt those ways in morose latitudes where the sun never shines." When I was in Athens some years ago the most serious charges against the Prime Minister I was able to seize were the extensiveness of his collars and cuffs, which were found an English exaggeration; his bolt-uprightness and his habit of speaking without gesticulating — *à l'anglaise*, the Greeks would bitterly add. From M. Deschamps' account of matters to-day, I see the shoe still pinches in the English quarter, only he has

since then added English moroseness to the list of his unpopular perfections.

A more pleasing subject than politics is M. Deschamps' collection of curiosities of Athenian journalism. Here is an announcement of an ordinary marriage which is delightful: "Athens, crowned with violets, will soon be forsaken by all the beautiful errepheores which are her ornament and her pride. Just as Lord Elgin carried off the statues of the Parthenon, just so do the foreign diplomats bear down upon our shores to ravish and carry far away our most charming caryatides. You all know that beautiful Athenian, whose hair is so dark, whose eyes are so brilliant, whose colour is so white, that goddess as fair-faced as Aphrodite—we mean Miss Fofō K——. Well, a secretary of Legation carries her off from the affection of her family and from the love of her compatriots. Who in our town has not formed a desire to waltz with her? Who has not made every effort to meet her once more at a ball, to dispute her with haughty suitors in the middle of the confusion of the cotillion? Now she leaves for Siberia. Let us accompany her with our tears and with our wishes that she may bear away to European Courts the splendour of Hellenic beauty. But let us hope that she may return one day, on a swift vessel, to the foot of the Acropolis and to the banks of the Ilissus!"

The fathers of ballet-girls or pantomime actresses of civilised Europe might do worse than turn to far-off Greece for a lesson in the protection of their daughters from the ardent pursuit of the stage-struck male. Here is an incident freely translated from M. Deschamps' smooth and pleasant French:

A French marine officer was touched by the beauty of a certain little Thessalian pantomimist, Helene Krassopoulos, and sent her one evening a message of doubtful import. In reply he was informed that the lady was waiting for him behind the theatre. When the officer reached the spot, he found himself in the midst of shapeless packages, which shortly began to move, and proved to be fifteen rascals, half-dressed, who waved about their white covering, with terrible glances directed against the foreigner, and declaimed incoherent tirades to frighten him.

The officer was one too many for them. He leant against the wall and said: "My lords, I recognise that it was not you I expected to see. It is doubtless an error. In spite of that I am delighted. For you declaim excellently. You are true artists, and I admire you."

The "true artists" were satisfied, shook hands with him cordially, and offered to drink his health, which they did at his own expense. Next day the officer received a letter addressed to "the French officer who yesterday clinked glasses with the artists of the People's Theatre." It ran:

"SIR,—As thou art intelligent and my daughter pleases thee, I consent to know thee. Thou wilt give me and my friends pleasure in coming to dine with us to-morrow evening, at the inn of Hymettos before the play.

"(Signed) PATROCLOS KRASSOPOULOS,  
"Chief of the Company."

The young man went. There were no women present, to the officer's regret. After meat, the sire Patroclos lifted his glass of Clos-Marathon and made the following speech: "Young stranger, I drink to thy health, to thy prosperity, to thy advancement, to thy approaching marriage, to thy return to thy country, to the happiness of thy children. The men seated around thee have told me thou art intelligent. That does not astonish me. The French resemble the Greeks. They have also told me that thou dost admire my daughter. I am not surprised. I will confess to thee that I had not intended to marry her to a foreigner. But since she pleases thee, I consent to this sacrifice. Tell us then what thou possessest. Hast thou in France a field and a house? What doth thy father sell?"

The officer was unexpectedly moved, but he conquered his emotion and replied:

"Lord Patroclos, I first drink to thy health, to thy prosperity, to the increase of thy wealth; also to the health of the honourable lords here present. When you invited me to partake of pilaf in private I was not prepared for the honour you have done me. You ask me what I possess. Well, I possess my sword, my father's sword, which he in turn received from his ancestors."

"That's all?" Patroclos interrogated.

"What! It's not enough?"

"I don't say that. But all the same,—stay, noble stranger, you would perhaps do better to marry a woman of your own country."

"Alas! I foresee that I must resign myself."

"There, there, don't be downcast. Man cannot always follow his inclinations. We must submit to our destiny."

And suddenly overcome, the entire party heaped up the plate of the young man to console him. When the officer departed, after having paid the bill, Patroclos remarked:

"Never talk to me about these military fellows. Let them be Greek or French, they have never a farthing in the pockets of their embroidered uniforms. Ah! our master, the great Aristophanes, was quite right: 'Much pleasure in your war expeditions. While we are drinking, crowned with roses, you are frozen mounting guard all the night.' I swear my daughter will marry a small grocer of Pharsala, our beloved country."

Very amusing also are the anecdotes of Coquelin in the East. Reporters followed him everywhere, interviewed him, admired his dress, noted down each flying phrase as a French witticism, watched him from a respectful distance in his solitary walk, and described his glances as "Parisian"! What more could even M. Coquelin desire? But artists are proverbially irritable. M. Coquelin fell out with the Athenians because the king himself did not come to meet him, because he was not invited to the palace, and because his audience was neither subtle nor discriminating. At Bucharest the royal family delighted to honour him, he pensively recalls for the benefit of a sympathising reporter. At Constantinople, he had a superior public and a discerning Sultan, whose gifts and hospitality must ever afterwards prevent him from playing in *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*. In London, in spite of the ungenerous enmity of the *Times*, and the misbehaviour of M. de Blowitz, the enthusiasm was incredible. But he sadly lost his time in coming to Greece. He waited for twenty-four hours to see if the king would beg him to remain. The king did not, and there were unpleasant bills to pay, which resulted in the precipitate departure of the angry comedian.

Though of warlike tastes, as M. Deschamps points out, the modern Hellenes hold conscription in abhorrence. The islanders hide from the police upon these occasions in their mountain fastnesses, and the inlanders retreat to the frontiers where they not infrequently take to relieving travellers of their purses and figuring in local history under a name more romantic than that of mere soldier. This race loves freedom above all—even freedom from its own laws. They imagine that everything in the open air is common property, and when the shepherds want space for grazing they apply a match to any forest in the way. I remember the burning of Pentelicus upon some such pastoral fancy, and only the foreigners were indignant. It is not matter for surprise that in such a country there should be some difficulty in finding a hangman. An assassin has been known to prefer the honour of the guillotine to a reprieve upon condition of accepting the hated office of hangman. Lest his resolution should be shaken, his wife came to him in prison and besought him by all the saints in heaven not to accept the infamy, but, at least, to *leave an honourable name to his family!* In this matter, as in all others, the point of view is everything. Here, in the common mind, to kill is not to murder, and is no impediment to the transmission of an honourable name. Countries like individuals have their pet vices, and beside the picture of an English hangman lecturing upon his ghastly trade in the provinces or writing upon his experiences for the benefit of an unhealthy curiosity, the Greek aversion is a brave and manly instinct. Men may do worse than banish the public executioner to an uninhabited isle, where a boatman each

morning comes and flings him his bread and hurries away without a word.

Next to their love of liberty, which partakes of a weakness for disorder, the peculiar characteristic of the race is the extremely practical turn of their patriotism. Their dream is to amass a great fortune at home or abroad—more frequently abroad—and spend it nobly in the service of their country. Athens owes nearly all her public buildings, her enterprises, her modern improvements to the bounty of individuals. M. Deschamps tells of two well-known wealthy brothers, the Zappas, one of whom told the other it was time for him to marry and bring up a family.

"Thy wife is our country," said the other. "I will follow thy example. I will work much, I will strive much, I will lay by great wealth, and all that will I give beforehand to the nation."

"Add to this," the writer continues, "the daily offering of the humble, the mite of the poor man, the subscriptions that pour into Athens from the depths of Asia Minor, from a brave people who in their poverty console themselves with dreaming of the future of their race. A land where such sentiments and such men exist should not fret unduly if the taxes bring in little, and if the treasury is often exhausted."

This fair and kindly appreciation of M. Deschamps shows how different is the spirit of *La Grèce d'Aujourd'hui* from About's *Grèce Contemporaine*. The latter may be the more amusing, but the former is fairer and truer. M. Deschamps stands upon impartial ground, as a Parisian alive to the absurdities as well as the qualities of a growing nation, who, unlike his immortal predecessor, can dispense with the resources of the boulevards and find compensation in foreign scenes. He ridicules, and not too severely, the tantrums of the mis-Hellenists, who expected from Greece, in return for the tardy condescension of Europe, a present as glorious as her past, and finding it meaner, fall back upon hatred and contempt. He has an indulgent word for the caprices, the turbulence, the rashness, and inefficiencies of first youth. A youth will ever parade his new spurs and first sword ostentatiously. Why not tolerate a certain arrogance, a boastful demeanour, in a young nation, and show indulgence for its humours and follies? He complains that Greece is unreasonably blamed for not having brought forth at once a Pericles or a Phidias, and for sometimes dreaming of Constantine and Saint Sophia; that since the rain of About's sparkling shots, enemies have sprung up whose hatred of her is morose and whose invectives are ill-tempered. The race he defines as a composite of the antique, the Byzantine, and the modern, speaking a language whose fundamental roots have not changed since Homer, remaining faithful to the religion of Constantine, which does not prevent it from being American by reason of its practical and positive good sense. "I

am not far from believing," he states, "that the Greek race, like the Jewish race, must be eternal." As in the olden times, the Greeks have been able to live in peace with the most troublesome neighbours, and when they could not rid themselves of them, were consoled by despising them, and regarding them as barbarians, not averse to profit by their stupidity and incapacity. Meanwhile they *Hellenised* when they could not exterminate. Barbarians came there as conquerors, and their descendants to-day are more Greek than the Greeks themselves. They possess two great characteristics that have served them in the past and rendered them indomitable in servitude : patience and subtlety. These will surely lead them to ultimate success in their struggles with contending difficulties, and, rapid as has been the nation's stride through second childhood, we may believe, with these great weapons at command, that Greece is not far off a strong and dignified development.

HANNAH LYNCH.



## THE CAPACITY OF WOMEN FOR 'INDUSTRIAL UNION.

THE characteristic of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW has always been to regard new ideas without fear if they had reason to recommend them, and to permit the freest expression of conviction which had progress for its inspiration provided the public good was its tendency. The capacity of women for Unionism is one of those questions entitled to further discussion than Mr. H. Morgan Browne has accorded it. Nevertheless, his article in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for November has the merit of suggestiveness and relevancy to the need of the day. Hitherto half the human race has taken small part in public affairs, and if that half is to establish its right to act in its own interest, it can only do so by means of Unions among its members. Curiously, while the writer in question proposes a new Union, to be more comprehensive and permanent than any yet devised, he prepares the reader for it by asserting women's natural and social incapacity for doing what they have commenced to do. This is the way commonly taken by proposers of a new plan. They disparage and try to disprove the feasibility or usefulness of any and all plans but their own. The object of this brief paper is to show that women have capacity for united action, but this can be done without saying one word against the new Union suggested. There is plenty of room for larger Unions and stronger impulse of effort among women. At the same time no splendour of theory as to what might be, should cause any one to lose sight of what is, and what can be. In many directions women are making valuable self-helping efforts in establishing and sustaining Unions in their own interest, and whatever language is calculated to dishearten them is to be examined and, where ill-founded, corrected.

It is said by Mr. Morgan Browne that "Hitherto women have almost wholly failed to realise the power of a great number of people acting in unison and working for one common end." Now all the while there are associations of women displaying these very qualifications. In Mr. Morgan Browne's opinion women's associations lack "one paramount requisite . . . permanent promise of internal stability." There is but one association known to the public—that is, the Royal Academy—which possesses this "internal stability."

The "internal stability" of other associations must depend on the conviction of members that no other course is open to them, that offers so many advantages as union. All union to be worth anything must be voluntary and inspired by the ambition of self-help. The oldest of women's institutions—"The Women's Trades Union League," established in 1874—was founded on these principles. For a time all trade societies started, of men as well as of women, had provident features (many still have them), and there has always been the expectation of future advantage for present payments. All Unions have had the impulse of hope that Trade Unionism would lead to improved treatment and higher wages.

Why should women be deemed incapable of the steady enthusiasm which gives vitality to Unionism? It is not yet a century and a half since men, here and there, started Trade Societies, as in Birmingham in 1777; and very slowly the idea of Unions for the protection of industry crept into men's minds. In fact, until 1819 Unionism was illegal for men or women. It is only within the last forty years that experience has taught men the lesson; and women have not been long behind in learning it too. Nearly twenty years ago Mrs. Paterson began to teach women the art, and the "Women's Trades Union League," which she founded, has gone on increasing in repute and usefulness to this day.

In order to show the reader definitely what success has been achieved, the following examples of women's Unions may be cited. First may be mentioned the Northern Counties Amalgamated Association of Weavers, which had in 1891 a total membership of 26,000 women throughout a large number of branches; the Card and Blowing Room Operatives, 9000 women; the Mill and Factory Workers' Union of Dundee, 5000; the Women Weavers of the West Riding of Yorkshire had over 1900 at the same date; the women Cigar-makers of London, over 700; and the women of Nottingham in the same trade had 400 of their number organised, nearly the total of the women cigar-makers in that town.

The Hosiery Federation since 1891 has made a great advance in the organisation of the women in that trade, and has now about 3000 women in five branches. The Scottish Federal Union of Mill and Factory Workers has greatly increased in numbers also, and at the present time there are 2000 women in one branch alone. These figures serve to show that where the women-workers are allowed to join the men's organisations, or have had the benefit of the practical help and encouragement of the men, the success has been greatest. There is a dangerous saying that "Those who are not for us are against us," and in the case of Trade Unionism no doubt many women thought that as the men were not "for them" in their early struggles to form Societies of their own, they were therefore "against them." Now the men Trade Unionists have spoken out,

and have declared themselves "for" the women being organised, much greater progress will be made in less time.

In nearly all the trades in which women work under the sweating system, they are at the mercy of unscrupulous employers. This evil, which impairs the public health as well as that of the workers, can only be got rid of by the thorough organisation of all classes of workers, both men and women. It is absolutely necessary for the workers to combine for their own sake, as well as for that of their fellow-workers. While they remain outside a Trade Union they damage their own prospects, and at the same time hinder others from improving their condition. By means of Trade Societies, the Women's Trades Union League endeavours to protect the women's interest in their various trades; to raise their wages; to improve the quality of their work, by teaching them the necessity of honest work and the increasing demand for highly skilled work; to shorten their hours, that they may get time to educate and instruct themselves; to obtain better workrooms and greater sanitary comfort; the abolition of many unjust fines; and furnish ready information as to where work is likely to be obtained, when out of employment. All these objects are embraced by Women's Trade Societies promoted by the Women's Trades Union League.

Each year the conditions of social and industrial life cause an increasing number of women to be in a state of dependence, and the increasing public intelligence which they share, renders this dependence more and more irksome to them. They now seek employment, not only from necessity, but from the honourable ambition of self-dependence and independence. By union alone can they protect themselves. They know this now. Women's Unions are arising in every direction, and include industries in which the idea did not exist a few years ago. Women, it is admitted, see a long way at once, and the pertinacity ascribed to them should cause them to succeed. Give them equal time, and they will make more of Unionism than men have done. The Women's Trades Union League was formed to teach women the necessity of self-help by union, and the experience of nearly twenty years shows that women have a capacity for union capable of successful and indefinite development.

Those interested in the advancement of women, and the improvement of their industrial condition, are constantly discussing why more progress is not made and good results more quickly gained. But in comparing the progress made in eighteen years, the number of societies formed, and the actual number of women Trade Unionists belonging to them at the present time, with what many think *ought* to have been achieved, it should be borne in mind the great obstacle to advancement has not been want of capacity in women, but want of more aid. As a propagandist body the League already mentioned

could have accomplished a great deal more had it possessed adequate funds. In earlier years, the women needed educating and encouraging. Even now many applications for help can only be replied to by promising deferred assistance. It is hard to refuse these applications from women who at last know their need and are anxious to improve their position. The ground is ready for the seed, but the basket of the sower is empty. Had there been in hand means to do sufficient propaganda work, no question would have arisen whether women were capable of grasping the need of Trade Unions or of becoming adherents. The question would have been solved beyond dispute.

Now many ladies are beginning to study labour questions, attention will no doubt be given to Women's Trade Societies. A lady interesting herself in one society, working for its interests on the suggestion of some intelligent woman working in the trade, would understand the labour question as in no other way she could. Persons wishing to take part in private theatricals have only to make a few inquiries, and give a few days to rehearsals, to find themselves fully equipped. But to be useful or effective on the stage of labour, the performer must acquire personal knowledge of the difficulties and vicissitudes of workers, and that sort of training which comes from mixing with them. We shall have in due time qualified helpers of this kind. Thus inspired and encouraged, unions of women will attain "internal stability," and will extend and improve the condition of those almost unfriended workers. The isolated position of women has caused them to take too individualistic a view of their trade interests. Joining societies brings them into contact with others of their own trade, and through meetings and discussions their interests widen. We have had remarkable instances of this in Shoreditch even among home-workers, who, six months after they formed a society, were well acquainted with the conditions and prospects of their trade in England, and other countries.

A notable sign of the future ascendancy of industrial union among women is the recognition of its value by men. In the *Nineteenth Century* for December, in a powerful article by Mr. John Burns, occurs the following generous and discerning passage. He says: "Even more pathetic than the unemployed male-worker and industrial nomad is the workless woman or girl in search of work in a city of great distances. Trudging from shop to factory with thin boots and thinner clothes; with little food, *without the support that trades-unionism gives to men*, lacking the stimulant of association, isolated by her sex, with no organisation, often the victim of bogus registry offices, friendless and alone—she searches for work which slowly comes."

Those who would aid women in unity and self-protection may see in this pathetic picture that it is a human necessity to do it.

At first, and for a long time, men were opposed to women being employed in trades. It is no longer possible to prevent it, and men have come to see that it is their interest that women should be paid good wages, as the wages of men can thereby be better maintained. But it is only by union that the wages of women can be raised. Women, as well as men, have the capacity to understand this, and grasp the social and personal advantages of combination for self-defence. Thus the industrial unionism of women, like John Brown's soul, "is marching on," though like that soul it had a sorrowful setting out.

EMILIE A. HOLYOAKE.

# THE SANCTIONS OF MORALITY.

## II.

OUR previous examination of the more important features of the ethics of supernaturalism will now assist us in shadowing forth the development of what may be termed humanitarian ethics, for it is to development, and to the laws which condition development, that we must look for guidance in the matter. Morality is essentially progressive. The ideals of one age become transformed into the practical realities of succeeding ages. The movement of ethical theories is alternately from individualism to socialism, and back from socialism to individualism. I use these terms, of course, in their ethical rather than in their political significance ; that is, "socialism" as implying a moral unity or order which requires the submission of the individual to its authority ; and "individualism," as implying the independence of the individual and his rebellion against supposed ultimate standards of authority.<sup>1</sup> Hence the impossibility of laying down a system of morality which shall be good for all time. And yet it is this socialistic element in morality which affords a basis for the ethics of supernaturalism, for there is a body of moral doctrine, an accumulated tradition of moral experience, against which it is impossible for the individual to rebel. The moral "atmosphere" or "spirit" into which we may happen to be born helps to mould and so limit our individual character. Thus we have, on the one hand, an authoritative standard, or body of doctrine, in morals, to which the individual feels bound to submit, and, on the other hand, we have the moral independence of the individual, which reacts on the body of doctrine, adds its little mite to the traditions of moral experience, and gradually purifies such portions of the moral atmosphere as are out of harmony with man's healthiest and highest aspirations. Any consistent theory of morals must necessarily take into account these opposing movements.

In this essay, however, as we are considering the sanctions of morality in their relation to religion, we must deal mainly with the individual. Let us, then, begin by asking : What is the distinctive feature of human character ? And what are the highest and

<sup>1</sup> For a concise account of the movement of ethical theories, see Mr. S. Alexander's *Moral Order and Progress*, book ii., chap. i. Trübner & Co.

strongest incentives to moral endeavour? I think that the first, the fundamental axiom of humanitarian ethics, as distinguished from the ethics of supernaturalism is that human nature, so far from being something inherently depraved, is in reality a noble and a beautiful thing, ever striving to reach higher altitudes of moral life. It is true, indeed, that we may find instances which seem to illustrate the depravity of human nature—instances, say, of wanton cruelty to innocent children. But these may be looked upon as exceptions which prove the rule. Such conduct we rightly stigmatise as *unnatural* and *inhuman*, whilst to right and noble conduct we apply the contrary term—*humane*. It is this upward tendency of human nature which is its distinctive characteristic. But this upward tendency, or potentiality of improvement, implies an ideal of conduct or of life to which the ordinary self must stand in the relation of lower to higher. Hence, the incentives to moral endeavour must be found, not in man's personal happiness, either here or hereafter, but in the simple, yet natural desire to make the higher conception or rule of life prevail over or usurp the place of the lower. That is, the highest and most powerful incentive must be—love of the Ideal Good manifested, as of necessity it must be manifested, towards those with whom the word "good" implies relation—namely, our fellow-men. In this sense alone does the true meaning of Christ's words flash on our minds: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *Me*." In the hero and the martyr we see this exalted idea of duty manifested in its highest form; the aim of humanitarian ethics is to implant the same motives in every human heart. By large numbers of mankind, perhaps by the great majority, actions are performed merely because public opinion, or custom, requires their performance; and evil courses are avoided because the fear of social ostracism, or of losing caste with one's neighbours, acts as a deterrent. Those who are kept in the path of rectitude by these motives are on the same moral level as those who are influenced by hope of reward or fear of punishment. The ethics of the future must rise above all such motives, and must give us higher sanctions of morality. Just as in the religious life we seek to commune with the eternal source of things, so in the moral life we seek to render our lives in accordance with the highest good.

But whence, it will be asked, do we derive our ideas of what we consider to be the highest good? What is the arbiter which strikes us with compunction and misgiving even if we momentarily deflect from the ideal line of conduct we have chosen for ourselves? Or, in other words, what is the standard by which we determine what is right and what is wrong? And immediately the answer comes, to the humanitarian or evolutionist as to the supernaturalist—Conscience. But we have already seen that conscience is not always

a reliable guide; that it dictates, in different individuals, not only often conflict with prevailing conceptions of justice, but—what is more to the point—that it frequently inspires actions which the maturer and wiser judgment of humanity unhesitatingly condemns. Let us then try to ascertain how far conscience may be looked upon as a trustworthy guide. For this purpose it is necessary to ask ourselves, What is conscience? Without attempting to give a scientific definition of the word, it will be sufficient for our purpose if I define it as the sum of our inherited moral experiences by which we instinctively repudiate that which we believe to be wrong and cling to that which we believe to be right. That is, conscience may be said to bear the same relation to the moral faculties that instinct bears to the intellectual faculties. Thus the savage, without the aid of compass, strikes his way through the forest without a thought of the inextricable mazes in which the inexperienced traveller would soon lose his way; the migratory bird knows instinctively its way across the seas; the sick-room nurse moves about the sick chamber with that instinctive gentleness of touch and motion which distinguishes her from the rough intruder who is unaccustomed to the ways of the sick-room: so the upright man has an instinctive repugnance to lying, theft, cruelty, and every kind of meanness. Just as the countless experiences of preceding generations find their temporary fulfilment in the bird or the savage, so the countless experiences of preceding generations endow the upright man with what may be termed moral instinct or conscientiousness. The barbarian of prehistoric ages may not have had any scruples respecting the practice of lying or of thieving, may indeed have looked upon such practices as duties in his relations with hostile tribes. But experience would show that these methods of wrong-doing ultimately resulted in unhappiness for the community, and consequently for the individual, whose happiness is in great measure bound up with that of the community. Thus a desire for truth would gradually spring up in the mind of the savage; as he progressed towards civilisation this desire would find embodiment in his religion, and so receive to him a kind of divine sanction, every succeeding generation and every triumph over falsehood giving strength to the inherited conscientiousness, until in our own day we find the impress so strong in many minds that truthfulness is looked upon as the first duty of man to man. There are, indeed, many who would be willing to sacrifice themselves, if it were necessary, in the cause of truth or of justice, not from any intuitive feeling that such sacrifice would be in accordance with the Will of a personal Deity, but from the feeling—intuitive, if you will, in the sense of intuition arising from inherited experience—that their martyrdom would tend to the triumph of their cause and the ultimate moral elevation of the community. It is this consciousness of the binding



force of man's relations to his fellow-men, giving precedence to the welfare of the community over that of the individual, which furnishes the sense of moral obligation, and gives us the real meaning of the word "ought." Whence does this consciousness come? it may be asked. It is impossible, and indeed unnecessary, in a paper of this character, to trace in further detail the genesis of the moral consciousness. It is perhaps sufficient to say that this sense of moral obligation was probably originally derived from parental affection and the ties of family life. As a mother would naturally quiver with indignation at the sight of injury done to her child, and the father would go forth to battle to protect his family and defend his home, so the growth of the same feelings would produce a sympathy for the children of others. Indignation at the sight of unmerited suffering would pass from the *particular* to the *general*, and the warrior, in obedience to the claims of friendship, would go forth to battle, not only to protect his family and his home, but also to defend his tribe from the attack of the enemy. That this derivation of the sense of moral obligation is perfectly natural we may see by a reference to the life of the lower animals. The bear, the dog, the bird will not only defend their own young; they will, on occasion, unite for the purpose of defending others of their own species from attack. True, the sense of moral obligation here may not be so highly developed as in man; but the *germ* is there. If it is intuitive in the one case, it must be so in the other. The supernaturalists, and especially those—the great majority—who do not believe that animals have immortal souls, have to deal with the fact that some dogs are nobler than some men.

It may be objected that this theory is insufficient to account for the sense of moral obligation, that the gulf between the sanctions drawn from experience and those deduced from what is termed the intuitive recognition of the supremacy of the moral law, cannot be bridged, and that guidance by pleasures and pains fails to give us an ideal moral criterion by which to determine conduct. This objection, however, only re-introduces the metaphysical argument in another form, and brings up the question—whether ethics is prior to metaphysics, or metaphysics prior to ethics? Undoubtedly both sciences border upon each other, and there *may* be ethical questions which can only be solved by calling in the aid of metaphysics. But it would be illogical to infer from this that ethics is therefore necessarily a part of metaphysics. Moral actions—and it is these with which ethics has to deal—are usually performed without a thought of the metaphysical ideas which are implied in moral theories. The theologian would say that it is necessary to have some idea of the relation of man to God or to the universe before we can formulate a true ethical theory. But this is to read into the idea of conduct an element which it does not necessarily possess. In deter-

mining our attitude towards man we—unconsciously perhaps—determine at the same time our relation to God. Hence, moral action, *as* moral action, stands independent of metaphysics. As regards practical issues, then—and here we are seeking only practical issues—the question as to the derivation of the sense of moral obligation need not further detain us. It is undoubtedly tempting to a certain order of mind to introduce metaphysical problems into ethical science, to consider metaphysics and ethics as inextricably bound up with each other, to systematise the whole mass of physical, metaphysical, psychological, and ethical phenomena, and to present to the world a ready-made theory of the universe, all spick and span. In reality, however, ethics rests on no such foundation. It bears much the same relation to metaphysical as to theological doctrine—it takes its stand upon the facts of conduct, and judges and interprets conduct by its relation to society as a whole, leaving metaphysics to form its own conclusions as to the relation of man to the universe. The development of the moral consciousness in man is a fact with which both metaphysics and ethics are concerned, but, in estimating the bearings of this fact, it is by no means necessary that we should go to metaphysics to find a religious sanction for moral judgments. To use the words which George Eliot puts into the mouth of Romola de' Bardi: "If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm, I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes, they shall seek the forsaken." In obedience, then, to this law of development, the upright man will strive to realise his highest conception of life, will regard the perfection of his individuality, and, through this, the uplifting of the race, as his highest duty, and self-renunciation, when necessary for the good of others, as his highest ideal. Thus we see that it is not individual happiness or pleasure, in the material sense, or even utility—unless utility be taken to mean, as it was stated to mean by John Stuart Mill, the general rather than the individual good—it is none of these which forms the basal principle of humanitarian ethics; it is the desire to realise in conduct our highest conception of human life. Instead of moral endeavour being pitched on a low key, it must be pitched on a high key. And as, in the old faith, "to him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God," and righteousness "shall bring a man peace at the last," so in the new faith the workers therein shall find that in striving to realise their highest conception of life there comes a spiritual, or perhaps I should say a refined, happiness. There is, indeed, a sense in which the two faiths, in their highest aspects, blend in one, and I fancy I hear the Christian moralist exclaim: "This is the teaching of Christ under another name!" If this is the case, may we not say that the teachings of Christ

have been perverted by the Church, and that such doctrines as those of human depravity and eternal torment are the signs of a low stage of moral development?

Accepting, then, conscience as the foundation of the moral law, we are constrained to ask ourselves if this is a sufficient guide in all cases. We have already seen that it is, necessarily, an imperfect standard. In the diverse relations of life there are constantly springing up new situations and questions in the determination of which conscience is but one factor amongst others, situations in which we are perplexed as to which will be the right course to pursue. I do not mean that there should be any dallying with conscience where duty is clear and unmistakable. We instinctively feel, and reason gives confirmation to the feeling, that to be just should be our highest endeavour, but we are not always quite sure as to what constitutes justice. If, as will generally be granted, conscience is subject to the law of development, it can be a trustworthy guide only in a general sense; that is, we give a ready obedience to its dictates to be truthful and just, because the eternal rightness of such actions has been verified in numberless experiences. But in the determination of the justice of particular courses of action, another factor, reason, must enter. The savage, though having some consciousness of duty to the members of his own tribe, would have no compunction in leaving a wounded member of a hostile tribe to die of hunger in the forest. But experience, aided by reason, would show the futility of interminable strife and hostility between tribes; peaceful pursuits would take the place of warlike; constantly repeated experiences would widen the range of cases to which the dictates of conscience would be applied, thus broadening or developing this faculty into a firmer, truer, and more general guide, until, to the most highly civilised men, conscience dictates that there should be no hostile tribes or nations, but that the whole of humanity should be one great brotherhood, each unit deserving of succour according to his need.

But let us take an illustration which will throw the question into clearer light. We all know how strongly the early Christian Fathers denounced the custom of usury—that is, the taking of interest on loans, however small the percentage. According to Mr. Ruskin and the Socialists, the Fathers of the Church were right, and modern society is all wrong. Here, then, in a case in which are involved the needs of our fellows, and our duties in face of those needs, conscience, with the great majority of people, is powerless; if appealed to, it fails to give any dictate, and leaves the settlement of the right or the wrong of the case to reason, and so we have a host of economists, from Bastiat to Mr. Henry George, demonstrating, to the satisfaction of themselves and the bondholders, that interest is perfectly just. Where the interest charged, however, is excessive, as in

cases of bills of sale, conscience is often roused, and denounces it as "usury," but where the rate charged is what is termed "moderate"—the sweet simplicity of 3 per cent.—the average man pockets his dividends without scruple, and does not think of concerning himself with the question as to where "interest" ends and "usury" begins. It is quite possible, however, that, as a result of Mr. Ruskin's eloquent teaching and the pertinacity of the Socialists, the world may be brought round to their point of view, and, reason having then decided the question, we shall see conscience accepting a new moral standard—that is, becoming perfected by the accretion of new moral experiences. Instead of allowing custom to cloak its delinquencies under the pretext that it receives its dividends from the rich—the banker, the syndicate, or the joint-stock company—both reason and conscience will then aid in rousing dormant and inchoate sensibilities by pointing to the wretched lives of the individuals who create the wealth out of which interest is paid—the overworked and underpaid docker, tram-guard, tailor, and sempstress. This, however, is only one case out of many. In the daily round of life we are continually being brought into situations in which the torturing question, "*Am I doing right?*" unanswered by the helpless conscience, paralyses effective endeavour, and we find ourselves thrown back on the judgments of reason.

We see, then, that conscience may be looked upon as the general criterion or standard of moral action, but that it is subject to continual modification and development; and further, that in the particular cases in which conscience can give only a general dictum—"Do the right"—reason is called in to aid in determining what is right. Here, however, we are brought to the vexed question of the freedom of the will and moral responsibility. If man is not responsible for his actions, then, indeed, morality, in the usual sense of the word, has no conceivable basis. We may blame or praise a man for taking a particular line of conduct, but our blame or our praise must be given with the object of preventing bad or inducing good conduct, as the case may be. If he is not responsible, he is not culpable, and we can no more apply the words "good" and "bad" to him personally, as implying merit on the one hand, or fault on the other, any more than we can apply the term "moral" to a tree. We can use such terms only in reference to the acts themselves and their consequences, not with reference to the *doer*. Still, it may not be out of place to point out that, after all—on the supposition that the will is free—human responsibility is confined to an exceedingly small number of actions, comparatively speaking. We have seen that man is not wholly responsible for his beliefs, and yet, what a large number of actions spring from belief! Perhaps the only actions for which a person can be held accountable are those which he performs in opposition to his profound beliefs—that is,

when he elects to obey the promptings of low or degrading motives in opposition to those which we term high or elevating. But even here large deductions are to be made. For a moment's consideration will convince us that every man's acts are very largely dependent on organic conditions. Inherited tendencies, prejudices, habits, and passions act on the mental organisation of every individual. Then, again, there are outward circumstances—temptations, immoral surroundings, imperfect training—in a word, environment: all these the moral faculty has to struggle against as best it may. We see, then, how little room there is left for moral responsibility. We say with an easy jauntiness that lying and theft are wrong; but the moment we are brought to a concrete instance we are dumb—there is so much that we do not know, we feel ourselves in the dark, we suspend judgment. We punish the offender for his offence against the well-being of society; but at the bar of judgment none shall be his accuser, for none can know the depth and power of the inherited passions, motives, and controlling impulses which impelled him to action.

Despite these considerations, however, we are forced to the conclusion that to a certain extent, however small, man is morally responsible for his actions. The very element of consciousness leads us to look upon the determinants of the conduct of a man, and the determinants of the course of a tree or a stone—in which this element is of course absent—as wholly different in kind. We say that man has a power of reasoning, of deliberation, of fixing his attention on certain thoughts, of weighing and balancing motives, all which really constitute a power of self-control. And it is this power of self-control which denotes the *relative* freedom of the Will. This, at any rate, we assume in our systems of training and education, and perhaps it would not be wise to follow the advice of the late J. Cotter Morrison, who, without mincing the matter, tells us that “the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education.”<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, we should do well to modify our theories of moral education, and approach the questions of human freedom and moral responsibility, not solely, as hitherto, from the general point of view, but from the standpoint of the individual. That is, the question should be, not whether the Will of man is free, but rather, What power of self-control has he? or, To what extent is character dependent on organic conditions and environment? Questions, the answer to which depends, in any given case, on the mental constitution of the individual concerned, there being, as already observed, inherited tendencies in each individual organisation, which tendencies limit volitional action, and make it, to a greater or less extent, the slave of innate passions and prejudices. Thus the evil-doer, impelled by momentary passion, or led into evil courses by

<sup>1</sup> *The Service of Man*, p. 215. Third edition.

inherited weakness or instability of moral character, cannot be said to be as free as one who has inherited a strong mental organisation, who can judge coolly and impartially, and who, by an effort of will, can check the flow of passion. Surely no one will contend that the drunkard who has inherited his craving for intoxicants from a race of debauchees, and whose will is powerless to resist outward temptations and innate cravings and impulses, is as "free" or as morally responsible for his actions as one whose character and organisation are untainted by such inherited tendencies. The same reasoning will apply to every phase of moral character. We do not think of judging those who are mentally weak, or those who are ignorant of the difference between right and wrong, by the same standard as that by which we judge those who are aware of these differences, and who are gifted with a strong mental organisation. All this seems to imply not only that the Will is relatively free, but that this freedom varies with varying mental organisation—the greatest power of deliberation, of self-control, giving in any given case the greatest conditional freedom.

But the moment we make the slightest concession to the doctrine of human freedom and moral responsibility, we are brought face to face with the law of causation. We are bound to believe that every event, mental or physical, is the effect of antecedent conditions. Neither are we much helped by the suggestion that the causation which obtains in the moral world is different in kind from that which obtains in the physical world. Causation is causation, whether applied to mental or to physical states. We cannot rid ourselves of the consciousness of "antecedent conditions," or what is termed "the cohesion of psychical states." If, then, the mental organisation is as subject to environment and the law of heredity as is the physical organisation—or, in other words, if moral evil is the result of moral disease, just as physical pain is the result of physical disease—why should we praise a man for being morally healthy, virtuous, and heroic, any more than for being in sound physical health?

It has been maintained that the law of causation is not incompatible with moral responsibility. Professor Huxley, for example, in his work on Hume, says: "So far from necessity destroying moral responsibility, it is the foundation of all praise and blame."<sup>1</sup> And again: "A man's moral responsibility for his acts has, in fact, nothing to do with the causation of these acts, but depends on the frame of mind which accompanies them."<sup>2</sup> But, with all due deference to Professor Huxley, it may be asked, on what does the "frame of mind" depend? And if the "frame of mind" depends on inheritance—that is, has been transmitted, say to A, by preceding generations—how can it be said that manifestation of *caused* passion by A—the causes being admittedly outside his control—is morally

<sup>1</sup> *Hume*, p. 198.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 192.

wrong, or that he "ought" to control it. Professor Huxley wishes, apparently, to close the controversy by giving a narrow definition of the word "liberty" as applied to volitional actions, for he approvingly quotes Hume thus: "By liberty, then, we can only mean a *power of acting or not acting according to the determinations of the will*; that is, if we choose to remain at rest, we may; if we choose to move, we also may. Now, this hypothetical liberty is universally allowed to belong to every one who is not a prisoner and in chains. Here, then, is no subject of dispute."<sup>1</sup> But this definition the advocates of the doctrine of free-will will by no means accept. It is merely tantamount to saying that the physical organisation has power to register or carry into effect the decisions of the mind, which, indeed, no one doubts. But this is not the question. Neither Hume nor Professor Huxley goes far enough back. The question is not whether we have a power to register mental decisions by outward action, or, in other words, "a power of acting or not acting according to the determinations of the will," but rather, is the will free to determine *what* acts the physical organisation shall enregister? I can, if I choose, raise my hand. That none will dispute. But the raising of my hand is the result of a mental decision. That mental decision is arrived at, or is caused, by some prior consideration, say the present discussion. The same holds good even if, after all, I do not choose to raise my hand. The chain of causes is unbroken. The question, then, is this—Can the will be said to be free when any given mental decision is the result of a series of determining causes *some of which lie outside the range of consciousness*? And if the will is not free, if mental decisions are formed *for* man and not *by* man, how can he be said to be morally responsible for those decisions, or for the acts consequent on them? This is the problem which has never been solved.

But our difficulties do not end here. They surround the advocate of the doctrine of free-will as completely as they surround the necessarian. Let us grant for a moment that an uncaused volition is conceivable—which it clearly is not—then surely such a volition cannot be held morally accountable any more than an imbecile or a demented person can be held accountable for his vagaries. Professor Huxley well observes that "the very idea of responsibility implies the belief in the necessary connection of certain actions with certain states of the mind. . . . If a man is found by the police busy with 'jemmy' and dark lantern at a jeweller's shop door overnight, the magistrate before whom he is brought the next morning reasons from those effects to their causes in the fellow's burglarious ideas and volitions with perfect confidence, and punishes him accordingly. And it is quite clear that such a proceeding would be grossly unjust

<sup>1</sup> Hume, pp. 190, 191.

if the links of the logical process were other than necessarily connected together."<sup>1</sup>

On this point Professor Clifford is still more emphatic. "To deprive us of the scientific method [with reference to human action] is," he says, "practically to deprive us of morals altogether."<sup>2</sup> And in enforcing this contention, he says: "Let us endeavour to conceive an action which is not determined in any way by the character of the agent. If we ask, 'What makes it to be that action and no other?' we are told, 'The man's Ego.' The words are here used, it seems to me, in some non-natural sense, if in any sense at all. One thing makes another to be what it is when the character of the two things are connected together by some general statement or rule. But we have to suppose that the character of the action is not connected with the character of the Ego by any general statement or rule. With the same Ego and the same circumstances of all kinds anything within the limits imposed by the circumstances may happen at any moment. I find myself unable to conceive any distinct sense in which responsibility could apply in this case; nor do I see at all how it would be reasonable to use praise or blame. If the action does not depend on the character, what is the use of trying to alter the character?"<sup>3</sup> In support of his argument Professor Clifford quotes Sir William Hamilton as follows: "Nay, were we even to admit as true, what we cannot think as possible, still the doctrine of a motiveless volition would be only casualism; and the free acts of an indifferent are, morally and rationally, as worthless as the pre-ordered passions of a determined will. . . . That, though inconceivable, a motiveless volition would, if conceived, be conceived as morally worthless, only shows our impotence more clearly. . . . Is the person an *original undetermined* cause of the determination of his will? If he be not, then he is not a *free agent*, and the scheme of necessity is admitted. If he be, in the first place, it is impossible to *conceive* the possibility of this; and in the second, if the fact, though inconceivable, be allowed, it is impossible to see how a cause, undetermined by any motive, can be a rational, moral, and accountable cause."<sup>4</sup> In spite of this clear statement of the case, however, Hamilton affirms that the scheme of necessity is inconceivable, because it leads to an infinite non-commencement, and that the possibility of morality depends on the possibility of liberty, for if man be not a free agent he has no moral responsibility at all. All which, if it shows nothing else, certainly shows the very dense mental fog we are all in.

In what relation, then, must humanitarian ethics stand to the question of human freedom and moral responsibility. First of all,

<sup>1</sup> *Hume*, p. 192.

<sup>2</sup> *Right and Wrong: the Scientific Ground of their Distinction: a Lecture.* P. 33.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 30, 31.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 31, 32.



such a system of ethics must take its stand upon the facts of consciousness, however irreconcilable these *appear* to be. Recognising the uniformity of nature in human action as well as in the outward physical world, and the fact that, under any circumstances, man's character is largely dependent on the influences of heredity and environment, it will hesitate to pronounce judgment upon the culpability of any action, and will give due attention to the suitability of environment for producing certain types of character. Instead of relying upon the will as the sole or even the principal instrument of moral reformation—as a sincere believer in the doctrine of the freedom of the will is logically bound to do—it will give primary attention to the education of the moral and intellectual faculties, or, in other words, to the cultivation of human nature. On the other hand, it will also recognise the fact that there is a vital difference between causation in the physical world and causation in human thought and action, between the determination of non-sentient things by outward causes and the determination of living and reasoning beings—a difference occasioned by the very fact of consciousness. A stone is determined by purely external causes; a rational being is determined by internal as well as external causes. The impelling powers or influences of external causes may be said to centre or converge in the mind of man; the mind has power to review, to weigh, to consider them; it thus becomes itself a *factor* in the ultimate determining cause. Hence arises the power of self-control. The mind, properly educated, fixes its attention upon a given object, and keeps that object in view as the end to which it will attain. By this means bad habits may be gradually but slowly overcome and good ones formed. Here is a basis, however narrow, for moral self-improvement. There is a kind of restricted or conditioned freedom which, as I have already said, varies with each individual, some, with weak will, being apparently the mere quips and sports of fate; others, with stronger will, holding themselves well in hand, weighing motives, controlling impulses, guiding passions, directing conduct.

This, then, must be the relation of humanitarian ethics to the questions of causation, human freedom, and moral responsibility—that the law of causation, or uniformity of nature in human action as in physical phenomena, is an undoubted fact; that self-control is a factor in causation and implies a conditioned freedom of the will; that moral responsibility, in varying degree, springs from this power of self-control; and that, therefore, it is the duty of society to so order the environment of the individual that outward causes shall tend to produce the highest type of character, such types, by increasing power of self-control, attaining greater relative freedom of volition. This, of course, does not in any sense pretend to be a reconciliation of the doctrines of freedom and necessity, but is merely a statement,

in the light of present knowledge, of the relation of ethics to important psychological questions affecting our judgment of human conduct. The solution of the problem—if it ever can be solved—must be left to the wider knowledge of a more enlightened age.

And now we can return to the consideration of our main thesis. We have already seen that conscience must be regarded as the general criterion of moral conduct, but that it is subject to continual modification and development. We have seen also that reason is a determining factor in the evolution of conduct. And, in addition to the promptings of conscience and the voice of reason, we may add another factor which often over-rides the dictates of reason—that is, sympathy, or emotional feeling. Some moralists have regarded sympathy not merely as an element entering into the formation of conscience, but as the basis of the moral sense. That there is a vital difference between the two is, I think, quite clear. Conscience may be said to be that which has to do with the rightness or wrongness of thoughts and actions, and is imperative in its character, while sympathy is that quality which is called forth independently of the higher processes of thought, and is characterised by a natural feeling of affection or attraction, rather than by a power to formulate imperative dictates. We instinctively shudder at the sight of cruelty, without a mental reference either to conscience or to reason to ascertain whether our sympathetic feeling towards the sufferer is based on right and adequate grounds. That sympathy requires conscience and reason as aids and correctives in the determination of conduct is apparent, for it is frequently the case that when the grounds of punishment become known sympathy is diverted from those who are undergoing punishment to those who are inflicting it. Sympathy, then, may be regarded, not as the basis of the moral sense, but as one of the “collateral associations” which go to the formation of conscience; hence the necessity for giving it its due place in the development of character and the determination of conduct.

Thus we have, without any need for reference to the ethical theories of supernaturalism, a sufficient, and, as far as in the nature of the case lies, a complete natural guide to moral conduct. To those who wish for an infallible authoritative standard of morality the theory outlined in this essay will appear inadequate for the guidance of man. But an *infallible* authority fallible man cannot possess. The first acceptance of any standard by the human mind must be, to a large extent, dependent on reason and observation, and these, in their turn, on the varying mental states of different individual minds, thus introducing at once the element of fallibility; if its acceptance is not dependent on reason and observation, then it is evidently based on unverified assumptions.

Having thus shown the basis of what may be termed the internal or subjective sanctions and impelling motives to moral endeavour, it

remains for us to point out the principal outward or objective stimuli, which, in their turn, impel man to consider the good of others independently of the consequences to himself. Space will not allow me, nor perhaps is it desirable at the close of an essay, to trace the growth of the altruistic feelings in man. Both Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer have, I think, clearly demonstrated the natural connection which exists between egoism and altruism, and have shown how the welfare of the individual is bound up with the welfare of all,<sup>1</sup> the idea of individual interest thus naturally expanding and developing until it generates the idea of family, tribal, and collective interest, and lastly, the idea of the welfare of humanity. "By virtue of his superior intelligence, even apart from his superior range of sympathy, a human being is capable of apprehending a community of interest between himself and the human society of which he forms a part, such that any conduct which threatens the security of the society generally is threatening to his own. The same superiority of intelligence, joined to the power of sympathising with human beings generally, enables him to attach himself to the collective idea of his tribe, his country, or mankind in such a manner that any act hurtful to them rouses his instinct of sympathy, and urges him to resistance."<sup>2</sup> The idea of human welfare needs only to be reinforced by a simple fact in nature to furnish every needful external or objective stimulus to moral endeavour, and the only needful incentive to realising the highest ideal of moral life; the fact—which indeed is a mere truism, but is nevertheless in the moral life frequently ignored—that cause and effect are indissolubly interlinked, that every thought, every word, and every action leaves its indelible impress not only on our own lives, but on the lives of others also, every single thought and action being the root, as it were, of other thoughts and other actions, and these influencing other and future lives for ever in ways of which we have no conception. And further, every thought and every action produces its corresponding good or evil effect. Even if it be a mere fleeting and momentary desire, the stir of a secret impulse, which vanishes ere it breaks into outward action, that impulse is woven into the very texture of our being, and produces its influence in our own life, and so on surrounding individuals; or, by the law of heredity, its effect is transmitted, through us, to the after-generations to whom we impart our life. Thus, what has been well termed "the solitary life of the soul" is as much a matter of concern to the humanitarian as it is to the orthodox theologian. We need not the inspiration of faith to tell us that the fruit of our service to humanity will be eternal; we know this to be the unalterable course of nature. Every thought and every action has either a good or an evil influence! A sanction for morality? Here is

<sup>1</sup> See Mill's *Utilitarianism*, chap. v., and Spencer's *Data of Ethics*.

<sup>2</sup> Mill, *Utilitarianism*, p. 77 (eleventh edition).

the divinest sanction! Is it, indeed, of no consequence to each one of us that our deeds carry with them joy and gladness, or, on the other hand, that they bring sorrow and suffering in their train? Is it of no moment that our suffering brothers and sisters appeal to us, even though indirectly, in vain? Can we, in our wrong-doing, stifle the accusing voices which rise to remind us of what we *might* have done in the opportunity which has gone for ever? Nay, not so. We know in our heart of hearts, because we have been taught by bitterest experience, that the fruit of selfishness, bringing misery and perhaps death to others, is ashen in our hands as we grasp it; whilst the fruit of righteousness is imperishable as the amaranth, giving promise eternal of living power and beauty for others, and, perchance, containing within itself the potency of richest and highest life for ourselves. "The fruition of our service is eternal!" This is the watch-cry of the higher morality. For if any man dare to stand on the brink of futurity and commit an action which he knows will have an evil influence, that man at once brands his conscience with the indelible impress of conscious wrongdoing, and his act and its consequences form his own condemnation. For he elects corruption rather than purity, evil instead of good, darkness instead of light, the fleeting illusions engendered by the gratification of the lower self, in place of the enduring verities of truth and justice. Time is the recording angel, and eternity is the book; every thought and every action are graven in that book, neither are there any erasures there, save those which are slowly worn away by the hidden sufferings and secret sorrows of those who have to purge their souls of the evil influence.

Thus do we find our sanctions of moral endeavour, simple, clear, and unmistakable, in the needs of our common humanity. The calls of our fellow-men are imperious and commanding, and the necessity for obedience will remain as long as sorrow and suffering shall endure:

"Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*  
Sits there no judge in heaven our sin to see?  
*More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!*  
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*  
*If we, then, too, can be such men as He!"*

Saddened and oppressed by the silence of the Eternal, we feel the greater need for sympathy and communion with the human. And who knows but that in this way alone we may ultimately attain to communion with the Supreme? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" Strange how some of the most beautiful sayings of Christ, read by the light of the doctrines of the New Reformation, become clear to our minds, fraught with a truer, a higher, a holier meaning! "Purity in heart"—that is the spirit of God manifested in human life, and the Kingdom of Heaven is indeed "within" us.

LAON RAMSEY.

# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

So large an amount of geological literature is issued from the press year by year that it is quite impossible for the student to keep pace with it; we are, therefore, glad to welcome the second volume of Mr. Blake's *Annals of British Geology*,<sup>1</sup> containing abstracts of all books and papers published in 1891. The compiler is to be congratulated on his success in dealing single-handed with so difficult a task, and it is only because we hope that so useful an annual may be continued that we feel bound to offer the following criticisms. The proposed increase of price for the next annual volume will be fatal, we are afraid, to the continuance of the series, for few scientific men care unnecessarily to cumber their shelves with thick volumes, or to expend more than a few shillings on annuals of this character. Instead of an increase of bulk and price, we would suggest that in future the not very satisfactory plates might well be omitted, and that the reprinting of page after page of mere lists of fossils is quite unnecessary. The student is bound to refer to the original sources for the figures of fossils and for the lists, and in an annual all we really want is a good abstract of the contents of each book or paper.

After the death of the venerable Woodwardian Professor of Geology at the University of Cambridge, a triennial prize was founded for the best essay on a given geological subject. Of these "Sedgwick Prize Essays" two, those for 1886 and 1892, have just been published, and this is a fitting opportunity for estimating the success of the endeavour to encourage original research. Prize essays, as a rule, we do not notice; but these Sedgwick Essays aim at, and reach, a standard decidedly above that attained by the ordinary doctor's thesis of the German university. Whether the credit be due to the efficient teaching of geology at Cambridge, or to the natural tendency of students with a scientific bias to gravitate to that University, it is certainly the fact that Cambridge turns out some of our best-trained observers, and among them we find the names of several winners of this still youthful honour. Each winner

<sup>1</sup> *Annals of British Geology*, 1891. A Digest of the Books and Papers published during the Year, with Occasional Notes. By J. F. Blake, M.A., F.G.S. With six plates. London: Dulau & Co. 1892.

of the Sedgwick prize thus far has made a mark, though we have to regret the early death of two of them, including Thomas Roberts, the writer of one of the essays now before us.

The subject given for 1886 was the "*Jurassic Rocks of the Neighbourhood of Cambridge*,"<sup>1</sup> and by careful patient work Roberts succeeded in tracing and correlating the various zones in the great mass of clay which forms the floor of the country around that town. Any one who has had to geologize in a flat clay country will know that such a task is not easy, nor, however valuable may be the results, are they likely to appear commensurate with the labour involved.

The second Essay, by Mr. A. C. Seward,<sup>2</sup> is on one of the most difficult questions that could well have been chosen, and we feel grave doubts as to the wisdom of selecting a subject so extremely speculative, and about which so little is really known. Mr. Seward, however, has evaded the danger of committing himself to wild theories, and has mainly devoted his time to giving a good account of what has been written, and to making a clear abstract of the extremely varied opinions held by different writers. No doubt this digest will be most useful to future inquirers; but the essay unpleasantly reminds one of the remark made by a lady student who, replying to a question as to why she had taken up so unsatisfactory a subject as geology, observed that it was a delightful science, for no other equalled it in the large return of theory on a small investment of fact. That is a libel; but no one reading Mr. Seward's outline would be inclined to say so, for we find even modern botanists speculating on the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere during former geological periods—just as if there is any known botanical test by which we can distinguish a plant grown in an atmosphere containing only a third of one per cent. of that gas, from another plant, probably an extinct species, which may have had an available supply ten times as great, or of only a tenth of the amount.

Other favourite speculations relate to the size and texture of fossil leaves, as tests of the former existence of a warm climate in what are now cold latitudes. Here we are on safer ground, for it seems quite impossible that the fossil evergreens found in Greenland and Spitzbergen could have flourished in any but a mild climate, especially when in Tertiary deposits we meet with such characteristic warm-temperate genera as oleanders, laurels, figs, eucalyptus, and tree-ferns. Deposits of still more recent date, in Britain and in Central Europe, yield remains of living species of plants now confined to the Arctic regions. Here the botanical evidence of former

<sup>1</sup> *The Jurassic Rocks of the Neighbourhood of Cambridge*. Being the Sedgwick Prize Essay for 1886. By the late Thomas Roberts, M.A., F.G.S. Cambridge: at the University Press. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Fossil Plants as Tests of Climate*. Being the Sedgwick Prize Essay for the year 1892. By A. C. Seward, M.A., F.G.S. Cambridge: at the University Press. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 1892.

changes of climate is overwhelming, even if the plants were not found associated with the bones of Arctic animals, and with the moraines of extinct glaciers.

A proposal has been made to accept as a test of the former alternation of summer and winter the so-called "annual rings" in the wood of fossil plants. Such rings of growth occur even in the oldest known plants, such as the problematical *Nematophycus* of the Silurian period. It is well known, however, that annual rings in living plants may have nothing to do with alternating summer and winter; they are often due merely to the varying rate of growth in the wood at the fruiting season and at the period of shedding leaves. Even in those tropical countries where the temperature is practically uniform from month to month, the wood of many trees tends to form well-marked annual rings, for a continuous flowering and fruiting season all the year round is the exception, not the rule.

*The Chemistry of Life and Health*<sup>1</sup> is only a small volume, but it is good throughout. Electing to deal only with those facts which are fundamental, and which bear directly upon problems of health, the author has not allowed himself to be drawn away from the serious aspect of his subject in order to indulge in vague and more attractive generalities. His object has been rather to furnish thoughtful and intelligent readers, such, for example, as those who attend "Extension Lectures," with a knowledge of the elementary scientific truths which are necessary for the comprehension of works on hygiene and the general physical well-being of mankind. The utility of such knowledge is becoming more generally recognised every day, and every effort to supply it in a handy form, and in a clear and simple style as in the volume before us, deserves a cordial recognition. The author has made an excellent choice of topics, and gives prominence to the chemistry of the atmosphere, water, and the carbon compounds, and is particularly emphatic on the spread of disease by impure water. Naturally there is much here that is familiar even to students of elementary science; but the author gives the facts a more pointed application to the conditions of health and comfort than is usual in the ordinary students' text-books. The accounts of the physiological processes of digestion, and the use of bread, meat, milk, tea, and alcohol, as articles of diet, are exceptionally good, and are marked by a recognition of the points on which detailed information is most frequently wanted. There is also a good chapter on ventilation, which strikes us as superior to anything we have previously seen in so small a compass, and which may be commended for the discrimination which it exhibits in dealing with the various systems which are already in operation. It is not pretended that any one of these matters is dealt with in an

<sup>1</sup> "University Extension Series." *The Chemistry of Life and Health*. By C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc. London: Methuen & Co.

exhaustive fashion ; but it may be confidently claimed that they are considered in a way that ensures accuracy and reliability, and that will give the student a firm foundation on which a superstructure of further knowledge may be easily and pleasantly built up. The book is well illustrated, and, like most of Methuen's publications, is well printed and neatly bound.

We have already expressed our opinion<sup>1</sup> of the merits and demerits of this volume,<sup>2</sup> and see no reason to modify the same on the appearance of a second edition under a new title. The present issue is practically a reprint of the first edition with a new preface and the addition of a few pages of observations on temperature and deep sea conditions, which were not previously included. The latter call for no comment, but the preface is in some respects a curious one. Its relevancy to the contents of the volume is not obvious, and it puts forward some novel definitions of the terms, soul, life, and spirit, which we fancy will greatly puzzle both psychologists and theologians alike. We do not propose to aid in the circulation of these definitions further than to say that the soul is regarded as "an internal power called into being by and through maternal influence," and as capable of growth "*pari passu* with the growth of the body." We may be mistaken, but we are certainly of opinion that this kind of writing, and, indeed, the whole preface, detracts from rather than enhances whatever merits the book originally possessed.

Dr. Campbell's *Text-Book of Elementary Biology*<sup>3</sup> has much in common with other works on the same subject ; but it differs from most of them in a few minor points. In the first place it is not exclusively occupied with the description of concrete types of animals and plants, but contains chapters of a more general character on Protoplasm, Cells, Cell-Division, Reproduction, Early Stages of Development, and the Massing of the Cells to form Tissues. There are also chapters on the general structure of Vertebrates, Invertebrates and Plants ; but these are very brief, and on this account are more or less unsatisfactory. The descriptions of typical animals and plants are somewhat fuller, but they are for the most part restricted to those selected by the Conjoint Board of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons for their examination in Elementary Biology. Hence the range is not a very wide one, and the volume is likely to be used chiefly by those who are satisfied to go through the very lowest minimum of biological work. An examination of the volume will reveal the fact that the treatment is somewhat unequal, the animal part, though not free from defects,

<sup>1</sup> WESTMINSTER REVIEW, September 1891.

<sup>2</sup> *Past and Future, being a Second Edition of Saturn's Kingdom ; or, Fable and Fact.* By Charles Moore Jessop. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Text-Book of Elementary Biology.* By H. J. Campbell, M.D. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York : Macmillan & Co.



being, on the whole, better done than the vegetable. We doubt, indeed, whether any one will obtain from it an adequate idea of the biology of plants, or of the important part which plants have played in building up our knowledge of the phenomena of life generally. Had the author confined himself to the animal side of the subject, with which he appears to be more familiar, and relegated the plants to a competent botanist, a far more satisfactory text-book might have been the result. But there is also to be noticed a lack of perspicuity, and even accuracy on matters of fundamental and general importance, which one scarcely expected in a work of this nature. This is well illustrated by the chapter on Protoplasm, which, we fear, will leave but a very hazy notion in the mind of the student of the remarkable properties of the "physical basis of life," as Huxley has called it. Moreover, if we understand the statement aright, it is not correct to say that its continual need of oxygen gas "of necessity make protoplasm a strong reducing or deoxidising agent." Then, in referring to chlorophyll corpuscles and their functions, the author tells us that "in some plants, as in the bladder wrack, the green colour is obscured by the presence of a differently coloured cell sap" (!), a statement which the merest tyro may disprove without the slightest difficulty. Turning to the illustrations, we can speak more favourably, as they are numerous, and, with few exceptions, good and effective. For the most part they are taken from the works of standard authorities, and on this account add much to the value of the volume.

Colonel Swinhoe's *Catalogue of Eastern and Australian Lepidoptera Heterocera*<sup>1</sup> in the Oxford University Museum is a welcome and valuable addition to our entomological literature. As we learn from the preface, it has been produced at the request of Professor Westwood, and under the orders and sanction of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, and one cannot but regret that it was not taken in hand years ago. The Oxford collection of moths is to a large extent a collection of the types of Hope, Saunders, Walker, and Moore, and is therefore of great scientific value, not merely to Oxford students, but to entomologists generally. Moreover, it contains the Walkarian types of the moths collected by Wallace in the Malay Archipelago, which, we understand, have been lost sight of and forgotten for many years, all for want of a catalogue of reference. It seems difficult to understand how such a state of things came to exist; but, at any rate, every one will rejoice that it is being brought to an end. Thus far Colonel Swinhoe has only dealt with the Sphingæ and the Bombycæ, but we may hope that the remaining groups will be dealt with without delay. In the performance of his

<sup>1</sup> *Catalogue of Eastern and Australian Lepidoptera Heterocera in the Collection of the Oxford University Museum.* By Colonel Swinhoe, F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.E.S. Part I. Sphingæ and Bombycæ. With eight plates. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

task he has had the exceptional advantage of being able to take out specimens for comparison with those of other museums, and thus ensure in a higher degree than usual the correctness of his determinations. There is a considerable number of new species, and these have been very carefully described and figured in the plates at the end. These plates are eight in number, and contain nearly 150 beautifully coloured figures of the new and other species, which are very accurately and effectively represented.

For several years Mr. Galton has been engaged in the study of finger prints, and has already published three or four interesting memoirs dealing with them from special points of view. In a new work on the subject<sup>1</sup> he has given them a more thorough and systematic treatment, presenting as complete a view of them as is at present possible, and embodying the results and conclusions to which his latest researches have led him. That so much should be made of the fine papillary ridges which characterise the epidermis of the finger-tips may seem strange to the uninitiated, but a perusal of this volume will convince the reader that they not only have a high theoretical importance for the light they shed on certain biological problems, but as a means of personal identification are of considerable practical utility. The plan of the volume is an excellent one, and the style and method are all that the most rigorous scientist can desire. From a brief historical survey it appears that even in ancient times the use of finger prints was not unknown, and that they were employed by Sir W. Herschel for official purposes in several departments at Hooghley in 1877. So far as we are aware, however, there has been little scientific discussion of them until Mr. Galton undertook their investigation, and the present work may therefore be welcomed as the only one of any authoritative value.

As a preliminary to the study of the patterns presented by the ridges of the finger-tips, rapid and accurate methods of printing them is a prime necessity, and to these Mr. Galton devotes one of the earlier chapters. The classification of the patterns comes next, and this appears to have proved a task of considerable difficulty. In the end, a threefold classification into arches, loops, and whorls was adopted; and though it is admitted that there is some artificiality about it, owing to the existence of intermediate patterns, it was found extremely serviceable for many of the purposes in view. For the rest, more refined subdivisions are necessary, which are described at length, and ultimately we get a number of genera whose characters are carefully defined. These matters disposed of, the author proceeds to consider several important questions which are more or less definitely settled by the investigation. The first of these is that of the persistence of the patterns formed by the papillary ridges. In

<sup>1</sup> *Finger Prints*. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

discussing it the author displays a caution combined with boldness which reminds us of Darwin's treatment of the origin of species, and in the end reaches conclusions that are not a little remarkable. On grounds which seem amply sufficient, he finds that the ridges in question retain all their peculiarities unchanged throughout life, coming into existence before birth and remaining after death until effaced by decomposition. He points out, however, that the persistence is not in the proportions of the patterns, the measurements varying at different periods, but in the minutiae and their general characters. Even the marks on the fingers of many Egyptian mummies and on the paws of stuffed monkeys still remain unaltered in these respects, and "there appear to be no external bodily characteristics other than deep scars and tattoo marks, comparable in their persistence to these markings, whether they be on the finger or on the parts of the palmar surface of the hand or on the sole of the foot." This being so, it is obvious that finger prints have some value as a means of personal identification, and this the author endeavours to estimate numerically. The result is only approximative, but the broad fact is established "that a complete or nearly complete accordance between two prints of a single finger, and vastly more so between the prints of two or more fingers, affords evidence requiring no corroboration that the persons from whom they were made are the same."

The next subjects considered are the peculiarities of the different digits as regards the patterns they display, and the methods of indexing finger prints, so that they may be both easily described and easily found when kept among many others. We then come to the practical result of the whole inquiry—namely, its possible use as a means of differentiating a man from his fellows. The chapter devoted to the discussion of this leaves no room for doubt that if facilities existed for taking finger prints well and cheaply by competent persons, they might be used for personal identification with even more confidence than any of the methods employed at present in criminal and other investigations. Of more theoretical, but still of unquestionable importance, are the discussions of the questions of hereditary transmission, and the value of the patterns as indications of race and temperament. From the evidence adduced it is concluded that, at least qualitatively, the patterns are transmissible by descent, and in this the influence of the mother, as first observed by Mr. F. Howard Collins, appears to preponderate over that of the father. The anticipations that they would afford racial distinctions were not, however, confirmed.

In closing the volume, we do so with the conviction that as a piece of research it is of the highest order of merit, and that the practical bearings of the results are in no degree inferior to their theoretical significance.

In this charming volume<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baring Gould takes us back to the origin of things, customs, and superstitions which are so familiar to modern life that few of us ever trouble to think that they had any origin at all, or that there has been anything strange or eventful in their subsequent history. To lovers of folklore the book will need no commendation further than to say that it is a valuable contribution to their favourite study, and is evidently the outcome of much painstaking labour. The opening chapter, on "Foundations," shows how the widespread aversion to be the first to enter a new building, the stories of haunted houses, &c., are to be traced back to the custom of remote times, when a sacrifice of some sort was offered on laying the foundation of a building and at its completion. A similar origin is found for the quaint and curious "gables" met with in the buildings of many countries, while "four-post bedsteads," as well as "coffins" for the dead, are shown to be the descendants of the press-beds of Scandinavia, and to have come to us with the "hardy Norseman." The "umbrella," on the other hand, comes from the East, where people live under a burning sun, and to whom therefore shade is agreeable. Its origin is to be found in the custom of kings giving audience and delivering judgment under trees, which, while affording shade, came to be symbolic of majesty. Then, when these functions came to be performed indoors, the symbolism of the tree was represented by the canopy within the palace, and by the umbrella when the sovereign went abroad. The cupola, or dome, of the king's palace is traced to the same origin, as is also the dome of temples and churches, so that, as the author puts it, the umbrellas that pass in the rain under the dome of St. Paul's are its poor relations, and both are a reminiscence of the original tree. These references will give some idea of the nature of the volume, and we only need to add that among other "survivals" dealt with in a similar manner are "dolls," "broadside ballads," "riddles," "the gallows," and "raising the hat."

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

WE have received from the Clarendon Press two handsome volumes, containing Mr. J. A. Stewart's *Notes on the Nichomachean Ethics*.<sup>2</sup> These volumes will be found an invaluable aid to teachers and students, and a fit companion to every reader of the *Ethics*. The

<sup>1</sup> *Strange Survivals. Some Chapters in the History of Man.* By S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes on the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle.* By J. A. Stewart, M.A. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

notes presuppose an acquaintance with the text, but are, nevertheless, so full that by themselves they convey a very fair conception of the teaching contained in the *Ethics*. Mr. Stewart, having restrained himself from writing preliminary essays, has put all he has to say into the notes, which thus assume the form of a commentary. An "argument" is prefixed to each chapter, which contains a *résumé* of the original contents, and is a substitute for the text. Mr. Stewart's scholarship is more particularly displayed in the critical apparatus, which brings before the reader the various readings and the interpretation of difficult or disputed passages. Where the author differs from other authorities, ample and generally satisfactory reasons are given for his own interpretation. The mass of matter thus treated is so great that it is impossible to enter into details, but every page bears evidence of close study, unwearied industry, and a warm appreciation of the Master. Some of the longer comments are highly interesting in themselves, and the work will be found useful even to those who do not read Aristotle in the original. With regard to other workers in the same field, Mr. Stewart acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Bywater's edition, as well as to Professor Susemihl's critical edition. To Grant is due a recognition for philosophical suggestions contained in his *Essays*, and Dr. Rassow's *Forschungen über die Nicomachische Ethik* contributed its share; of translators whom the author found helpful he mentions Stahr, Williams, and especially Peters. Many other sources of information are acknowledged, and it will be seen that Mr. Stewart has used every available means to make his Notes as complete and trustworthy as possible.

Lovers of philosophy will give a hearty welcome to E. S. Haldane's translation of Hegel's lectures.<sup>1</sup> Hegel lectured in all nine times on the History of Philosophy, in Jena 1805-1806, Heidelberg 1816-1817 and 1817-1818, and the other six times in Berlin between the years 1819 and 1830. Of these courses, Hegel only committed the last, that delivered in Jena, to writing; other courses were delivered from short extracts or extempore; annotations and miscellaneous notes help to fill up the gaps. The present translation is of the *Geschichte der Philosophie*, prepared by Michelet, who was himself one of Hegel's pupils, from all available sources. The substance of the lectures consists, first, of an Introduction of nearly one hundred and fifty pages explanatory of the author's general conception of his subject, including an account of the Oriental (Chinese and Indian) philosophy. The first part of the main history contained in this present volume embraces Greek philosophy from Thales to the Cynics. Whether Hegel's account of ancient philosophy is strictly historical

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the History of Philosophy*. By Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel. Translated by E. S. Haldane. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1892.

or to a large extent "Hegelian" students of the subject must be left to judge for themselves, but that his own conceptions largely colour his appreciations of others appears to us to be unquestionable. The translator's avowed intention of making the translation as literal as possible consistent with intelligibility has not prevented him making his work interesting and clear to English readers. There is nothing in the style to remind us that it is a translation; it is easy and flowing throughout. Our thanks are due to the publishers for their enterprise, and to the translator for his successful interpretation in our tongue of one of the acknowledged makers of speculative philosophy.

In an octavo volume of moderate dimensions, Mr. McLachlan has succeeded in condensing a whole system of philosophy and logic.<sup>1</sup> The full title of the book will convey some notion of the extent of the field covered by the author: *Reformed Logic: a System based upon Berkeley's Philosophy, with an entirely New Method of Dialectic*. The object of the treatise is to give an intelligible account of the principal facts of Mind, with a method of the right expression and criticism of reasoning. The author's system is Berkeleyism modified, and may be described as mental substantialism; it is neither ideal nor materialist, but a system which reconciles the two. "It agrees with materialism that a substance is essential to consciousness, and that the consciousness of man serves the needs of his body, though that is not the highest use to which it can be put. It confirms the metaphysical view that intelligence is not, in its abstract or essential character, dependent on the body, and may therefore survive the body." Again: "The substantial mind consists of two principal parts: a SELF and a PLASMA, the Atman and Akaśa of Sanscrit philosophers." We quite agree with the author that readers should not be repelled by the statement of his terms, for they will find the book intelligible and interesting even if occasionally difficult, and constantly running contrary to received notions. If the theory explains many facts in a coherent and lucid way it should not be rejected at the outset for a seeming paradox. The writer raises more questions than he satisfactorily answers; but even this has its advantage if we are led to see that no current solutions of some of the problems of life are quite conclusive. The chapter on Memory, for instance, in which he criticises Mill for regarding memory as inexplicable and ultimate fact, closes with a suggestive remark: "A philosophy without a theory of memory is like an astronomy without a theory of gravitation." In the chapter on "Causation," again, the writer boldly traverses the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, and puts some puzzling questions. In the portion of the work devoted to Logic, properly so called, the writer has no difficulty in exposing the pedantic character of much that

<sup>1</sup> *Reformed Logic*. By D. B. McLachlan. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

passes under that title, and he shows that the methods pursued by logicians would be regarded as absurd in natural science. The book should be read, though we fear the author will make few converts.

*La Problème de la Mort ses Solutions imaginaire et La Science Positive*<sup>1</sup> is the full title of M. Bourdeau's new volume in the *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*. In this substantial volume the author discusses what may be called not only the problem of Death, but the most serious problem of Life, in a spirit befitting the importance of his subject. It may at once be said that M. Bourdeau considers the conclusions of natural science destructive of the theory of the immortality of the soul, and he faces the consequences in a lofty and becoming spirit. The belief, according to him, springs from a combination of the most persistent of our instincts—that of conservation, or the *Will-to-live* of Schopenhauer and Animism. The apprehension of death is only an inverse form of our attachment to life, while all the conceptions of theology and metaphysics are derived from sleep and dreams. So man comes to believe that he has a spirit which will have another term of life; his imagination frames that life according to his desires; his intellect searches for proofs of it; his moral sense seeks satisfaction in it in ideas of compensation and retribution, and it is finally conceived as a guarantee of social order by controlling the bad and the good by fear and hope. From this point of view the author gives a full and systematic review of his subject, or, rather, an examination of it from various points of view. Thus we have treated—after an inquiry into the origin of the ideas of the soul and the future life, a survey of the doctrines relative to it, an examination of the proofs of survival—the re-incorporation of souls, possession, metempsychosis, and resurrection, conditions of the place and duration of future existence and modes of activity, physiological and psychical. The moral consequences of the doctrine are considered from both the positive and negative points of view, and the author successfully shows that a lofty morality does not depend upon a belief in what is at best an uncertainty. It is not our place here either to defend or question the writer's conclusions; it is quite certain that these opinions are spreading amongst educated men, and it is an advantage to have them presented in so serious and philosophic a spirit.

Messrs. Bell and Sons have issued a charming little volume containing the well-known *Dialogues of Plato*,<sup>2</sup> referring to the trial and death of Socrates. The translation is that of Dr. Whewell, and is somewhat abridged from the original, some of the more

<sup>1</sup> *La Problème de la Mort*. Par L. Bourdeau. Paris : Félix Alcan. 1898.

<sup>2</sup> *Plato's Dialogues, Referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates*. Reprinted from the Translation of William Whewell, D.D. London : George Bell & Sons. 1892.

prolix portions of the dialogue being omitted, and a short summary of the passages takes their place. Each of the dialogues has a short introduction, and is followed by remarks. The relation of the dialogues to the actual conversations, &c., is discussed, and the reader is assisted to form a tolerably accurate conception of the circumstances. It is a volume that deserves to be, and probably will be, popular. Dealing as these dialogues do with the question of the immortality of the soul, it is curious that it should reach us simultaneously with M. Bourdeau's work noticed above. •

Mr. Reynolds, in his edition of John Selden's *Table Talk*,<sup>1</sup> has given us one of those books that should find a place in every library. Selden lived in one of the most interesting periods of our history, when religion was inextricably mixed with politics, and his opinions on the burning questions of the day form an interesting commentary on his time. A member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, he was one of the few who favoured a moderate Episcopacy, and was in conflict with the dominant Presbyterian majority. His knowledge of history and law made him a formidable opponent. He is not popular as a writer, and the editor of the present volume explains the reasons why; but his *Table Talk* finds him at his best. His opinions are freely expressed, and have the tone of a gentlemanly scepticism. A large proportion of the talk is on religious and ecclesiastical subjects; it is generally entertaining and sometimes diverting.

*Martiri del Libero Pensiero*,<sup>2</sup> &c., by E. Bertolotti is an impressive collection of documents from the Archives of Rome and Mantua, which the author has gathered to illustrate the sufferings of Free-thinkers at the hands of the Holy Inquisition during three centuries. Here we find accounts of the condemnation of various persons for sorcery, heresy, and free-thought. Some of the victims were of noble family, some priests, curates, or monks. Signor Bertolotti has not found it necessary to say much himself, a very brief introduction, and still briefer epilogue, answer his purpose; it is sufficient to read the documents to feel the horror of the system. We traverse centuries by one way, through torrents of blood and under a sky thick with clouds of smoke. The records tell their own tale, and so the author adopts some words of Châteaubriand: "Je ne discute pas, je n'apprecie pas, j'enregistre, je constate." The collection will be invaluable to any future historian of the progress of religious freedom.

The principal papers of a philosophical or theological cast in the

<sup>1</sup> *The Table Talk of John Selden*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Samuel Harvey Reynolds, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Martiri Del Libero Pensiero E Vittime Della Santa Inquisizione Nei Secoli XVI. XVII. and XVIII.* Studi E Ricerche Negli Archivi Di Roma e Di Mantova. Par E. Bertolotti. Rome: Tipografia Della Mantellate.



third series of essays, reprinted from the *Saturday Review* under the title of *Horæ Sabbaticæ*,<sup>1</sup> by Sir J. F. Stephen, are three on Berkeley, four on De Maistre, and one on Tucker's *Light of Nature*, and another on Paley's *Evidences*. The criticisms generally are interesting and clear, but the style is marked by too much conscious superiority; in an essay on 'Tom Paine this "superiority" becomes offensive.

*Aus den Papieren eines unbekannten Denkers* (Oldenburg and Leipzig: A. Schwartz) is the title of a pamphlet containing some brief essays contributed anonymously to the *Knoopschen Societät zu Berlin*. The editor, Ludwig Pietsch, gives some account of the Society, and the circumstances under which the papers were received. Several of the essays deal with æsthetic subjects, and others touch upon moral and theological. A vein of sarcasm runs through the production, which scarcely appears to have a serious purpose.

We can heartily welcome the second edition of Dr. Bright's *Canons of the First Four General Councils of Nicæa, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon*.<sup>2</sup> The text of the Canons is given at the commencement of the volume, and form the theme of the copious and scholarly notes of the distinguished Professor of Ecclesiastical History. The book, though taking an unpretending form, is an important contribution to the early history of the Church. The Canons, and therefore the Notes, deal more with matters of practice than doctrine, and the interest is mainly antiquarian; but to those who care to know anything about the ways of life and thought of the Churchmen of the fourth and fifth centuries the work is indispensable.

The present Bishop of Durham has published in *The Gospel of Life*,<sup>3</sup> *Thoughts Introductory to the Study of Christian Doctrine*, the substance of the lectures delivered in his capacity of Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. The lectures, if such they may be called in their present shape, are of a thoughtful and even philosophical character, but temperately orthodox in their teaching. The writer starts with three assumptions, not confined to Christianity, but indispensable to it—"self," "the world," and "God." He discusses in turn the difficulties connected with each of these assumptions and the duty and necessity of dealing with the problems of life. He then shows the conditions under which a solution must be sought and the work of the pre-Christian nations towards the solution. The chapter giving a sketch of the religions of China, of India and Zoroastrianism is striking and appreciative. A chapter on

<sup>1</sup> *Horæ Sabbaticæ*. By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I. Third Series. London and New York: Macmillan. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Canons of the First Four General Councils*. With Notes by William Bright, D.D. Second Edition. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *The Gospel of Life*. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

miracles does not strike us as being very convincing, and the author's own dictum appears to us conclusive against the value of miracles. "No induction in one order can establish a conclusion in another order." Miracles belong to the physical order while the truths they are supposed to bear witness to belong to the spiritual order. The remainder of the book deals with Biblical and historical Christianity, and we confess we are not able to detect the nexus between the philosophical assumptions and the doctrinal conclusions. From a theological point of view the book is worthy of the author's reputation and is marked throughout by fine feeling and moderation.

Professor Kirkpatrick's volume on the *Doctrine of the Prophets*<sup>1</sup> is another important contribution to the new school of Biblical theology. The succession of books of this character by Driver, Ryle, and Kirkpatrick really marks an epoch in the theology of the English Church. The freedom with which they treat the Old Testament is a welcome advance upon the superstitious opinions of the past. We may regret, perhaps, that their conclusions are halting and lag behind their premisses, but still any advance is a matter for congratulation. In the present volume an attempt is made to exhibit the nature of the teaching of the prophets of Israel and Judah in the light of contemporary history, and the reader cannot fail to gain something from its perusal. We cannot say we are much taken by what appears to be the doctrine of the writer and his school, that in some way the prophets forecast Christianity and prepared the way for it—not naturally, but supernaturally. That is to say, not in the old style that they foretold details and gave predictions, but that prophetic anticipations as a whole were a forecast, an unconscious forecast, of Christianity. Neither do we feel convinced that the doctrine of the prophets was always so lofty as it is conceived by the writer to have been.

*Cathedral and University Sermons*,<sup>2</sup> by the late Dean of St. Paul's, are as we might expect much above the average, and the many admirers of this esteemed dignitary of the Church will be glad of the opportunity afforded by the publication of this volume to possess themselves of some of his finest discourses. There are no heresies in these sermons, they breath the spirit of a conscious and assured faith—the traditional faith of the Church of England.

*Through Christ to God: a Study in Scientific Theology*, by Joseph Ager Beet, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton), is a somewhat superficial book. There is in it a certain systematic effort, which has induced the author to use the term scientific theology, but nothing else. His idea of the doctrine of justification by faith, is only worthy of a

<sup>1</sup> *The Doctrine of the Prophets*. The Warburtonian Lectures for 1886-1890. By A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Cathedral and University Sermons*. By R. W. Church, sometime Dean of St. Paul's, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

school-boy, "we have now found complete historical proof that, as a matter of fact, Paul taught that God receives into his favour all who believe the good news announced by Christ. This great doctrine we may conveniently describe as *Justification by Faith*." Thus do great doctrines run to seed.

We have also received *The Jesuits in Poland* (Lothian Essay 1892), by A. F. Pollard, B.A. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 1892); *Ulric Zwingle*, by Robert Wilkes Gosse, B.A. (London: James Nisbet); *Les Disciples D'Emmaus ou les étapes D'une Conversion*, par T. De Wyzewa (Paris: Perrin et Cie.).

## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We have an unusually interesting set of works on our table for this month.

*The London Daily Press*<sup>1</sup> is a subject that has peculiar interest for us. To the outside world, or to those who hang on the margin of the journalistic life, the press presents itself in a double character. It is a daily friend and companion, but it is also the scene of mysterious and brilliant successes in which many long to partake. The seamy side of the journalist's career—the back-door work of the paragraphist, the struggle with rejected manuscripts—is only slowly borne in on the ordinary mind. Mr. Massingham's book suggests this train of thought, and it gives interesting sketches of some of the leading spirits of journalism—M. de Blowitz, Archibald Forbes, Mrs. Crawford, G. A. Sala, and many others. But it does more than this, especially in the description of the *Times*. It treats the press as a great organ of education, a great leader of thought; it suggests its responsibilities and sketches its powers. And this is the leading idea of the publication of these interesting chapters in their present form. The Religious Tract Society prefaces the work with an introduction which calls upon the daily press for a loftier standard, a truer Christian aim; and we may express our admiration of the pluck which makes the appeal in an age which dissociates the daily paper from the Bible.

If Mr. Massingham's notice of the *Daily Chronicle* is a little over-coloured, this may be forgiven to one who holds that paper dear. It is stupid of the critics to fall foul of the book on that account. The work is one which every one will like to have, and it has the merit of cheapness.

<sup>1</sup> *The London Daily Press*. By H. W. Massingham. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1892.

*The Romanes Lecture* of 1892<sup>1</sup> will stand out amongst the most memorable of Oxford addresses. Delivered by the most distinguished man in England at a ripe old age, it would bear an interest apart from its subject-matter. But this will interest all university men and should also interest many who know not Isis or Cam. Mr. Gladstone gives a rapid sketch of the rise of Oxford, its early influence, its failure in the days of later struggles to lead the van of liberty as Cambridge did. To the Cambridge man this thought cannot but be gratifying, and what Cantab does not glory in that "formidable triad which I know not how we are to match"—Bacon, Milton and Newton? But, after all, we incline to think "honours are divided," and that is the best way to put it. Our own Cambridge sends out the great scholars and the great thinkers; Oxford, for the most part, provides Great Britain with statesmen like Mr. Gladstone himself.

After the above essay take up *Oxford and Oxford Life*,<sup>2</sup> a new edition and amplification of a work already well-known to Oxford men, though we had not seen it before. Here we have a somewhat uneven series of sketches on Oxford in the past and in the present, on its expenses, its intellectual, social, and religious life, with chapters on the education of women at Lady Margaret Hall and the University Extension system. The best and most interesting of these we consider to be the first—Mr. Henson's essay on Oxford in the past, to which Mr. Gladstone's address just noticed leads up. In this will be found a great deal that is new to most people, and, so far as we can judge, it has been an interesting contribution to the early history of the life of the English people. Probably the rest of the book will be more attractive to the complete outsider than to the old university man who has his own ideas about the life of his *alma mater* and is apt to criticise severely a divergent opinion. For instance, we find a good many defects in the treatment of the social life; the chapter grasps certain leading features, but fails to deal with them as though the writer had "lived the life" himself. In this and other respects the book seems to be a little wooden, but this does not greatly detract from its real interest and considerable merit.

Mr. Kirkup, in his *History of Socialism*,<sup>3</sup> has enriched English literature with an excellent little volume. Pleasantly written, clear, and concise, it is the best history we have yet seen in English of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Romanes Lecture*, 1892. An Academic Sketch. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. With annotations by the author. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Oxford and Oxford Life*. Edited by J. Wells, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *History of Socialism*. By Thomas Kirkup. London and Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1892.

genesis and development of Socialistic movements. Without being as full as Mr. Rae's work, or pretending to any part of the detail which crowds every page of a work like M. Bourdeau's, this book gives an interesting and valuable account of Communism and Socialism, from their beginnings under Saint-Simon and Fourier, with the offshoot towards Anarchism under Proudhon, to the purified socialism of Wagner and Schaffle. But it seems to us to make one great omission: it does not mention modern English Socialism and the Fabian Society. No doubt that youthful society has not made so much progress in the last year or so as it did at the first—possibly the personal ambition of some of its members has become more apparent than their devotion to the cause—but it has still the merit of being a development of its own, in part independent of the German movements, and in every respect with more practical conceptions. This is the more unfortunate, as Mr. Kirkup's book professes to sum up, and does successfully sum up, on lines which, we believe, were first urged in the Fabian Essays, the results of the Socialistic movement and the tendencies of the forces which it seeks to regulate. We will cite part of its closing paragraph: "As conclusion to our review, then, we must believe that, while the competitive system still holds the field, we have very good grounds for thinking that it should pass away, and is passing away. We have seen how, in accordance with the fundamental principles of Socialism, the State is becoming, not in name only but in reality, an association for the promotion of common national interests, in so far as they can well be furthered by the central organ, and that the municipality or commune is really beginning to perform the same functions for local purposes."

Two<sup>1</sup> good companions to Mr. Kirkup's work are to be found in Dr. Otto Warschauer's *History of Socialism and Communism in the Nineteenth Century*. The two books before us are the first two parts of a considerable work which is intended to treat its subject in ten or twelve divisions. The first of them deals with Saint-Simon and Saint-Simonism, the second with Fourier, his theories and schools. We, of course, find here a more detailed and accurate account of both men than is contained in Mr. Kirkup's sketches; and the criticism of their theories is thoughtful and suggestive. Dr. Warschauer distinguishes carefully between Communism and Socialism. "Socialism," he says, "wishes to lighten the inheritance of each, Communism to secure possession for all. . . . Socialism seeks to carry rather further the right of individuality, while Communism treats all men as beings of equal attainments and organisation, and would destroy all material and political difference between

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte des Socialismus und neueren Kommunismus*. Von Dr. Otto Warschauer. Erste Abteilung. Leipzig: Fock. 1892.

*Geschichte des Socialismus und Kommunismus im 19 Jahrhundert*. Von Professor Dr. O. Warschauer. Zweite: Abteilung. 1893.

individuals, and bind absolute equality in all." Saint-Simon, Fourier, Rodbertus and Lassalle he classes as Socialists; Babeuf, Owen, and Marx as Communists. His distinction is theoretically good, but not borne out by the facts. Neither the men whom he thus classes nor their theories have been free from confusion as to their aims and intentions; and the same ill-defined conceptions are noticeable in the writings of almost every Socialist of the present day. When Socialism recognises human nature as it is, we may have greater hope of eliciting its ultimate benefits to humanity.

M. de Molinari is a voluminous writer, whose new work<sup>1</sup> on *Economics and Morals* bears no sign of exhaustion. There is nothing very original in it; for it is what it purports to be, a summary of economic doctrine, as generally accepted, and of the moral and political obligations therefrom arising. His intention is, as he puts it himself: "démontrer que le progrès économique demeure stérile s'il n'est pas accompagné du progrès moral." The one, he contends, reacts on the other; yet he finds moral progress always lagging behind. While moral improvement has usually increased economic comfort, the great development of industry has too often operated to check the moral improvement of the mass of the population. We come back to the same problem which is presented to us by Socialism; and M. de Molinari's *précis* is a useful introduction to the study of that problem.

With Mr. Thompson's discussion of the *Theory of Wages*<sup>2</sup> we are, on the whole, well pleased. Some confusion has been produced by the effort to give this analysis a distinctive form as a separate theory. Some injustice was done to Mill by beating down his inadequate statements into the celebrated "Wages-fund Theory." Mr. Thompson has not cleared himself from the error of treating an inadequate argument as the exposition of a definite theory. But putting aside that weak point, we agree with his treatment of the subject, and we consider that the book could not well spare the three chapters in which he explains his position and summarises the history of the overthrow of Mill's fallacious reasoning. The book must be read, and read carefully; it does not bear much compressing; we may, however, call special attention to chapter iv., in which Mr. Thompson attacks a position adopted by Professor Marshall, amongst others, that "rent does not enter into the expenses of production." The author takes up his ground with caution and deference to the great living master of economics, and he certainly leaves the impression that he has the weight of argument on his side. To some extent, the battle is one of words; we will not give in our adhesion to either view without more careful study of the point; but we may, perhaps,

<sup>1</sup> *Précis d'Economie Politique et de Morale.* Par G. de Molinari. Paris : Gillaumin et Cie. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *The Theory of Wages and its Application to the Eight Hours Question, and other Labour Problems.* By Herbert M. Thompson, M.A. London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.

express our leaning towards the opinion that in a broad and common-sense view, rent does form an element in the cost of production. Undoubtedly, the most interesting chapter is the last, in which Mr. Thompson attempts to apply his theory to the determination of some of the chief practical questions of the day: the Eight Hours Question, the increase of wages, and profit-sharing. The ordinary politician who glibly discusses these things is in need of a more scientific standpoint from which to define his views.

"A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," may be said to be the fundamental idea of the penny pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> which we are called on to notice next. With its ideas and aims, we are in sympathy; but much of it is silly, all of it is exaggerated, and it is one of those works which probably do more harm than good.

Very different is Mr. Pollard's account of the Corporation of Berlin.<sup>2</sup> Probably all readers will admit with ourselves that they had no notion how much the Corporation of Berlin had to teach them, that the capital of the German Empire has had one of the greatest careers amongst cities, rising rapidly from a small and ill-managed town to a size which places it amongst the greatest cities in the world, and to an excellence of management to which no city in our own land, except perhaps Birmingham, can pretend. We may take one point by way of illustration. The system of sewerage and the utilisation of sewage is managed with success, decision, and economy; we are unaware of any system at present in operation in England which is not bungled at some point—at any rate, when the distribution is in question. This book, however, has a great deal to teach us, and every town or county councillor should have it on his shelves.

*La Lutte Des Races*<sup>3</sup> is a work of such importance that we are almost ashamed to assign it merely a brief space in the month's reviews. It deserves an essay of itself. The Austrian Professor's work is a remarkable one, worthy of this reproduction in French and also in other languages. We are in a great degree, however, at variance with its author's general conclusions; we are not sure that we altogether approve his line of argument. We have some doubt of the practical value of the inquiry into the organisation of the universe as an introduction to the study of man. Yet Professor Gumpłowicz does not seek to force a connection between natural and social developments. He quotes Nature rather for its analogies; and divides off sharply the social development of the human race.

<sup>1</sup> *Creating Liberty: Thoughts for the Future Rulers of Europe—the Masses.* By Morrison I. Swift. London: William Reeves.

<sup>2</sup> *A Study in Municipal Government—the Corporation of Berlin.* By James Pollard, C.E. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *La Lutte Des Races—Recherches Sociologiques.* Par M. Louis Gumpłowicz. Traduction de M. Charles Baye. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1893.

The Professor discusses critically the arguments for a common origin of races, and those for the theory of several starting-points of population more or less coeval. He criticises with ability the theories imputed to Darwin. In his analysis the social development of races leads to a struggle between them; and this is the pivot on which fresh development turns:

“L'issue du combat est toujours la même; l'élément ethnique le plus puissant prospère, puis il exerce sa domination, dont l'influence est toujours et partout civilisatrice: il s'assimile ce qui est d'autre provenance, il divise le travail, il favorise la culture intellectuelle, il forme des races.”

But one set of men has suffered. Similarly invention and social combinations tend always to elevate the race of men, yet at the time some one must suffer for them. And thus he arrives at a pessimistic conclusion, for which the earlier part of his work hardly prepares the reader—one which as an ultimate aim we are hardly inclined to accept.

As just suggested, we are doubtful as to admitting the value of the chief portion of the argument which forms the basis of Mr. Cohn's *Introduction to Constitutional Law*.<sup>1</sup> He examines in great detail the physical facts which react on the characters of men, and the beginnings of those social combinations which produce the necessity for rules. As a matter of history and of philosophic inquiry these chapters are interesting. No doubt the Republic of the United States may be traced back to the combination of a couple of Indians for the purpose of trapping a beaver; but the process is not of great practical value in the study of the complex relations which govern men's action in the nineteenth century. The honest reviewer must confess that further study will often alter his view; but for the present we think that the book is merely academic, and we wish that its style was somewhat better.

The pamphlet on *Hindu Law in Bombay*,<sup>2</sup> which is fathered only by the initials F. R. V., will appeal only to a few. There is much in it which we approve, but it is spoiled by an indifferent style. Section II. is very interesting, as showing how the British governing body grappled with an alien law.

The statistics<sup>3</sup> of the Italian general election of last November, and their comparison with those of 1890, have nothing which will be of special interest to the readers of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

We turn with more confidence to Mr. Whitman's account of Austro-Hungary,<sup>4</sup> which is a volume that it is pleasant to have in

<sup>1</sup> *An Introduction to the Study of the Constitution*. By Morris M. Cohn, Attorney-at-Law. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Hindu Law of Bombay*. A Plea for its Codification. Bombay: 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Statistica delle Elezioni Generali Politiche*. Roma: 1892.

<sup>4</sup> *The Realm of the Habsburgs*. By Sidney Whitman. London: William Heinemann. 1893.



the hand. If only the style were better and the method of dividing it into sections carried less far, it would be almost a perfect book. It tells us a great deal about a country of which we know too little. It is full of information, and it is bright and vigorous. The author has plenty of history; he has a considerable insight into Austrian politics; he is an enthusiastic admirer of the social qualities of the Austrians, and he has seen their character from many sides. His disquisitions on the priest—of whom, in spite of many faults, he has much good to tell—on the Austrian middle classes, and on the Austrian women, are only samples of a book full of interest and instruction from the beginning to the end.

"The woman in Austria is the centre and pivot of social life among all classes." On the whole we are inclined to think that this is true of the British Empire, and of many parts of the civilised world. "The Austrians themselves say that the reason women in other countries desire political power is that they no longer possess the feminine charms which make their own women so seductive." This is indeed an argument *ad feminam*. Probably the best thing the opponents of female suffrage can do will be to bring over the Austrian women to be a standing pattern to their British rivals.

Quite in the same strain is the following passage from another work, which has the advantage of being a woman's: "It is to the women of Hungary that we owe some of our pleasantest memories. . . . In the upper classes the beauty and fascination of the women are remarkable. Their charm is strongly felt by all travellers." Miss Fletcher's book,<sup>1</sup> from which we quote, is delightful. Bright, fresh, and breezy, it carries us through a pleasant summer land, and leaves nothing but summer memories. Miss Fletcher and her friend "Miranda" had the best chances for seeing Hungary, and they made the best of them all. They plunge one into interest from the beginning. The picture of two bright English girls—we confess we have been attracted towards them—sketching the members of the Lower House of Diet, being photographed in revenge by a distinguished Count, attracting the whole interest of the sitting from the discussion of a weighty railway question to their own half-shy, half-intrusive, and altogether coquettish personalities, is truly amusing. We forgive a certain egotism—it is apt to appear in books of travels, especially those of ladies; and we will not blame it till it becomes vulgarity. The book has a cover that of itself compels interest, and we have no hesitation in saying that from beginning to end the inside supports the promise.

Our chief complaint with newspapers and newspaper corre-

<sup>1</sup> *Sketches of Life and Character in Hungary*. By Margaret Fletcher. With illustrations by Rose le Quesne. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

spondents is that they are all in such a desperate hurry. But they also acquire the habit of putting things in at the nick of time. This is just what Mr. Bonsal<sup>1</sup> has done. At this moment Morocco is the cynosure of all eyes, and just at the moment Mr. Bonsal sends us a very passable work on Morocco and the mission of Sir C. Euan Smith, in the incidents of which he was himself a part. The book bears the traces of haste, of course, and the style is that of the journalist pure and simple. But it is full of information; it has a good sketch of the history of the Sultanate, even referring to the fact, which we thought most people had forgotten, that Tangiers was for a time a British colony; it gives a graphic description of the Moors and their manners. It is just the book which must be read at this moment, none the less because it darkly hints at a "Western" question—a rivalry between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Italy—which in Mr. Bonsal's opinion bids fair to outstrip in interest the slumbering question of the Turkish Empire in the East.

*Buchanan's Conspiracy*<sup>2</sup> is a title which sets us asking for information, and we quickly get it from Mr. Cudmore. The face on the preface and the dedication to Mr. James G. Blaine alike forbid us to expect anything which is fair; and we are not undeceived. Practically the pamphlet is written in support of Mr. Blaine's reciprocity policy. We are profoundly thankful that the many books we receive from the States are so vastly different in tone from this one. This one is a mass of distorted history, ignorant interpretation of international law and thoroughly unsound economics. It is interlarded with verses that are worse than either. And we need only add the lines from one of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

"Yet still on these words of the bard keep a fixt eye  
Ingatum si dixeris omnia dixti."

The handsomely printed pamphlet, *Mr. Whitelaw Reid in France*,<sup>3</sup> is more than simply a dry account of the farewell banquet offered last March by the American Colony in Paris to the then retiring United States Minister to France, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Among other things it contains, besides the Minister's excellent speech, two other interesting discourses, now first published, delivered on that occasion by M. Jules Simon and M. Eugène Spuller. Senator Simon discusses the question of free education in a democracy, and Senator Spuller develops his idea of what the Chicago Exhibition ought to be. It is a suggestive little fact that in M. Ribot's impromptu speech the first official announcement was made of the proposed World's Fair at Paris at the end of the century: this was several weeks

<sup>1</sup> *Morocco as it is.* With an Account of Sir Charles Euan Smith's recent Mission to Fez. By Stephen Bonsal, jun. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Buchanan's Conspiracy: The Nicaragua Canal and Reciprocity.* By P. Cudmore, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law. New York. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Mr. Whitelaw Reid in France: 1889-1892.* Edited by Theodore Stanton. Paris: Brentano.

before the subject of an International Exhibition was broached in Berlin, and abandoned because, as the Germans said, the French Government then, and not till then, decided upon an Exhibition. This pamphlet seems to prove that if there was any attempt at forestalling, it came from the East rather than from the West bank of the Rhine.

We conclude with the fourth number of Mr. Palgrave's *Dictionary of Political Economy*,<sup>1</sup> which has been already noticed in these pages. We are glad to see that this section follows the last fairly quickly. Time is more or less of the essence in this matter. Mr. Palgrave's allotment of articles may sometimes be open to question, but we are aware that he has collected a powerful staff, he has exercised great judgment in the matter, and he spares no pains to secure that the work should be worthy of the age. It is in most respects better than its French rival, the *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Economie Politique*.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE latest addition to the Series of the "World's Great Explorers" fully maintains the high standard of excellence which characterised the earlier volumes. Mr. Clements R. Markham shows in his book on *Christopher Columbus*<sup>2</sup> that he possesses the two chief qualifications of a biographer, accurate and minute knowledge coupled with a reasonable hero-worship. The result is an exceedingly interesting book, which, it may safely be predicted, will be widely read. The work is opportune in the time of its appearance, and Mr. Markham has done more to make it acceptable by compression and condensation; so that the whole tale of the discoveries of Columbus and his fellows is told in about 350 pages. Further, the narrative is full of interest, for the author has wisely relegated to notes placed at the end of his chapters all matters relating to the discussion of original authorities and disputed points.

We cannot follow the events of the life of Columbus; it must here suffice to notice one or two of the more interesting features of Mr. Markham's narrative. The great discoverer was born the son of a Genoese weaver in 1448—the much discussed question of date seems now to be finally settled; he studied navigation and mapping during his early manhood, though the evidence of his having been at the University of Pavia seems sadly deficient. He soon left his native city, and true to the maritime connection that had

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionary of Political Economy*. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. Fourth Part. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Christopher Columbus*. (The World's Great Explorers Series.) By Clements R. Markham, C.B. London: George Philip & Son. 1892.

existed for many years with that country, he journeyed to Portugal. There his great scheme of the discovery of a western route to the Indies took shape, but in 1484 his project was rejected, and, like Magellan, a third of a century later, he offered his services to Spain, so that the glory of the discovery of the New World fell to the share of that country, as did later the honour of the first circumnavigation of the globe. But it was not till eight years had passed that Columbus could win the avowed support of Queen Isabella, who, however, from that time was a firm friend to the discoverer. The story of the first voyage, 1492-1493, is well told by Mr. Markham. Among the crew, it is interesting to note, were an Englishman and an Irishman. After encountering many dangers Columbus, on October 11, 1492, landed on an island in the Bahamas. The author gives considerable space to discussing the question which this island really was, and there can be no doubt that his decision that Watling Island is the only one which can correctly be identified with Guanahaní is sound.

The return journey we cannot follow, nor the honours and rewards bestowed on the great Admiral, which were soon to be so grossly and unjustly ignored or suspended.

From this point the story of Columbus is a sad one. The second voyage, marked by the establishment of the ill-fated colony of Española, by treachery and desertion, is clearly described by Mr. Markham, as is also the growing jealousy of his Sovereign; it forms the first act in that tragedy which was to end with the disgraceful scenes of the great explorer being hurried through the streets of Cadiz, a prisoner and in chains, and of his abandonment at Jamaica.

The character of Columbus was that of a man deeply religious, of great humility, and power over men. He was a great navigator and well versed in all the maritime knowledge of his time, both theoretical and scientific. Like many such men he was too trustful and humane for worldly success, but his name remains *Christo-ferens* (as he loved to sign it) as a mark of singular power combined with true humility.

It would be ungrateful to criticise Mr. Markham's style, but it might be well to remove such sentences as the following: "When this peaceful oasis in his stormy life came to an end" (p. 48). It should be added that the maps illustrating Columbus' voyages, and the state of geographical knowledge at the time, are of the greatest use. It is to be hoped that the publishers will at some future time collect these maps from their several volumes of this Series and publish them in a separate volume.

The third volume of the Series devoted to the lives and work of Great Educators deals with Alcuin.<sup>1</sup> To give a fair estimate of

<sup>1</sup> *Alcuin*. By Professor Andrew Fleming West. (The Great Educators Series.) London: William Heinemann. 1893.

the work of the great Northumbrian scholar it is necessary to know something of the condition of education in Western Europe before the revival that is connected with the name of Charles the Great. Accordingly, in the first chapter Dr. West treats of the origin and early history of the "liberal arts," which seem to have been regarded by Greek writers as the necessary basis of a general education, and which were accepted and preserved by Cicero and Varro. The decay of Roman civilisation did not lead to the extinction of the educational system which that civilisation had adopted; for the new power of Christianity, after some short period of opposition, took up the traditions of pagan learning. So, among others, St. Augustine, Boëthius, Cassiodorus, and Isidore of Seville wrote of the "seven liberal arts," which also formed an important part of Alcuin's system of education. Thus the connection between the mediæval theory of education and that of Greek and Roman civilisation is in some sort established.

The great work achieved by Alcuin, which has won for him a place among the great educators, was his introduction into the Frankish lands of the same knowledge and spirit which had made famous the band of Northumbrian scholars from whom Alcuin had learned. During the darkness of the eighth century they alone in Western Europe were conspicuous for learning and knowledge, and it was natural for Charles the Great to look for help in carrying out his schemes of reform from some of those men who had been brought up in the school of Benedict Biscop, of Bede, of Archbishop Egbert. Accordingly, in A.D. 782, Alcuin became master of the Palace School at Aachen, and the adviser of Charles. Five years later was issued the famous Capitulary, which began the revival of education in the Middle Ages. Dr. West prints the document in full. As Abbot of Tours Alcuin's life was less eventful, and he died peacefully twenty-two years after he had first appeared in the Court of Charles at Aachen.

Dr. West devotes the concluding chapters of his book to giving an account of Alcuin's writings and a list of his pupils, Rabanus and others, which we cannot do more than mention. Dr. West has earned our thanks for having written a clear account of the life of a great man. His view is throughout impartial, and at times we could wish he had shown a little more enthusiasm for his subject. The book is made complete by the addition of appendixes giving a list of the editions of Alcuin's works, and of the chief books on the life and history of the man himself. The reader's pleasure is a little lessened by the peculiarities of American spelling.

The story of the life of *Mádhava Ráo Sindhia*<sup>1</sup> contains much information about an interesting period of Indian history. When

<sup>1</sup> *Mádhava Ráo Sindhia*. By H. G. Keene, C.I.E. (Rulers of India Series.) Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

the great Mughal Emperor Aurungzeb died in 1707, and his grand design of uniting under one emperor the whole peninsula of India had been proved to be beyond the power of Musalmán rulers, an opportunity was given to the Maráthás (Mahrattas) to rise to prominence and supremacy. The Maráthás were a Hindu people dwelling in a large district round the modern Bombay. For seven centuries the social and religious system of the Hindus and that of their Musalmán compatriots had been in bitter rivalry, and so when the Musalmán power showed signs of decay the Maráthás at once rose to greater prominence. Spreading gradually north and south, in 1761 Delhi yielded before their advance, but immediately afterwards their army was scattered to the winds at Pánipat by the northern Musalmáns, who had united in common opposition to the Maráthá power.

It is in this battle that we first hear of Sindhia, now some thirty years of age, at the head of a contingent of Maráthá cavalry. He escaped from the battle with his life, though wounded. From this point Mr. Keene takes up the story of Sindhia's life, the details of which we cannot here follow. The period during which the above-mentioned events occurred was a period of turbulence and lawlessness. It is Sindhia's great claim to honour that he turned this turbulence to peace and order. As the Maráthás little by little recovered from their defeat Sindhia, who was now their leader, grew in power, so that at his death in 1794 he was almost supreme in Hindustan. His straightforward and manly nature stands out in strong relief amidst the troubled politics and intrigues of his time, and his dealings with Warren Hastings and the British in India are full of interest.

Mr. Keene's life has one fault. There is too little of Sindhia in it, and too much of the complicated history of the period in which he lived. Hence clearness is sacrificed to minute detail; hardly a tribe is mentioned without a comprehensive account of its earlier history being given, and obscure individuals are introduced with the same unnecessary and minute detail. Apart from this defect, Mr. Keene's book is interesting both in its subject and style.

Mr. Sydney's *Social Life in England*<sup>1</sup> from 1660 to 1690 contains much interesting information. The book is compiled largely from the well-known diaries of the period—Evelyn, Pepys, and others—and consequently few of the more important features of the social life of the time escape notice. But the writer has not avoided the danger which so few of the historians of social life have escaped; he has not succeeded in placing before us a vivid and complete picture of the age he treats of. The composition of the book is disjointed and disconnected, and the diffuseness of style effectually prevents

<sup>1</sup> *Social Life in England. From the Restoration to the Revolution.* By W. C. Sydney. London: Ward & Downey, 1892.

the reader obtaining a compact and comprehensive view of the subject. With regard to this latter point, it would have been well had Mr. Sydney taken more pains and spent some time in revision. Such sentences as the two following should not have been allowed to pass uncorrected: "It clearly implies that he [James I.] had very little sympathy with any of those who were bent upon covering the large tracts of open spaces by which the London of that age was on every side shut in, with houses"; or again: "Belgravia and Tyburnia, two important localities which have long since been incorporated into the voracious metropolis itself, slumbered in the womb of time, and he who had then ventured to predict the parturition of the parent would have been rewarded with the lie direct for his pains."

The best part of Mr. Sydney's little book is the description of London after the Restoration, in which the author's knowledge seems to be for the first time adequate. The description contains many interesting odds and ends of interesting information. The sport and pleasures of the city, its coffee-houses and taverns, are well described, and the dangers of the streets brought home to us by the relation of such small points as the peculiar methods of theft then practised. We are told how "men dressed in the guise of bakers, passed through the crowded thoroughfares of the city bearing covered baskets on their heads. In these covered baskets was generally concealed a boy, whose business it was to watch when the bearer of the basket pushed heavily against a beau of the first magnitude, and stretching forth his hand, dexterously to seize the attractive periwig which adorned his cranium, and silently to stow it away within the basket." A minute account of the postal arrangements of London at the time is given, and most readers will be surprised to learn how comparatively little progress has in that respect been made during the last two centuries.

We are glad to notice the publication of a small book containing a summary of *Mediæval History*,<sup>1</sup> by Miss Greenwood. Within the compass of a little over two hundred pages is told the tale of European history from the fall of the Roman power to the Renaissance, and as a result careful compression has been necessary. In spite of this, however, Miss Greenwood has done her work so carefully that she has produced a readable book, and one that should be of great use to teachers and scholars alike. In an appendix are given a few genealogical trees and tables of sovereigns, and a useful summary of the history of these eleven hundred years. The two maps might with advantage have been made more attractive, and an index should have been added.

This little book has special interest as being, we believe, the

<sup>1</sup> *Empire and Papacy in the Middle Ages*. By Alice D. Greenwood. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

product of the educational work now done by the Oxford Women's Halls, and the throwing open of the University examinations to their students.

The *Life of Voltaire*,<sup>1</sup> by Francis Espinasse, in the "Great Writers" Series is a carefully compiled account of the great Frenchman's life. There is little that is new to notice in Mr. Espinasse's work; no new light seems to be thrown on the part of Voltaire's life which still remains unexplained—as, for example, his early scepticism. But the book is readable though marred by many faults of style, chief of which is frequent and pedantic inversion of the due order of words in a sentence, and the interest of its subject will do much to win readers for what is in itself a pleasant little book.

An admirable pictorial work describing the progress of French civilisation during the nineteenth century has been published by the Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie.<sup>2</sup> M. John Grand-Carteret, the author, explains in a brief preface the plan of the work, which is to present a faithful comparison between the closing and the opening years of the present century, thus showing the various phases of French life at different periods and the successive changes and developments in fashion, in habits, in theatrical representations, and finally in literature and science. Excellent engravings by well-known artists convey a vivid idea of the peculiarities of each epoch, and the text explains with great lucidity the various matters discussed in the course of the volume. Some of the illustrations are of high artistic merit; for instance, "The Reception of the Duchesse de Berri," by Debu-court; "The Dogs' Dance," by Carte Vernet; and "The Parisian Costumes," by Gâtine. Many excellent illustrations in the book have been taken from *Le Monde Illustré*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *Charivari*, and other French pictorial publications. The volume is divided into eighteen chapters, dealing with the spirit of the century and its scientific progress; the Courts of the First Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the Second Empire, and the official receptions of the Third Republic; women and their rôle under the First Empire, the Restoration period, the Second Empire, and the Republic of to-day; the *salons* of bygone days and the clubs and tobacco-shops of our own time; civil and military costumes; the theatres; public amusements; national fêtes and ceremonies; the cookery of the different periods, with an account of restaurants and cafés; the history of locomotives, from the diligence to the modern railway; an account of the changes in literary and artistic tastes, not entirely flattering to the naturalistic school, of which M. Emile Zola is the acknowledged head; an interesting sketch of scientific inventions and the growth of medical knowledge; and a

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Voltaire*. By Francis Espinasse. (Great Writers Series.) London: Walter Scott. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *XIX. Siècle (en France)*. Ouvrage Illustré. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie. 1893.



rapid but vivid account of modern Paris. Such a book cannot fail to be interesting. As a gift-book it must be invaluable, and it also has attractions for all educated persons who can appreciate generalisation when combined with accuracy and artistic perfection.

There is a melancholy interest attached to the life of that great German poet, Heinrich Heine. Practically an exile from his own country, he loved France not only for its associations, but for the great work it had done in enlarging the bounds of human freedom. Heine was slandered by his enemies during his life; but in reality he was, though not free from errors, one of the best of men. A book just published, entitled *Heine Intime*,<sup>1</sup> gives a very vivid picture of the poet's domestic life, and shows how strong and warm were his affections. His love for his mother, which nothing could weaken, is proved by the tenderness of his letters to her, extending over a period of about thirty years. The correspondence with his sister also exhibits his good qualities in a charming light. We find none of the pedantry of the scholar, none of the vanity of the poet, but the natural kindness of an affectionate soul. The letters have been given to the world by the poet's nephew, Baron L. de Embden, and the preface to the French edition has been written by M. Arsène Houssaye, who deals with the facts of Heine's life in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. According to M. Houssaye, it is idle to compare Heine with Byron or Alfred de Musset. Indeed, he resembles them very little. In many respects, he was more like Swift, who was also most devotedly attached to his mother; but the German poet was entirely free from Swift's terrible misanthropy. Heinrich Heine suffered much from illness—perpetual headaches—just like Swift; but he bore his ill-health patiently, and with a serenity which nothing could change. He loved travelling, and enjoyed his visit to Italy like a schoolboy; but he regretted his inability to converse in the Italian tongue. "However," he says, writing about that beautiful southern land, "the very stones talk here. Old palaces seem anxious to whisper their secrets in my ear, but amid the tumult of day their voices fail to reach me." Gloomy as some of his poetry is, Heine was not by any means morose or melancholy in disposition. His creed was that of good-fellowship and liberality. He and Béranger would have been kindred spirits—but, alas! his broken health made true enjoyment all but impossible to him. Heine was no profligate, though his relations with Mathilde Merat laid him open to censure. If there was anything to condemn in this love affair, the poet nobly atoned for his frailty. He had lived for some years with Mathilde, when he was provoked to fight a duel. On the eve of the duel he married her, in order that, if he were killed, she might bear his name and be recognised as his widow.

<sup>1</sup> *Heine Intime: Lettres Inédites*. Par Baron L. de Embden. Edition Française, par M. S. Gourovitch. Paris: H. Le Soudier. 1893.

He lived with Mathilde most happily—in spite of occasional domestic storms—up to the time of his death; and she proved herself a most loving and faithful wife. A stroke of paralysis and partial blindness, at a comparatively early age, made existence for poor Heine a kind of living death; but the care of Mathilde softened his affliction, and enabled him to endure even physical pain with something like cheerfulness. Amongst his other misfortunes were the loss of many of his valuable manuscripts by fire in 1833 and 1842. Even this calamity was borne by the poet with fortitude. His sweet and gentle nature met adversity with a smile of resignation. Heine was too large-hearted a man to be a mere German. He was truly cosmopolitan; but it is a calumny to charge him with hating his own country. On the contrary, he refers in some of his poems most affectionately to the “Fatherland,” from which an untoward fate had separated him. The most admirable quality to be traced in Heine’s letters, as well as in all his writings, is their intensely human character. In his own beautiful words, he put all his feelings and his sorrows into what he wrote. “When,” he says, “you open my book, my very heart will be open before you”:

“Und wenn du es aufgeschlagen,  
Hat sich dir mein Hertz erschlossen.”

A very careful and appreciative study of Wellington<sup>1</sup> as a military commander has been published at Leipzig, dealing with the “Iron Duke” without undue flattery, such as has perhaps been occasionally poured out upon him by enthusiastic English writers. Herr Karl Bleibtren, the author, has collected his facts from the most reliable sources; and his account of the Peninsular war and of Waterloo cannot fail to prove interesting even to those who are already well acquainted with the details of Wellington’s career.

M. Charles Benoist has, in a small volume,<sup>2</sup> collected some clever studies of potentates and statesmen, including his Holiness Leo XIII., the late King of Holland, Cardinal Rampolla, and Signor Crispi. The view taken by the writer as to the present Pope’s position is rather original. He believes that Leo XIII. is attempting to reconcile the Church of Rome with the spirit of the age, and thus to become a mediator between all civilised States, but in a moral rather than a political sense. M. Benoist presents us with a very pleasing view of the Pope’s character. He is, we are told, a man of great culture, tolerant in his dealings with the world, and yet firm where he thinks that any question of principle is involved. Of course, all persons will not agree with this estimate of Leo XIII.; but no one can deny that he is one of the most striking figures in

<sup>1</sup> *Wellington: Kritische Historie*. Von Karl Bleibtren. Leipzig: Bërlig von Wilhelm Friedrich.

<sup>2</sup> *Souverains, Hommes d’Etat, Hommes d’Eglise*. Par Charles Benoist. Paris: Lacene, Oudin et Cie.

contemporary history. The sketch of Signor Crispi is more or less of a caricature, though it is highly dramatic. This Italian statesman, no doubt, has his faults, but it can scarcely be denied that, according to his lights, he is a true patriot. M. Benoist himself admits this, though in a grudging and ungenerous fashion. The study of the late Prince Napoleon is evidently a portrait drawn from life. The sketches of Cardinals Rampolla and Lavigerie are rather superficial; but the writer has a charming style, and this, to some extent, redeems the thinness of his subject-matter.

### BELLES LETTRES.

MR. W. R. TURNBULL'S "Critical Study" on *Othello*<sup>1</sup> is, so far as our judgment goes, conducted on false lines. The author's initial conception of his task is a mistaken one. Instead of telling us what *Othello* is, all his efforts are directed to find out what sort of a man Shakespeare was. This, in the absence of sufficient external data, he thinks he can discover from minute and searching study of the great dramatist's works. He tells us in his opening chapter that Shakespeare's "whole work, taken together, may be said to be full of autobiographical confidences," and in the preface he announces that he will try to lay before his readers "the sources of his (Shakespeare's) æsthetic opinion, the ethical scope and design of his drama." Now all this is pure nineteenth-century talk. If you find a system of "æsthetic opinion" or of "ethical design" in Shakespeare, you must *read it in*; for assuredly "it is not in the bond." As for his "autobiographical confidences," they require no ordinary dose of *bonne volonté* for their discovery. Never was author's personality so veiled and elusive as Shakespeare's. He never speaks in his own person; he is by turns Hamlet, Shylock, Romeo, Macbeth, or even Iago; he thinks their thoughts, is stirred by their passions, argues from their point of view. His one "æsthetic" principle, if such it can be called, was "*se mettre dans la peau du bonhomme*," the term by which French actors describe the absolute absorption of the artist in his rôle. Yet though strongly dissenting from Mr. Turnbull's ideal of the proper aim and scope of Shakspearean criticism, we find in his "study" of *Othello* much sound and thoughtful criticism. There is too much of it perhaps; 392 closely printed 8vo pages seem rather lengthy treatment for a single play, even though the play be *Othello*. But the prolixity is mainly due to the unceasing endeavour to discover, by the minutest analysis, things really undiscoverable.

Three volumes have been forwarded to us for review, from Mr.

<sup>1</sup> *Othello: A Critical Study*. By Wm. Robertson Turnbull. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1892.

Walter Scott's "International Humour" Series.<sup>1</sup> By the way, the title is clearly a misnomer, for there is no such thing as "international humour." Nations do not make jokes for each other, but for themselves, and it is with the utmost difficulty that they can understand each other's pleasantries. In the present series, the selectors and translators have made most laudable, and to some extent successful, efforts to adapt their wares to a foreign market, and they contrive to present to their English readers more or less attractive samples of the widely diverse humours of France, Germany, and Italy.

The most entertaining of the three volumes is naturally that which treats of *The Humour of France*, the field for selection being infinitely larger and richer than in any other language—English excepted. But still the success of the volume depended greatly on the tact shown in the selection, and high praise is due to Miss (or should we say Mrs. ?) Elizabeth Lee for her acumen in choosing, and her skill in translating, her specimens, and still more for the really charming and instructive *causerie* on French comic literature by which she introduces them. Their range is in all senses a wide one, beginning with the twelfth century *Fabliaux*, and coming down the ages, through Villon, Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Le Sage, Lafontaine, Balzac, Daudet, and a host of illustrious names too numerous to quote, down to "Gyp's" *Petit Bob*.

Mr. Casenov's introduction to *The Humour of Germany* is also very good, and his specimens are well chosen. But he confesses that the Teutonic temperament is not markedly humouristic, and he seems to think that such jokes as his countrymen do make are best fitted for home consumption. It may be that the extracts he gives us lose somewhat of their flavour by translation, and there is, of course, further loss from our untrained palates being unable to fully relish the flavour that remains. Still, after all deductions are made, *The Humour of Germany*, as presented to us by Mr. Casenov, forms a very pleasant, readable volume.

Mr. A. Werner's Introduction to *The Humour of Italy* is not, perhaps, quite as good as the two we have just praised. Though it is pleasantly written, and gives considerable insight into the distinctive manners and turn of thought of the several Italian provinces, it is somewhat lengthy and discursive. The numerous quotations from Story's *Roberti Roma* are especially interesting, and it is interesting, too, though not surprising, to learn that of all

<sup>1</sup> International Humour Series. Edited by W. H. Dircks.

*The Humour of France*. Selected and Translated, with Introduction and Biographical Index, by Elizabeth Lee. With Illustrations by Paul Frenzeny. London: Walter Scott. 1893.

*The Humour of Germany*. Selected and Translated, with Introduction and Biographical Index, by Hans Müller Casenov. With Illustrations by C. E. Brock. London: W. Scott. 1892.

*The Humour of Italy*. Selected and Translated, with Introduction, Biographical Index, and Notes, by A. Werner. With fifty-one Illustrations by Arturo Faldi. London: W. Scott. 1892.

English authors it is Sterne who has had the greatest influence on Italian literature. Mr. Werner's task has been more difficult than that of either of his *coqfrères*. Italy is probably more richly endowed with the gifts of wit and humour than Germany; but her literature is so much less vast that the field to be gleaned is comparatively narrow. Mr. Werner has nevertheless compiled a very creditable volume, containing many a bright jocund page.

Dr. Kellner's *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*,<sup>1</sup> appears to us to bear somewhat the same relation to modern English grammar as the ancient manzonels and arquebuses in the Tower armoury bear to the magazine rifles and machine-guns of modern warfare. Both ancient weapons and obsolete idioms are curious and historically interesting; but their day of practical utility is long gone by. To speak plainly and without metaphor, we cannot see how the instances here adduced of exceptional and irregular construction, before the forms of the language were fixed, can in any way tend to teach the art of writing or speaking modern English correctly, which is, so far as we know, the sole use of Syntax. We should not have ventured to raise this objection to a work for which the satisfaction of "a liberal curiosity" affords an ample *raison d'être*, but that we learn from the preface that the present edition is expressly prepared "for the use of students." We know our view of the matter will be regarded as hopelessly barbarous; but we have often observed that it is not those who are most profoundly versed in the archaic forms of English—if indeed it already *was* English—who best express their thoughts in the English of to-day. For instance, if Dr. Kellner had been less enamoured of the speech of our forefathers, he would hardly have fallen into the affectation of talking of "English-speaking folk."

A neat little volume from "The Scott Library" contains a selection from the writings of the late Sir Arthur Helps, under the title of *Essays and Aphorisms*.<sup>2</sup> They are preceded by an Introduction from the pen of Mr. E. C. Helps, in which he gives a sketch of Sir Arthur's life and literary work. The essays are well chosen, being on subjects of general interest. A considerable proportion of them are from *Friends in Council*.

Another reprint—this time of scattered magazine articles—is Mr. J. W. Cross's *Impressions of Dante, and of the New World*.<sup>3</sup> We have often said that essays written for periodicals fall, for the most part, within the class of ephemeral literature, and that, to be worth collecting, they ought to possess special merit. But Mr. Cross introduces his little volume so modestly—we might almost say deprecatingly—that he disarms all discouraging criticism; so we

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*. By Leon Kellner, Ph.D. London: Macmillan. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays and Aphorisms*. By Sir Arthur Helps. With an Introduction by E. C. Helps. London: Walter Scott.

<sup>3</sup> *Impressions of Dante, and of the New World*: with a few words on Bimetallism. By J. W. Cross. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1893.

will assume that his are among the exceptional articles which merit a permanent form. But in all seriousness, we think the essay on Dante too good to be confined to the back number of a magazine.

*His Grace*,<sup>1</sup> by Mr. W. E. Norris, author of *The Rogue*, &c., is far above the average in style and literary finish. The story, too, is a pleasant one, and has in it all the elements of romance. Yet, for some reason, just as certain pictures want atmosphere, so Mr. Norris's story is devoid of the halo of romance. The *charpente* of the tale—the actual events—are romantic enough, but the spirit that should make these dry bones live is strangely absent. More than one cause, we fancy, conspires to produce this negative result. In the first place, there is a want of flesh and blood reality in the characters; they seem more like the *dramatis personæ* of a play than like real living men and women. Then, we think, the story loses considerably by being told in the first person, by one who, though closely connected with the principal characters, is himself nothing more than a *comparse*. Seeing the events only through his eyes, and learning them from his mouth, the reader never gets at the real thoughts, feelings, and intentions of those who are the sole centres of interest.

*The Secret of Narcisse*,<sup>2</sup> by Mr. Edmund Gosse, is a well-finished and artistic piece of work. The scene is laid in the ancient city of Bar-le-duc in the sixteenth century, when it was still the scene of a Ducal Court. The old-world aspect of the place and of its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, their pleasures, their prejudices, and their dark superstitions, are admirably and vividly presented to the reader in what might be called a succession of pen-and-ink vignettes, only that vignettes lack colour—and Mr. Gosse's word pictures are rich with colour, both bright and sombre. The feast at the house of the duke's trumpeter, for instance, is a blaze of bright mediæval colouring. It is one of the most telling representations of a scene of old-fashioned mirth and jollity that we have read. But the prevailing tone of the little story is anything but gay, and its end is deeply tragic.

*Mixed Humanity*<sup>3</sup> is not a work of refined literary flavour nor of exalted moral tone: but it has its good points. The love-story that runs through it is natural, and in some of its phases very touching, though entirely irregular and lawless. When the heroine, a youthful South African barmaid, known by the soubriquet of "Cheeky," awakes to the realities of her position, and for the first time realises that, in her single-minded devotion to her lover, she has all along been living a life of shame, she rushes into the opposite extreme, refuses to marry the man to whom, *de facto*, she has been

<sup>1</sup> *His Grace*. By W. E. Norris. In two volumes. London: Methuen. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Secret of Narcisse*. A Romance. By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Mixed Humanity: A Story of Camp Life in South Africa*. By J. R. Cowper. Illustrated by Irving Montague. London: Allen & Co.

a true wife for years, bids him an eternal farewell, and gives herself up to good works in the shape of hospital nursing, thereby spoiling, not only the life of the man whom she adores, but the story to boot. However, at the final page, she suddenly reappears on the scene, just in time to prevent the hero-victor, in a well-contested prize-fight, from murdering one of his adversary's backers, who had goaded him to madness with brutal taunts. Mr. Cowper is evidently an admirer of "the noble art of self-defence." His hero has more than one stand-up fight, and they are so well and lovingly described that they really constitute the "purple patches" of the book.

We have so often commented disparagingly on Mr. Hall Caine's "New Sagas," and other lauded performances, that, as *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon*<sup>1</sup> seemed to be less "in 'Ercles' vein" than its predecessors, we hoped to be able for once to join in the chorus of journalistic applause which Mr. H. Caine's productions seem always to elicit. The effusive dedication to Mr. "Bram Stoker" was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to our benevolent intentions; still, we would willingly praise his book if we could. But there really is nothing to praise. The story is no better than an old-fashioned Adelphi farce; it has the same vulgarity, the same exaggerated comicality, the same cheap sentiment, and the same clap-trap appeals to the gallery.

We greatly like Sir George Douglas's *New Border Tales*.<sup>2</sup> The manly, genial dedication to the old gamekeeper, who had been a zealous helper in collecting and localising the legends of the countryside, at once puts one in sympathy with the writer, a sympathy that steadily grows as one reads on. The stories are all traditions of bygone times, and the author's style is in harmony with his subject; it has a quiet dignity and correctness, which are not characteristics of the most recent literary manner.

*The Runaway Browns*<sup>3</sup> is one of those little *jeux d'esprit*—half-humorous, half-pathetic, and wholly whimsical—which come to us from beyond the Atlantic, and from nowhere else. The young couple, shutting up their comfortable home, wander off like truant children, and fall in with all sorts of company—strolling actors (into whose private life we get an amusing peep), a detective officer (who though off duty, can with difficulty lull his professional instincts into a momentary rest), a travelling tinman (whose stock they purchased), &c. And each little adventure brings fresh entertainment to the reader, and reveals keen yet kindly observation of human nature on the part of the author.

We have much pleasure in welcoming a new edition, called the "Dryburgh Edition," of Sir Walter Scott's novels issued by Messrs. A.

<sup>1</sup> *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon. The Last Confession. The Blind Mother.* By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *The New Border Tales.* By Sir George Douglas, Bart. Illustrations by James Torrance. London: Walter Scott.

<sup>3</sup> "Puck's Mulberry Series." *The Runaway Browns. A Story of Small Stories.* By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by E. J. Taylor. London: Brentano. 1892.

and C. Black ; also a new edition, called the " Border Edition," of the same novels brought out by Mr. John C. Nimmo. Of the Dryburgh edition we have received the first volume which contains *Waverley*.<sup>1</sup> It is a reprint of the 1829-33 edition, carefully revised by the author, and contains the notes contributed to that edition by the late David Laing, LL.D. The type of the volume, though comparatively small, is excellent and especially distinct.

Of the " Border " edition we have received *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*,<sup>2</sup> each in two volumes, with introductory notes and essay by Mr. Andrew Lang. This *édition de luxe* will be prized not only by lovers of Scott, but also by bibliophiles, for, in regard to printing, paper, binding, and general style these volumes leave nothing to be desired, while the numerous etchings deserve special praise : they are exquisite as pictures, and are beautifully executed. The glossary appended to the end of each volume will be found of considerable use, as will also Mr. Lang's notes, which are interesting and to the point.

In his " metrical romance " of *Málmôrda*<sup>3</sup> Mr. Joseph J. C. Clarke tells a stirring and tragical tale, with much dramatic effect. The setting of the story is to a high degree romantic, the figures being those of early Irish chieftains and Danish sea-kings, while the quaint illustrative sketches of loughs, and rounded downs, of viking ships, ancient bugle-horns, shields and skeins, help to attune the mind to the key required. A picture is drawn of the Ostman fleet riding at anchor in the outspread bay, of the swift in-sweeping of the storm, and the casting of the king's ship, with the golden dragon on her prow, upon the " weed-hung granite " of the rocks, while the wild Irish kernes swarm over her crashing sides. Then follows, in sharp contrast, the discovery of Torcala, the strange " sea-king's daughter," by the Irish prince Málmôrda, her lithe form, with the red-gold hair and " sea-blue " eyes, clothed in a shimmering robé, and rising like a vision amongst the soft pillows and silken hangings of her hidden nest in the heart of the grim warship. Asculp, her grey pirate husband, escapes the slaughter, but Málmôrda takes his willing captive for his own, and, maddened by their mutual passion, impiously slays a sacred hermit, who with strong injurious words warns him that " to hold is not to have," and refuses the Church's blessing while the woman's lawful lord still lives. Then comes the tragical retribution. Translating this " soldierwise," Málmôrda slays Asculp, but not before he has taken his revenge, for as the Irish

<sup>1</sup> Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels. *Waverley*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London : A. & C. Black. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> Border Edition of the Waverley Novels. *Waverley*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Two vols. Introductory Notes and Essay by Andrew Lang. Twelve etchings. *Guy Mannering*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Two volumes. Introductory Notes and Essay by Andrew Lang. Ten etchings. London : John C. Nimmo. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *Málmôrda*. A Metrical Romance. By Joseph J. C. Clarke. London and New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.



prince rides forth to bear Torcala the news of her release he hears a banshee wail on the cliffs above him. Though the treatment is narrative and simple, and the blank verse perhaps purposely unadorned, the story is well-developed and the suspense preceding the hero's last ghastly discovery is cleverly sustained.

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ART.

THE three volumes<sup>1</sup> which Herr Bastian has given to the public on various subjects of ethnology in India are a sample of work which is at once the delight and the despair of non-German scholars. They treat at first hand of many interesting points of the Buddhistic popular religion, especially of the Jāin variety, with an infinity of comparisons from Greek philosophy and mediæval theology, not to mention the traditions of Southern California and the natives of Polynesia. But there is no distinct arrangement of matter; the subjects which the author may well be disposed to know call to his mind, and unfortunately to his pen, a multitude of mixed matters which he seems not to know too well; and there is no index.

The first volume has for its title *Travels in the Further Indian Peninsula during the year 1890, for Ethnological Studies and Collection*. It consists of detached observations made among the people, or taken from books, of a variety of subjects connected with Buddhism—monks, and the incarnation of souls, atoms, space and time, heaven and earth, and Nirvana, together with the *lingam*, the apostle St. Thomas, and “*wilde*” theologians and philosophers. The latter are highly esteemed by the author, who quotes Colenso's experience with relish—*auf höchsten Hochschulen graduirt*. He holds evidently to the classical legend:

“There was a bishop of Natal  
Who had a Zulu for a pal;  
Said the Zulu: ‘See here,  
Ain't the Pentateuch queer?’  
Which quite floored the Bishop of Natal.”

The second volume, on *Ethnology and History*, and the third, on *Cosmogonies and Theogonies*, are not essentially different in manner from the first; they are haymows, in which many needles may be looked for, and indeed found.

The erudition is not unlike the style. In the space of two sentences may be found the “world-systems” of Brahmins and Buddhists, of Greeks and Scandinavians, and New Zealand Maoris, with citations from Hesiod and Pliny, from Xenophanes and Kant, on stars and morality.

<sup>1</sup> *Ideale We'ten in Wort und Bild*. Drei bände mit 22 tafeln. Von A. Bastian. Berlin: Emil Feilber. 1892.

In sum, the German erudition of Herr Bastian is unmistakable; but we desiderate more of that "invincible German science" of which Dr. Döllinger boasted so fondly.

Unmixed praise, however, must be given to most of the plates, both in their execution and in the detailed explanation given of them. The latter has been furnished by the Directorial Assistant of the Indian Section of the great Ethnological Museum in Berlin. The student of comparative art, in whose behalf we have been pleading, may derive much help and suggestion for further study from a careful investigation of their least details. They also render a definite service to the understanding of the religious ideas of India. They are taken from the most various sources, in Birmah and Ceylon, from the temples of the Dekkan and the library of the Rajah of Tanjore.

In spite of the thorough work done in this century in the field of Celtic art and antiquities, there is still much to do, as every student of art-history knows. The monumental remains in the Isle of Man have a special interest from the fact that they are almost exclusively the work of the Scandinavians who occupied the island during the twelfth century. They adopted the custom of erecting crosses as memorials to their dead, and continued using the general outlines of ornament which they found among the Celtic inhabitants. The runes, therefore, and the language of the inscriptions, are of Scandinavian interest; while the ornamentation, in its regular development from the simple plait and twist to the most complex and beautiful geometrical designs, forms an independent chapter in the story of Celtic art. In a few instances the decoration deals with the portrayal of living objects, including themes from the old Norse Sagas. Mr. Kermode, in a rewritten and enlarged edition of his modest *Catalogue of Manx Crosses*,<sup>1</sup> has earned the gratitude, not only of the students, but of the many readers for whom Miss Stokes and Mr. Romilly Allen have popularised early Irish and British art.

The author has a project of issuing a larger work, with detailed photographs, and of making a complete set of casts of these ancient sculptured crosses, with their Runic and Ogham inscriptions. We hope that he will receive the money subscriptions which alone seem necessary to his success.

The French author of *The Art of Sketching*<sup>2</sup>—a handy manual now published in English "for the use of artists in black and white"—is favourably known for other important artistic works. His present treatise is full of the French light and lucidity which make his countrymen such admirable teachers and popularisers. It is illustrated from fifty very practical drawings by the author. These have the great advantage of turning and returning several of the

<sup>1</sup> *Catalogue of the Manx Crosses, with the Runic Inscriptions.* By P. M. C. Kermode, F.S.A. Scot. London: Williams & Norgate.

<sup>2</sup> *The Art of Sketching.* By G. Fraipont. London: Cassell & Company, Limited, 1892.

subjects, so that the pupil may learn how to make the best of his own changing moods. For, as the author sagely remarks, "if once you make a beginning, it will become a necessity, almost a mania—as innocent a mania as fly-fishing." His method is summed up in the closing sentence of the little book: "In sketching, as in everything else, 'by dint of hammering you become a blacksmith.'"

We have already called attention to the valuable series of monographs on "celebrated artists" published by the French review *L'Art*. The present number, *Jean Baptiste Huet and his Three Sons*,<sup>1</sup> has an importance of its own quite apart from the rank of the artists whose work it describes. In the traditions of his art the elder Huet began with Boucher, continued with David, and ended with Prud'hon. This alone would make his work an index of that most interesting period, the decadence of the brilliant Court life of the French Monarchy, with the revolutionary change to our own republican epoch.

In his early time, shepherdesses are still in vogue, and nature is chiefly of use as a *décor galant*; while "life—the desirable life—is that which is led in the comic opera." In this, Huet was faithful to his master Boucher, who will always remain the most faithful interpreter of Louis Quinze art and life. After a time, with the coming in of austere reminiscences of Brutus and classical republicanism, shepherdesses gave way to nymphs and goddesses. Huet, like a true Parisian, reflected the new phase of thought; and his figures grew classical enough to satisfy even David the reformer. But he retained always what he had first learned—that decorative setting of his figures which recalls, and some think surpasses, Boucher. It is true he never knew how given them the *diable au corps* which so characterises his master; but, on the other hand, his composition is often better balanced.

The elder Huet had a special presentiment of modern feeling in his love for animal life. In fact, his sheep are more valuable than his nymphs and shepherdesses combined; and his lions and wolves have each their decided physiognomy. It was probably this side of his art, born out of due time, which led the academic school of his later years to neglect his work. His sympathy with the past was not likely to interest them, while animals and landscapes were to them only sufficient to make up a *petit matre*.

Thought and tendency have since changed; and this book, which is really a rehabilitation of a half-forgotten artist, is opportune at a period so difficult in history as well as art. It is unusually well furnished with documents, and throws side-lights on the salons of painting of the closing quarter of the last century, as well as on engraving and art industry. The designs, to the number of nearly 200, are of high general excellence; technically, they form a series of interesting studies in animal painting.

<sup>1</sup> *Les Artistes Célèbres : Les Hue*. Par C. Gabillot. Paris : Librairie de l'Art.

## THE DRAMA.

ALL artistic and theatrical loving London are at this moment engrossed with Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's classical drama *Hypatia*, founded on the celebrated novel of that name by Charles Kingsley. The spectator, however, will be more struck by the departures from the original story and the additions thereto, by which a highly artistic and poetic book has been transformed into a powerfully dramatic play, than by the resemblances; for, with the exceptions of the historical events which naturally remain unchanged, but which are not the creation of the gifted Anglican divine, and the *spirit* of the novel still preserved on the stage, there is little in common between them. Indeed, a complete subsidiary plot has been superimposed upon the original, introducing a new character especially adapted to set forth the special talents of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. This is the character of Issachar the Jew. *Hypatia* herself, the last teacher of the neo-Platonists, the pure, the beautiful, the intellectual, whose rhetoric for some time swayed the populace, and also the higher class inhabitants of Alexandria, and by whose cruel assassination is finally stifled the dying embers of a once glorious pagan civilisation, is no creation of Charles Kingsley. It is possible that his genius has painted her life in more brilliant colouring than the historian, and that he has in this wise endowed her work with a greater importance, in so far as the philosophy of antiquity is concerned, in influencing the ideas of the nineteenth century than would otherwise have been the case. It belongs to the novelist thus to place the great characters of past ages before modern readers in a manner attractive and easily intelligible to them; but we are not aware that the spirit of the book, which, as we have already remarked, pervades the drama throughout, in spite of so much clever elaboration of the latter, is in any sense unhistorical.

The production of *Hypatia* at the Haymarket Theatre is an event of more than ordinary importance, as all those who would invest the stage with a special mission in society as a temple of culture will readily admit. It is the first time for many years that a tragedy has been placed before the public in which the events depend for their action upon underlying religious controversies—these controversies, though, according to the story, raging in the fifth century, but having their counterpart in the nineteenth—and this with a

distinct motive. Herein lies the deeper interest of the play; and it is noteworthy at a time when Roman Catholicism is making so much headway in this country to observe the manner in which the anti-monastic feeling, of which Kingsley was an exponent, will be received by the public and by the press, which is issuing notices and critiques of Mr. Ogilvie's production in such abundance. It is, then, again noteworthy that the correctly drawn neo-Platonic character, Hypatia, though commanding our admiration, fails to attract much warmth of sympathy either in her triumph in the lecture-hall of Apollo, or at the moment of self-sacrifice even unto death at the close of the play. Yet the interest aroused in matters spiritual, that had apparently sunk beneath the materialism of our day, when the thoughts of men are turned alone to present needs, to the cry for bread of the multitude, seems to bode a rapid return to the strife of religious beliefs in the near future, because the material and the spiritual cannot be separated from one another any more than the soul and the body can be separated before death.

It will be remembered that Kingsley wrote at a time when the country was much disturbed between the Tractarian movement and the Papal aggression. A certain bitterness pervades his writing, which is easily discernible in the spirit of the novel, against the practices of the Church whose doctrines he controverted. He chose a period for his story when the struggle between Christianity and Paganism was passing through a phase, the least reputable for the former. Paganism at this date contained all that was cultured, refined, and noble in Alexandria, and Christianity all that was vulgar, ignorant, narrow-minded, and contemptible. Hypatia the heathen is far more truly Christian than the relentless Bishop Cyril, who, by the way, takes his place among the saints of the Roman Calendar. The author's sympathies are manifestly with the heathen. Monasticism, which, contemporaneously with the publication of the book, had been revived in England by Ambrose Phillippe de Lisle of Garendon Park, is painted in peculiarly ugly colouring. The monks are pictured as a lawless mob, incited to deeds of brutality worthy of the *sans-culottes* by the crafty Bishop Cyril, who figures as a sort of Robespierre, whilst the virtuous Hypatia appears before the court of Orestes in the garb of an angel of mercy to deliver the zealot Philamon from a well-merited punishment for street brawling.

However, though monasticism is throughout the play made hideous and detestable, the libertinism and cynicism of the pagan are also pictured to us in the character of Orestes, prefect of the city, whose passing passion for Ruth, the daughter of Issachar the Jew, ends in her dishonour and his infidelity to her. But then this part of the story belongs to Mr. Ogilvie and not to Charles Kingsley. Ruth is a sort of Walter Scott's Rebecca gone wrong, and easily falls out

of the play in the fourth act without the audience much feeling the loss of her disappearance. Miss Olga Brandon has two opportunities in this part which she certainly makes the most of. The first is in act ii., in which she tells her secret to Orestes and beseeches him to save her from infamy; the second is in act iii., in which she confesses her shame to her father Issachar, who seizes a dagger with which to destroy her but lets it fall to the ground, his love overcoming his anger. The part is in nowise necessary to the story except to bring out into relief the libertinism of the Pagan and the paternal tenderness, the one weakness in the character of the Jew.

Issachar, again, is the creation of Mr. Ogilvie, a subtle, crafty, revengeful being, who, by means of his financial power, makes so many catspaws of the authorities of the city, whom he utterly despises, whether Pagan or Christian. Again Mr. Ogilvie is responsible for the tender side of Hypatia's character, which is a little incongruous, but the additional touch of which renders her in the first act, not only the virtuous, noble life, often to be found among the heroes of antiquity, but really as ideally Christian as a saint of the second or third century type. As the play proceeds this side of her character becomes less and less marked.

Of Mr. Alma Tadema's scenic designs we can only speak in terms of the highest commendation. He is in his element with classic figures, artistically grouped in marble halls. Mr. Tree could not have chosen a more perfect artist. We are first introduced into the bishop's study, which has a glorious view over the whole city. In this scene takes place a descriptive dialogue on the state of political parties in Alexandria. Cyril sees that the Pagans and Christians are evenly matched, that the Jews, by means of their financial strength, hold the balance, and are secretly abetting his enemies. Therefore they must be expelled the city. For this purpose he charges a young monk, Philamon, to cut down Hypatia, saying that the Church has need of martyrs, whilst he urges on the mob of monks to sack the houses of the Jews. The riot is the event of the next scene, in which Philamon seeks to carry out his purpose, but is restrained by the followers of Hypatia. Here Issachar makes his first appearance, gorgeously clothed in barbaric garments, upon the portal steps of his house; his manifestations of hatred against the Nazarenes are admirably acted as he disdainfully throws his gold to the crowd and disappears with his daughter Ruth, whilst the populace are struggling for the coins. The second act takes us into the government hall of Orestes, prefect of the city. After the scene between him and Ruth already alluded to, Hypatia enters to beg for the life of Philamon. Cyril also enters and shows a rescript from Honorius, Emperor of Rome, empowering him alone to try the offences of the clergy, and therefore demanding the release of the

rebellious monks who have occasioned the expulsion of the Jews. Issachar unfolds to Orestes his plans for him to marry Hypatia, crown himself king of the South, and join the forces of the Pagan Emperor Heracleian, now battling with Honorius for the empire. The third act is for scenic effect the most admirable of all. It is the lecture hall of Hypatia. At one side is the marble throne of the great teacher, backed by a colossal statue of the god Apollo in gold, an oval-shaped hall surrounded by tiers of marble benches, on which are grouped the many disciples and listeners of the virgin philosopher in classic costumes of artistically blended colouring. Behind these a forest of Greek architectural pillars, beyond which can be seen a view of the city in the deep blue of a southern sky. The picture is perfection. Hypatia discourses on the soul, on the views of life of the Platonists. Philamon is there the spy of the Bishop Cyril. He is enchanted with the fair teacher, and they have a touching scene together; he convinced of the sublimity of her motive, but unshaken in his faith. He departs from her, and Issachar and Orestes enter; Issachar speaks of her marriage with Orestes as the sacrifice she must make for the glory of her gods. At first Hypatia—and here we see Miss Julia Neilson at her best—refuses the offer with scorn, but afterwards consents only for duty's sake, and Issachar retires to his room, where the tidings are brought to him of the rout of Heracleian and the approach of the Christian fleet to Alexandria. It is in this scene that Ruth confesses her guilt, and seeing that all his plans of empire are frustrated, there is but one thing left for him—revenge on Orestes for the shame of his daughter. His envoy has killed the messenger of Honorius to Orestes, and so there is still time for him to mature his plans. In the fourth act, Orestes, unaware of the catastrophe, allows himself to be proclaimed king, but Issachar has sent the news to Cyril, who hounds on his rowdy monks to tumult. There is a fresh scene of bloodshed, and the Jew rushes upon Orestes and stabs him many times, seizing back the golden crown he has sent to the prefect a few moments before. Philamon, however, fearing the worst, has rushed to Hypatia, begging her to save herself, but she refuses. They have a rhapsodical scene of love, when the monks rush in, headed by Cyril, and stab them to death at the foot of the great cross within the Cæsareum.

Of Mr. Parry's music it is difficult to speak with any authority. As far as we could hear it we were pleased. We know of his fame as a writer of incidental music and choruses for the Greek plays at the Universities, but without examining the score we must refrain from giving any judgment. We are informed that very little the composer has written is given at the Haymarket, and, indeed, what there is is very subsidiary.

The fame of Mr. Ogilvie should spread abroad as a playwright.

He is distinctly influenced by M. Sardou, and there is much in common in the style of *Hypatia* and the dramas of the eminent Frenchman. For instance, the human interests, the love scenes, distinctly recall to mind the *Antony and Cleopatra* produced by Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the English Opera House last summer, and the tension caused in Alexandria to the Jew by the double tidings of Heracleon's victory and defeat, recalls the same double news of Napoleon's overthrow and victory in the first and second acts of *Tosca*. We have no space left to speak of Mr. Tree's personation of Issachar, and of Miss Julia Neilson's *Hypatia*, save to say that both were excellent, a term which, in more or less degree, may apply to the rendering of all the other characters of the play. *Hypatia*, in a word, is the most perfect representation of its kind that has been seen in this capital for many years.

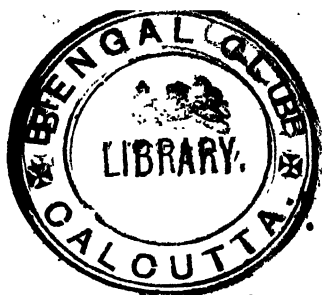
Having devoted almost our entire space to discussion of the production of *Hypatia* at the Haymarket Theatre, we cannot but touch in a cursory manner in this number on some of the more important theatrical events of the month, holding over the rest until a later issue. Of these *The Silent Battle* at the Criterion, only produced for a limited time on account of the impossibility of keeping together so exceptional a cast as that including Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Frank Worthing, and Miss Olga Nethersole, owing to their numerous engagements, deserves special mention. It is a clever, refined, artistically arranged play, well put together, brilliant in dialogue, and replete with dramatic incident. It will be sure to be placed again on the stage at a not very distant date, when we shall have much pleasure in returning to a critical discussion of its many good points.

The democratic play at the Adelphi, entitled *The Lost Paradise*, still continues to draw crowded houses. The plot hinges upon the ever-absorbing questions of higher wages, shorter hours, strikes, the villainy of certain members of the capitalist classes, and the glorious self-sacrifice of the working-man—this time in America. Reuben Maitland (Mr. Charles Warner) discovers a volta-dynamo without knowing it (!). His benefactor, Dr. Standish, patents the discovery, which falls into the hands of Andrew Knowlton, who makes a large fortune by it, and whose daughter, Margaret (Miss Dorothy Dorr—"The Lost Paradise"), is loved by Maitland. Margaret is betrothed to Ralph Standish, the doctor's son, who becomes a partner in the firm, and screws workmen, who strike for rise of 10 per cent., and wheels stop going round. Maitland sides with men, discovers secret, and forces old Knowlton to capitulate. Standish fights hard, but is thrown over by Margaret, who marries Maitland; men win, and wheels go round again. Not without dramatic power and tragic situations.

The "great Gus" has been catering for the Christmas amusement



of the rising generation, but even the precocious *fin de siècle enfant terrible* of the present day will be somewhat perplexed by the Drury Lane Pantomime jumble, in which Little Boy Blue enters grand-mamma's bedroom in order to save Little Red Riding Hood from the prandial blandishments of the wolf. One story, we suppose, does not offer sufficient scope for an Augustine spectacular display, so we have a medley of *Hop O' My Thumb*, *Little Bo-Peep*, *Fee, Foo, Fi, Fum*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Little Boy Blue*. The dialogue is sometimes clever, and, of course, teeming with topical allusions, the missing word competition being much to the fore. None of the songs, which were set to popular tunes, seemed to take well. The processions, "sports and pastimes," and nursery tales were done with great *éclat*, and show careful attention to the minutest details. The latter takes place in a gorgeous Hall of Mirrors, where the vast staircase, noble pillars, innumerable electric lamps, and bright costumes, are reflected again and again *ad infinitum*. A more reposeful scene, but hardly less attractive, is called "A Village of Happy Arcadia." The live sheep in this scene seem quite at home, though the colour of their wool suggests some knowledge of a London park and fogs. The graceful movements and delicately tinted skirts of the "Serpentine" dancers, produced a charming effect. The performers are mostly music-hall favourites. The vagaries of Little Tich perhaps excited the most merriment, though Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell raised many a laugh. Miss Marie Lloyd threw herself into the fun with her usual spirit. The harlequinade was shorter and less boisterous than usual, and the entertainment concluded with a clever display by the Cragg Troupe of acrobats.



## REPUBLICANISM IN FRANCE.

EUROPE has rarely witnessed a financial scandal of such huge proportions, nor one more dangerous to the political interests of a country, than that which is engaging the feverish attention and interest of France at the present moment. The *affaire* which was sufficiently grave to ruin the reputation of many public characters, and hurl a President from office, but a few years ago, sinks into insignificance when compared with the monstrous example of corruption in high places which, whatever be the final judgment of the law, is indissolubly associated with the name of one of the most gifted and most famous Frenchmen of modern times. The connection of *pots-de-vins* and politics can never be anything but ruinous to the interests of any nation, but under no *régime* is that connection of greater danger than under that of a Republic; for under no *régime* can less restraint be placed upon the avarice and want of scruple of party politicians.

The Panama scandal is but a signal example of a state of things which has long been evident to all acquainted with French politics, which has long excited the disgust and hatred of sincere Republicans, and which has been used as a powerful weapon by those opposed to the Republican principle. To the majority of foreign observers Democrats like M. Henri Rochefort seem to be mere political fire-brands; in reality they are but the exponents of a profound and widespread distrust on the part of democracy for the institutions and men by which it governs and is governed. Such, on a larger scale, was the Boulanger agitation, relentlessly opposed by the whole crew of unprincipled wire-pullers and party tricksters. And who can deny that this distrust is not amply vindicated by the *impasse* into which the incapacity of parties has led the national interests?

And what does this prove? Elaborate and vicious attempts are constantly being made to show that it demonstrates the impossibility of true Republicanism in France, and those largely interested in the electoral battle do not hesitate to assert that under monarchy alone (Bonapartist or Orleanist, as the case may be) the country can find that stability and unity so necessary for its development. Yet monarchy in reality can bring no element into the country that could heal the wounds, or appease the hatred of the cliques and coteries of time-servers who have fastened upon the administration of the

nation. Not a fresh monarchy, but fresh men deeply imbued with a sincere Republicanism, and fresh measures built upon such principles, form the sole source of political salvation for a people deeply scarred with the results of misgovernment and misfortune.

It is absurd to talk of the failure of Republicanism where true Republicanism does not exist, for "the Conservative Republic," or "the Moderate Republic," or "the *bourgeois* Republic," or whatever it may be called, is no more a Democratic State than was the "Liberal Empire." It is essential to thoroughly appreciate this truth if we would arrive at an accurate knowledge of the political condition of France; and it is perhaps impossible to properly appreciate it without having first studied, however briefly, the evolution in that country of the democratic idea.

The ideal difference between the *ancien régime* and the modern, between the right divine and the right popular, was pithily expressed in the "L'état c'est moi" of Louis, and the "L'état c'est nous" of Sièyes. The *nous* loomed big in the eyes of the people; its proportions grew; finally, the nation hugged to its naked breast with the frenzy of misery the tinsel formula that the democracy cannot err.

Thus was struck the keynote nevertheless to that long and desperate struggle on the part of France for a government which should be at once liberal in the principles, and strong to uphold the national interest and dignity, tolerant to all classes and creeds, but powerful to resist any conspiracy from within or any aggression from without.

In its determined striving after such a system of government, the nation has been too often checkmated by criminal ambitions and selfish interests, sometimes, also, alas! by failing to discern who were its most faithful servants, which was its safest path. Thus, out of revolution, and class avarice, and dynastic strife, from ruin, corruption and ignorance, arose a bastard government, which, under the name of Commonwealth, concealed a system of administration identified with a discredited *régime*, protected and fostered interests alien to democracy, became subverted to the use of men careless of, or opposed to, sincere Republicanism, and clinging merely to its shadow, because it alone hid their shallow or egotistical designs and made their supremacy possible. "Who," wrote Edgar Quinet, in criticising the Constitution of 1875, "were to be the founders of this Republic? A handful of insignificant men, monarchists by their education, by force of habit, by their manners, and by their interests. Formed by such hands it is easy to imagine what a Republican *régime* could be."

Republicanism, like every other institution, is liable to change. But it is liable to something of much greater import: it is open to different interpretations, it is exposed to totally erroneous interpretations, and to a far greater extent than any form of monarchy,

at least among the Latin races, it is subject to sudden and undue modification or development by contending passions and ignorance. In a country like France, where a considerable minority of the people is still swayed by devotion to exiled dynasties, the establishment of a Republican government must necessarily be a work of extreme delicacy and difficulty, even when supported by the greater part of the nation. But when many so-called Republicans are themselves but half convinced, when they are divided by a hundred different doctrines, and their common cause weakened by mutual distrust and aversion, and when, finally, their avowed enemies are comparatively powerful, if not in unity, in their common hatred of the Republic, then the work of construction becomes one of extraordinary intricacy. This is the political problem which Frenchmen must solve, or finally cease to exist as a powerful nation. No country can progress in a whirl of succeeding revolutions and falling dynasties, no country can prosper or develop so long as its most vital institutions are constantly imperilled and questioned; but especially is this the case when those very questionings are rendered plausible, when those perils are the logical, the necessary consequence of a government which has nothing in its composition nor in its origin to recommend it, and which a celebrated Frenchman has described as "a Republic established by the Royalists, in view of its future overthrow."

Two attempts have been made to establish a Republican constitution during the last fifty years. The former, in 1848, when the eloquence of a Lamartine, and the patriotism of a Cavaignac, might have been deemed sufficient to guarantee the defence and consolidation of those public liberties that have since been so frequently violated and so often misjudged. The latter, in 1875, to which I have already referred, and which has but delayed that inevitable day of reckoning when "the discontents which have agitated the country, and which, though not always noisy, are never wholly dormant, will again break forth with aggravated symptoms." And on that day, perhaps, the season of reparation will have passed for ever, and a future, to which Gambetta pointed a confident finger, will be still more doubtful and still darker.

The Revolutionists of 1848 had two principal objects in view on the reunion of the Constituent Assembly. Firstly, it was their duty to establish and define the limits of the executive authority, and, secondly, to lay the base of the legislative power. Nor should it be forgotten that the framers of the constitution possessed one inestimable advantage. They had the precedent of the Convention and Directory as a warning. Students of history, they could appeal to the work of their fathers for guidance. Far removed from the passions that for the most part animated the earlier Revolutionists, they had the opportunity of observing, criticising,

and amending the errors of a former generation. And how did they accomplish their task? Did they, who had been so anxious to destroy, show any remarkable faculty to reconstruct? Had they followed the illustrious examples of the American patriots in sagacity, courage, and abnegation, or was time to show they had torn their country from the hands of a weak monarch only to blindly plunge it into the countless horrors of anarchy, revolt and usurpation?

The early Directory had by no means been a model government. It was guilty of many blunders, and though the celebrated Carnot was one of its members it never showed any special ability to conduct the country during that dangerous epoch. But in spite of many errors it fulfilled its rôle so far as to restrain for a time the passions of the mob and the criminal ambitions of individuals until the genius and ambition of Bonaparte trampled upon law and order. It was only when Napoleon was nominated to the Consulate, *and the active executive power placed wholly in his hands*, that the Republic was sacrificed and the Empire established. Now this stupendous historical precedent was before the national representatives, and it ought to have taught them this lesson, that in France the public liberties might be easily endangered if the executive power was concentrated in one man, and especially so if that man was elected by the people direct.

"The two powers," declares Victor Duruy, "the executive and the legislative, had a common origin, for both equally proceeded from the complete suffrages of the people, but the president had this advantage, that elected by millions of votes, he apparently represented the entire nation, while in the Assembly the individual deputies represented merely a few thousand electors each."

But instead of benefiting by this bitter experience, these infatuated legislators proceeded to cast aside the Executive Committee, which up to the moment of their deliberations had been the National Provisional Government, and ordained that for the future that authority should be vested in a single individual.

If the Constituent Assembly had been solely composed of Imperialist conspirators bent upon the recall of the Corsican dynasty, it could not have proceeded in a more direct manner to that end. For not only in theory was this measure one of a suicidal tendency for Republican institutions in France, but it was *de facto*, in the presence of the daring and unscrupulous pretender, whose popularity was daily increasing, an action of criminal stupidity. To have maintained the executive council at the head of affairs would have been to place an obstacle in the path of the aspiring candidate to the presidency that nothing short of open rebellion against the State could have overcome, a step which was to be little feared. It would have given the authorities time to calm the prevailing restlessness by demonstrating that in the establishment of liberal and

sagacious laws the object of the Republic was solely to suppress aggression and govern the country with equity and moderation. It is impossible that men like Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, and Crémieux, who had shown during recent events that they rightly esteemed the value of order and liberty in a great community, it is impossible that these men were absolutely blind to the ultimate aim of the Imperial schemer. It is ridiculous to suppose that they could not and did not foresee, to some extent at least, that he aspired to a position which he regarded as his right in lawful succession to the great founder of his dynasty. Nor could they have been oblivious to the fact that his name still possessed vast power with the ignorant electorate, that his adherents were growing in influence and in numbers, and that the Republican party possessed no one who could hope to dispute with him the leadership of the country in a general *plébiscite*. And yet, solemnly united for the purpose of laying the foundation of a constitution, "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, and secure the blessings of freedom," they reserved for the chief magistrate of the Republic an authority and prestige which, under the circumstances, must have been a constant menace to the public liberty. "He had too much or too little, and with the temptation to usurp the habitual public prerogatives, he had been given the means to successfully assume them."<sup>1</sup>

There now remained one safeguard, which, while hardly according with an absolute Republican ideal, would, under the existing conditions, have been a valuable guarantee for the integrity of the Republic. Having committed the error of establishing a presidency, the dangers that office engendered could have been sensibly minimised by causing his nomination and election to rest, not with the nation at large, but with the Chamber; and had the Constituent Assembly been sagacious enough to establish a Senate, the union of those two bodies for the presidential election would have been a fair guarantee and assurance to the great body of the people. We should then have had a strictly Parliamentary Republic, such as it exists to-day, and though I do not think such a constitution could have been final, but would, on the contrary, have required careful revision at an earlier or later date, it would undoubtedly have rendered the *Coup d'État* impossible, and above all demonstrated to the French peasantry that only under Republican institutions, accurately balanced, can they hope to find the inestimable conditions of individual liberty and peace. Under far less propitious circumstances, and after forty years of tumult and bloodshed, that peasantry is commencing to take the dearly purchased lesson to heart.

But this Republic which might have meant so much really meant so little. Paralysed at its birth by the apparent incapacity of its progenitors, it was shortly to be merged into a centralised and

<sup>1</sup> Victor Duruy. *Observations sur la République de 1843.*

semi-military dictatorship. Thus ended the second effort of Republicans, patriots, and *doctrinaire* politicians to establish liberal government amidst a people not incapable of perceiving and appreciating the blessings of liberty, but partly blinded by traditions, partly alienated by the weakness of the Republican leaders, and partly terrorised into submission by force or by fraud. Well might the words of Gambetta have been addressed to the democratic leaders then, as he addressed them twenty years after: "A later generation will denounce you as having missed the only opportunity, perhaps, to construct a strong, legal, and moderate Republic." They had missed it once, they were to miss it yet again.

The conditions surrounding the short-lived Republic which ended so miserably in 1851, and that one at present presided over by M. Carnot, are widely different. The former ended in treason and murder, and would probably have survived, if such crimes had not been possible, in the person of Louis Napoleon. It was identified with many illustrious names; it was established by sincere and honourable men; it came after a long period of monarchical government productive of little real good to the nation at large. The latter exists because up to the present no dynasty is possible in France—it exists, that is to say, *faute de mieux*. It is merely a specimen of calculating opportunism animated by little ardour and no courage. Its leaders have been remarkable only for their mediocrity, and are, generally speaking, men who would have no scruples in welcoming an Orleans or Bonapartist prince, were they not aware that such an advent would signify their own political extinction. Their apologists cannot point to one name which can be made a rallying cry, or the owner of which possesses the national confidence. Search the roll of leadership, and what do we find? A Ferry, a de Freycinet, a Constans, a Rouvier, a Clémenceau, a Tirard, a Ribot; names rarely uttered outside France, and which will leave no landmark in the history of the country. But it is not the absence of political genius that is to be deplored. It is the absence of courage, of unity, of trust in the people, of toleration, of sincerity, of good-works. It is the presence of corruption, tyranny, and injustice, of party High Courts, of extreme centralisation, and of a bastard origin. In a word, of the absence of genuine and honest Republicanism.

But the conditions guiding French political life after 1871 were at once so intricate and uncertain, so many ambitions and passions were at play, a disastrous war and prolonged civil strife had so left their inevitable proofs of hatred and mistrust, that the legislators would have required those solid qualities of courage, conviction, and enthusiasm, such as have animated a Kosciuszko, a Cavour, and a Kossuth to overcome the difficulties, dangers, and temptations which now beset them; and so long as those obstacles were not overcome,

the constitution would be incomplete, however the votes were cast, and whatever form of administration was conferred upon the country. For at best such partial majorities would represent neither conviction nor satisfaction; they might indeed signify a party compromise or a party victory, but it is not of such stuff that durable constitutions are made. There was, of course, but one way to build a staple Republic, and that was upon a popular vote. That way was not pursued, and the result, if it has shown the hopelessness of the Royalist cause, has demonstrated also the disorder and instability of the present Republican one. Nor could it be otherwise, when we consider how the Constituent Assembly was formed—"A Legitimist party preparing a *coup d'état*, an Orleanist party seeking to destroy the very government it invented, an Opportunism desiring to overturn the government it also consented to establish, a Republican party in an absolute minority, and a coterie of Bonapartists whose aim was merely to increase the general disorder."<sup>1</sup>

Let us now see what should have been the principal objects of this strange Assembly, what its actual objects were, what influences guided it in its unhappy refusal to appeal to the people when such an appeal was peculiarly necessary, what were the natural consequences of their extraordinary decision to form a democratic constitution by a parliament having no such authority conferred upon it, and to form it upon monarchical principles under the watchful eye of a President—a Napoleonist by sentiment and a despot by circumstances—who was prepared to resist a parliamentary vote unfavourable to his designs, and who had declared that in nominating him to the Presidency, the national representatives "had enchained their own sovereignty, and that under any circumstances the powers with which they had invested him for a certain period were absolutely irrevocable during that period."<sup>2</sup>

The administration of the country from the date of the close of the war had been carried on by what was in every respect a provisional government—a government which had indeed accomplished its primary duty in ridding the country of a foreign army, and restoring it to peace and its consequent blessings; but one nevertheless which from its very nature and origin called for the earliest and most radical revision. But how was this measure to be carried out? Into whose hands was this sacred cause to be entrusted? Who were to be the final arbitrators in deciding a matter of national interest? There was but one sure method of accomplishing this revision, of placing the fruits of a Constituent Assembly far above the venomous attacks of political ambitions and jealousies, and of satisfying at the same time the absolute requirements of the people. It was to appeal to the nation. "The only means of escaping from

<sup>1</sup> Edouard Lockroy, *Le Rappel*, January 25, 1875.

<sup>2</sup> Speech of General Cisse before the Chamber.



the Provisional Government," wrote Edgar Quinet, "which alarms society, hinders business, and paralyses labour, is the prompt organisation of a definite and durable constitution, . . . and this can be obtained only by allowing the nation the free exercise of its (electoral) sovereignty."<sup>1</sup> Here the veteran Republican struck the keynote to a situation of great danger, but which at the same time offered an unique opportunity to establish a strong and liberal government. One thing, however, forcibly strikes the foreign student of French history—*i.e.*, the absence of popular agitation of any extent or influence, and the apparent total want of a decided public opinion. In England, in America, in Switzerland, the people would be the final judges of measures of such vital importance, and though the party chiefs might indeed lead they could not turn from its course the irresistible force of popular will. Yet in France, which had suffered, fought, and bled in the cause of political *ideas* during seventy years, a coterie, a clique, decided a constitutional question almost entirely uninfluenced by the democracy in whose name they one and all acted. Such are the paradoxes of French political life. Nevertheless, though this popular apathy is to be deeply deplored, it does not for a moment lift the responsibility from the legislators of establishing a constitution in an unconstitutional manner, and of reducing constitutional laws to the level of ordinary legislation, liable at any moment to repeal by an adverse vote, and therefore at the constant mercy of an intriguing and unscrupulous parliamentary majority. The men who at this crisis guided the destinies of the country, and who formed the Constituent Assembly, had a very solemn but very clear course of action; and a course moreover that, while it was rendered all the easier by the lessons of past revolutions, included few of the difficulties encountered by an earlier generation of Republicans.

But very different aims occupied the thoughts of French politicians. There were some amongst them honest enough and sincere enough to put personal interest and family interest behind the crying necessities of the fatherland. But such men formed but an insignificant minority in the great body of coteries and wire-pullers, destitute at once of statesmanship and patriotism. The objects of some were power and place, and all the emoluments and tawdry finery of office; of others, the execution of pet theories and personal fads, for which a whole country was to be the subject of experiment, a whole nation the expiatory victim. And yet, of others, an attachment to this family or that, however discredited and however dishonoured, attachments moreover that were rarely disinterested, but far more often impelled by financial reasons or personal pride. And so, a public body that had been elected for a particular object, having accomplished that object,

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the *Rappel*.

assumed powers that it did not possess, and functions to which it had no title, to the end that its members might continue to "exploit" an already impoverished country.' Fearful of each other's designs, constantly expecting a *coup* from some quarter, not daring to appeal to the people from whom alone they could rightfully obtain the essential prerogatives, they constructed a paper constitution which was neither republican nor monarchical, and which could claim no respect, as it had no charter of existence. Did a British Parliament, elected on the question of the drink traffic, proceed to separate the various portions of the British Empire and grant local autonomy to India, it would be acting in a far more legitimate fashion than did the Constituent Assembly of France.

Thus forced by fear, avarice, and party designs into the vilest opportunism, the legislators turned their backs upon the lessons of the past, discounted the dangers of the future, and half dreading a return of the Commune, fearful for their threatened loss of power, they mortally crippled the Republic in their vain efforts to meet all interests and to please all parties—efforts which formed a monstrous government, at once centralised, despotic, and licentious, and prepared the way for constant agitation and constant demands for reform. Had the nation been consulted the verdict could not have been doubted, and would have done more than all the oppression and exile to silence the intrigues of the discredited dynasties. And it would have done something better than this. It would have stemmed popular outcries, which go so far to disunite the people; we should have had no Boulangist troubles, because Boulanger would never have been necessary, because what he demanded would have already been conceded, because, voted by the people, it would have had the national sanction and been stamped with the indisputable signature of the national will. But this logical and patriotic course was not followed, and to-day any man can point his finger at the constitutional charter of France, and ask—what thing is this? As a Royalist he may dispute its validity, as a Bonapartist he may describe it as less liberal than the Empire, as a Republican he can laugh it to scorn indeed, for by whomever it was founded, the people had nothing to do with its making.

And of the seed thus sown, the fruit has been found bitter. Unsupported by the masses, its partisans have been in constant dread of some Orleanist *coup d'état*, and have found shelter, not in their own unity and statesmanship, but in the notorious incapacity of their opponents. Delivered from a Third Empire by the lamentable death of the Prince Imperial, and from a military dictatorship by the lawless and unscrupulous violence of an unscrupulous Minister, this travesty of a Republic is staggering to its end, supported so far only by the vested interests of financial and political tricksters, and an exaggerated dread of the "red spectre of Communism." It will

finally sink, either before the star of some successful general, in some second Commune, or, as those who love and admire France must hope, when at an early date the "thunder tongue of a nation" shall demand revision and reform. When that moment arrives the Presidency might be safely abolished, the interior administration of the country undergo a complete system of decentralisation, a more equable system of law administration entered upon, the functions of the Home Office strictly defined, and various other reforms be successfully carried out. But whatever happens, the Constitution must come from the people direct, and be immutable but by an appeal to the people direct. By these means alone can the insidious agitation of the pretending families be silenced, the safety of the Republic be guaranteed by the nation, the nation itself be finally united upon this vital question after storms so numerous and tears so bitter.

FREDERICK V. FISHER.

## MOLOCH IN ENGLAND.

MOLOCH in North Africa, at whose altars mothers, sobbing and sorrowful, but full of earnest faith in their deity, sometimes sacrificed their children to secure for their little ones a future meeting in an eternity of joy, was a god respected and feared. Picturesquely terrible, as were Baal, Chemosh, with other bronze, cast or stone-cut fallacies, their cult lived through ages and dynasties, and was not in every sense a fallacy.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Nile, under a sky nourishing the palm and the lotus, the Semitic Pantheon produced much that was noble, much that appealed to the finer instincts of our nature. It represented devotion to learning, science, and art ; it made those nations cultured, wise, and happy ; it favoured a love for the æsthetic and beautiful, evidenced alike in the decorative art and the coloured tapestries of their dwellings, as in the magnificence of their temples and palaces. When ancient faiths embodied in ancient names faded away like a passing dream before Christianity and iconoclastic Mohammedanism, the discredited gods disappeared into the nothingness from which priestcraft and superstition had evolved them, old time idol worship leaving its records silent and lifeless as the faiths they represented, in massive stone-work which has defied the hand of time.

Unfortunately, however, one evil principle remained, for Moloch prowls amongst us day and night. Fierce as ever, relentless and ruthless in his demand for sacrifice, he persistently demands his victims. Perhaps, also, he demands them in greater numbers and under circumstances of greater atrocity, than he ever did in the land of the palm and the lotus, when the gods of other days played their parts in the great drama of life performed in the theatre of the Old World.

Moloch in England has nothing of his former nature, except, indeed, his cruelty, and his rites as performed here are much devoid of tone or colour. Not as formerly are there white-robed priests to conduct the worship with groups of priestesses also white-robed, young, beautiful, gold-bangled, and flower-garlanded, musical besides, chanting hymns to the idols before whom they bowed, and burnt aromatic herbs in temple gardens and orange groves where wandered gaudy peacocks and the sacred scarlet ibis. Our Moloch is associated

essentially with the worst side of our nature; unconnected with anything of the æsthetic or beautiful, his cult embraces all that is most low and commonplace. His attributes are murder, deception, and sordid greed. He continually exacts his percentage of child life, as his detestable presence fills the land, while, strange to say, his real power and nature are by most of us unrecognised and unknown. In short, throughout this country of cathedrals and churches, with a highly paid hierarchy represented in the Legislature, in a land of Bible teaching and Sunday-schools, amongst a thoughtful, prayer-loving people, or who, at all events, claim to be such, where life and property are supposed to be fenced round with the most elaborate safeguards, it is, nevertheless, a certain fact that Moloch stalks almost unchecked.

A fertile cause of infant mortality, and of long protracted suffering is due to the system known as baby-farming, the sufferers being *unwanted* children, those of poor parents, but perhaps oftenest those who are illegitimate, of which latter class it is computed more than 50,000 are born in our country every year. Two parties appear distinctly as criminals in the above system, the procurer, and the receiver or genuine baby farmer. The first mentioned is a woman who advertises for children under the plea of adopting them, the advertisement is answered by some person wishing to get rid of an unwanted child, and terms which appear to vary between £5 and £200 are agreed on. As a next step, a meeting, usually at a railway station waiting-room is appointed, when the child and money are handed over by the mother to the procurer. The latter person is often the wife of a man who has failed in business, or is out of work; sometimes women who have been dressmakers, monthly nurses, ladies'-maids, and servants, also thus occupy themselves. Their letters and advertisements are generally cleverly worded: "They and their husband have no child, but desire to adopt one, and treat it as their own, they are very fond of children, and want one to brighten their home, &c." Their appearance is also in their favour, as they are nearly always clean, tidy, and respectable-looking; they sometimes advertise under three or four different names, and the business seems to be both large and lucrative, as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children traced advertisements to the same woman as far north as Sunderland and as far south as Eastbourne. The procurer, on receipt of the money and child, takes the latter at once to the house of the baby farmer, this individual receives the child with a certain sum of money, needless to say considerably less than the original amount, and it therefore becomes the direct interest of the ultimate receiver that her newly arrived charge should live as short a time as possible. These women belong to a still lower order, those who have become degraded drunkards, or whose husbands, if they have any, are of the labour-

ing class, drunken, idle vagabonds, too idle and good-for-nothing to work, but who, as a means of maintaining themselves in their low, demoralised lives, take to baby-farming.

There are certain subjects so intrinsically unpleasant, that over them one would wish to draw the veil; at the same time, if, ostrich-like, we merely avoid the sight of what is repugnant, simply because it is repugnant, we favour the growth of an evil which, like a noxious weed, spreads the more that its presence is overlooked. In discussing the present topic, we have arrived at a point where the details, truth to say, are ghastly, but the sooner their existence is recognised the sooner can an efficient remedy be applied. We therefore consider that we cannot do better than present to our readers descriptions of certain cases from reports of the above-mentioned Society. In these statements we detect something of the real character of baby-farming, the vile cruelty to helpless innocent beings, and the urgent call for vigorous action which would at once ensue on the public conscience being fairly aroused.

The following description of the shambles to which a baby-procurer in good practice was found to have conveyed five of her victims is highly suggestive:

"It was the back room of a tumble-down labourer's cottage, scarcely fit for a coal place, about twelve feet square. Crouching and sprawling on the floor, in their own excrement, were two children. Two were tied in rickety chairs, one lay in a rotten bassinet. The stench of the room was so abominable that a grown man vomited when he opened the door. Though three children were each nearly two years old, none of them could walk, only one could stand up even by the aid of a chair. In bitter March there was no fire. Two children had a band of flannel round the loins, one had a small shawl on, the rest had only thin, filthy, cotton frocks. All were yellow, feverish, and reduced to skin and bone. None of them cried, they were too weak. One had bronchitis, one curvature of the spine, and the rest rickets; all from their treatment. There was not a scrap of children's food in the house. In a bedroom above was a mattress, soaked and sodden with filth, to which they were carried at night, with two old coats for covering. All the children's clothes in the place were the handfuls of rags they wore. And a man and his wife sat watching them die of filth and famine, so making their living. It was their trade. Of one, which had died a few months before, was found a graceful memorial card, with the motto, 'He shall gather them in His arms,' which had been provided for the procurer who sent it. At the farm its mother was not known. These five weary creatures were all removed into restorative care, all injured for years, some for life. Two never recovered and died in hospital."

"Another 'farm' kept by a man and wife consisted of one small

room occupied night and day by six persons—the two adults and four children. In a cradle on the bed was a child sucking at a bottle. In a cradle by the bed was another sucking. On the bed lay a third. On the floor was a fourth child, and also the man and woman who lived upon savings out of these children's keep. Two of the children were very ill, had been ill for some weeks, one seemed near death. Neither had had medical care. One had raw sores round the eyes, which were explained *through the beetles getting at it*. They were on the body too. When this child cried (it was 'crying all day long' a neighbour said) it was never taken up. This neighbour had seen the man angrily pile clothes on its head to silence it."

The above cases are by no means exceptional. On the contrary, the two "farms" mentioned are described because they are typical examples of the nature of "unwanted" children's abodes and of the treatment their occupants receive there. It is much the same to the receiver whether she contracts for weekly payments or a lump sum down; in the former case she takes care that the children cost much less for their maintenance than what she receives, and she lives on the balance. As the victims starve, there are plenty more to take their place. Death certificates, coroner's inquests, and post-mortem examinations are practically useless in these cases. Disease of some kind usually supervenes on ill-treatment; infant post-mortems generally take about five minutes, and evidence is rarely forthcoming. Neighbours of the class we speak of are averse to giving information, and the true facts could only be supplied by the woman herself, or her husband and partner in guilt. Child death-certificates are generally very carelessly made out; the cause of decease is often inserted from the woman's own statement, or on a mere glance at the sufferer, if it is seen alive. There are doctors who are not troublesome about certificates; the farmers well know this, and they go to them. Besides this, the cause of death may be some wasting disease, such as bronchitis, or due to improper food. In these cases the certificates may even be strictly in accordance with fact; but—and here lies the difficulty to be grappled with—the illness may have been skilfully induced with the deliberate intention of causing death.

In the case of one procurer, who advertised largely, no less than twenty-four babies were traced to her possession (how many more she received cannot be known). She never adopted one of them, and it may be supposed she passed them on to receivers. Sometimes the procurer dispenses with the receiver, and passes on the children to death herself. In the case of one vile she thing of this order, out of twelve children who had been procured by her advertisements in six months, eight died; suspicion being at last aroused, she was prosecuted, in the face of great difficulties con-

victed, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. How long the woman had been carrying on her horrid trade is unknown, but the fact came out that when her house was searched no less than 300 disused garments of children were found there. It being possible to prove one case, the woman was sentenced to penal servitude, but, query, what became of the little boys and girls, the former owners of the garments; how did they pass away from this life?

Few will contend that the law in its present state is adequate to check a widely diffused and peculiarly abominable form of crime; it therefore becomes a question how could legislation on the subject be improved.

The present state of the law as regards baby-farming is very loose and ineffective. By a legal enactment, farmers must be registered, but only when more than one child under one year old is kept. Any number of people may each undertake the care of one child under one year old with any number of children aged over one year. This law, unsatisfactory and irrational as it is, is practically a dead letter, nor is this surprising when we consider the amazing fact that the whole supervision of this occupation throughout the British Isles is virtually entrusted to one official.

We think that the law might with advantage be amended in the following direction. Any person obtaining possession of a child under false pretences should *per se* be liable to severe penalties, the prosecuting party not being necessarily the duped parent; by these means the public prosecutor or any organised body could undertake the duty. Also persons undertaking the charge of children not their own, and under a certain age, which should be much higher than that allowed by the present Act, should be required by law to be registered by the parish board of guardians, or by two magistrates, as a fit person for the duty. Further that such persons once in possession of their licence should be required to furnish a monthly list to the superintendent of the district police, or to some specified government official, of all children under their care, with immediate notice of their death in case of decease. It is obvious that the above enactments would be powerfully preventive, the trade of the procurer passing herself off as an adopter would become most perilous, and could hardly long escape detection. The position of the baby-farmer also, wishing to gain a living for herself by extinguishing the life of others, would be seriously hindered. The difficulty of an improper person obtaining a licence, and of retaining it in case of misconduct, added to the continued surveillance of the police, would render her occupation as at present carried on practically impossible. Nor can we discern anything objectionable in the proposed amendment of the law. To gain money under false pretences is already a criminal act; in order to keep an establishment for the sale of wine and spirits, or for the care of the insane, it is



necessary first to secure a licence, and we fail to see any reason why the above principles should not be applied to obtaining possession, or undertaking the care of children. If it is felony to obtain money under false pretences, why should it not also be felony to obtain a baby under false pretences?

Quite unconnected with baby-farming, but showing precisely the same results as regards child-suffering and mortality, are two systems known as child-insurance and burial-clubs. To most of our readers it may seem strange, to many incredible, that English fathers and mothers could, after having insured their offspring's life, deliberately arrange for their deaths in order to gain a petty sum of money. Few, however, amongst the educated have any real idea of the lengths to which the uneducated of feeble moral nature in the ranks of poverty will often go for the sake of gaining the sum of five or six pounds. The temptation resulting from the above twin systems is ever present; it has proved too strong for parental affection, demoralisation and crime are the results. When beer, tobacco, gambling, and idleness can be had in exchange for a child's life, the child is often sacrificed. To illustrate our assertions we give the following cases, supplied by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"L. O., a widow, was charged by the Society with neglecting her female child. The woman was in the habit of leaving the baby (six months old) alone for hours together without food. A fellow-lodger complained to her, and was told to mind her own business; she (the child's mother) 'did not care, because if anything happened to the child she would get £3 from the insurance company.' The woman was living with a man (W.), and had had a previous child, which died, and which was insured in two societies for £4 10s. She made a false return of the birth of both children. The subject of the present charge was six months old, and weighed 6½ lbs., when it should be 12½ lbs. Sent to prison.

"R. W., aged fourteen, when seen by the doctor, was suffering from fever, in a dying condition, and black with dirt. The room in which she was, was filthy, and smelt offensively. She died the same evening. On the following day he was again fetched to see a younger child, aged eight. She was suffering from a malignant fever, was black with dirt, looked as if she had not been washed for months, and had nothing on her body but a rag. He ordered her a mustard bath. The next day he called, but the child had not been bathed, and was as dirty as ever. The floor was thickly incrustated with dirt and filth. This girl also died from the fever. Both children were insured. Their parents had had sixteen children, and all except three (also insured) were dead. Proceedings were instituted and parents sent to prison."

The following is the *post-mortem* description of a child which had been insured for £2 :

" Body thin and emaciated ; not a particle of fat about it ; weight sixteen pounds (ought to be forty pounds). Lacerated wound on little toe of right foot, wound on right knee, bruises on the shin, left leg bruised. In small of back a scar ; on outer side of right wrist an old wound ; on left wrist a fresh wound and a scar. Two front teeth knocked out ; on both cheeks old bruises. Behind right ear, wound nearly healed. Right side of forehead, a wound an inch, long, caused by a severe blow with blunt weapon. Skull-bone inflamed, wound three inches long. The brain wholly inflamed. On the left side of head a similar wound. Symptoms on head, result of blows. The marks on the wrist, result of tight-drawn cords."

In this instance the niceties of English law come prominently into play. The police took up the case, but as there was no evidence as to *who* tied the cord, or *who* administered the blows, the child having been in *two* persons' charge, they received no punishment, but they received the money for which they had insured the wretched child.

In the same way burial clubs, in themselves a special form of insurance, are responsible for much crime. Amongst the lower classes, the price of what is called a child's little—*i.e.*, cheap—funeral, runs from 15s. to 18s., but for the same child the undertaker will furnish polished oak and brass fittings for £4. Parents, therefore, insuring their children against burial expenses, can always arrange for a considerable margin of profit, and an immense temptation is presented to the very poor, if they can obtain £2 or £3 on the death of a child whose continued life is, on the other hand, only a source of trouble and loss. The following figures published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are also significant. In the cases of cruelty to children with which it dealt during twelve months—1890–91—1298 children were found to be insured at the average rate of £4 12s. 8d. a head ; in the cases of the following year 3809 were found to be insured. Again, according to the Registrar-General's statistics, infant mortality is found to be lowest where this system of child insurance has not been introduced, but where the system of insuring children is most common the mortality is highest, and when child insurance spreads in certain districts children's death rate rises.

In quoting the above statements and figures, we have endeavoured to show the extent of a truly national evil ; in citing certain typical cases, our object has been to demonstrate the real and vile character of that evil—therefore, the question remains, how is legislation to deal with child insurance ? We think it is apparent that persons of the lower classes, living in grinding poverty, uneducated, often callous, vicious, and having natures formed by the most sordid

circumstances of life, should not be placed in the position of having a beneficial interest in the death of children of whom they have the custody, and the right to determine their treatment in health and illness, their chastisement, clothes and food. The insured child is not in the position of a breadwinner, on whom others are depending, nor is it in the position of one whose death might entail a pecuniary loss against which it would be expedient to insure. The ordinary reasons, therefore, for insurance do not exist, while the results are long protracted infant suffering, ending with death, and a widely extended demoralising influence. We should, therefore, unhesitatingly say, let child insurance be utterly abolished by law, and let any tampering with the law by insurance societies or their agents be visited by stringent penalties. In the case of burial clubs, when a child dies, payment should go by law to the undertaker, and not to the parent, any proved evasion of the law by parents, societies, or undertakers also to be made subject to legal penalty.

The measure we have suggested is in accordance with the opinions expressed by judges, doctors, coroners, and relieving officers. Mr. Justice Wills, for seven years a judge, says, "Oftentimes it would be a much more correct definition of these so-called life insurance societies to say that they are death insurance societies." In his evidence before the Lords' Committee, Mr. Justice Wills also said that his brother judges, with whom he had consulted, were *all* of his opinion on the subject.

We do not say that in the proposed amendments child murder would absolutely cease at once, cupidity on the one hand, and the strong desire to get rid of "unwanted" children on the other, would in certain cases hold their sway; but we do maintain that a very heavy blow would be dealt at a wholesale evil system, with the result that a national crime and a national shame might at last fade from our land.

C. R.

## MEMORIES OF A GREAT LONE LAND.

THERE is a great lone land lying far away from this country which as yet has been but little explored. It is to me a matter of surprise that this should be so, for although it is a land of rolling prairies, rugged cañons, salt and brackish lakes, it is undoubtedly a land in which gold, if sought for, would be found. Often, wandering far away from the haunts of civilised man, hundreds of miles distant from any human habitation, amidst the glorious solitudes of the lonely valleys which lie deep down below the towering snow-capped peaks of the mighty Cordilleras mountains of the Andes, I have watched the sparkle of that "mammoth god," gold, in the shallow gurgling streams which work their way through these valleys of eternal silence.

The great lone land I speak of is Patagonia. It is fourteen years since I set out to explore its untrodden scenes, yet its memory is ever upon me, and the vastness of its lonely, and save by the red man, uninhabited prairies, its immense solitudes and its gloriously beautiful mountain fastnesses, are pictures which I can never forget.

It has been my lot and good fortune to see a good part of the "wild parts" of the world—those parts, I mean, still beautiful in primeval innocence unattacked, but nowhere has their impression sunk so deeply, so ineradicably into a heart fascinated by the loveliness of uninhabited and untrodden regions as those of Patagonia.

True, its plains are vast, far-stretching, and peopled only by wandering batches of Tehuelche Indians, the fabled giants of other days. But these plains teem with enormous herds of guanaco<sup>1</sup> and immense numbers of ostriches, which, if properly preserved and protected, would form most remunerative objects of commerce—the skins of the guanacos making valuable fur rugs, while the feathers of the ostriches would command a ready sale. As it is, these latter are vigorously hunted by enterprising "ostrich hunters," who roam the pampas of Patagonia with their ostrich hounds, slaying the birds right and left most indiscriminately, thereby seriously threatening their ultimate extinction, while the Indians, who prize them as food, and who will never eat the flesh of guanaco so long as that of the ostrich is to be obtained, join in the general slaughter of this "all round" most excellent bird.

<sup>1</sup> Guanaco is pronounced *Wonnakko*.

I say "all round," for the ostrich of Patagonia, unlike its African brother, forms most excellent and delicious eating. Nothing of him is wasted. Every part of his body is of use. He is a small grey bird, not huge and massive like the African species referred to, and very little distinguished from the hen in either size or colouring. When I say *very little*, I mean that to the inexperienced the difference is hardly perceptible, though as a matter of fact the male bird is slightly darker in plumage and stands a little higher than his mate, his height being about two foot and a half. He is polygamous by nature, enjoying generally the companionship of some half-dozen wives, who deposit all their eggs in one nest, which consists of a hole burrowed in the ground. But unlike his polygamous cousins of the human type, the male bird takes upon himself all the duties of maternity. He sits on the forty eggs or so which his wives have laid, and when they are hatched takes charge of and "mothers" the chicks, the ladies of the harem being meantime employed in enjoying themselves and growing fat to their heart's content. This appears to me to be a fairer division of labour than we arrange for in our human customs, where woman incurs all the drudgery of child rearing. The ostriches of Patagonia it would seem manage better than we do! The "ostrich hunters" course them with a species of dog called an "ostrich hound," which is a cross between our English or Scotch greyhounds and a rough lurcher South American animal. These animals are very speedy, and also handy at turning quickly when going their fastest, an accomplishment necessitated by the sharp twists given by the ostrich when hard pressed by the hounds.

Two of these latter are generally used in a course, only exceptionally good dogs being able single-handed to run and pull down an ostrich whose every double gives him a clear gain of from twenty to thirty yards on his pursuer.

Meanwhile, the "ostrich hunter" follows on horseback as fast as his animal's legs will carry him. The pampas being in many parts treacherously undermined by the burrows of a small animal called the "toucha-toucha," a crowning fall while going at full speed is not an infrequent occurrence, which, as may be imagined, leaves the "ostrich hunter" somewhat in the rear of his hounds and their quarry! Sometimes this latter beats the former, and gets clear away, but oftener the ostrich is pulled down at last by the hounds, and is killed by the "ostrich hunter," who breaks its neck.

An ostrich course is an extremely exciting affair and decidedly fast run. The class of fall above alluded to is the most frequent, and by no means the least perilous part of the hunt, and generally knocks the breath nigh clean out of one's body! I know that several which I got in this manner did so, and I am quite certain that had I not been riding on the cross saddle I should have been

killed. The moral of this is, therefore, that all ladies who go to Patagonia shall abjure the use of the side saddle!

A guanaco, unless wounded, cannot be captured by hounds. Its speed and staying powers are too great. Even with a broken leg, it will lead its pursuers many and many a mile ere it can be ridden down and killed. It is in every way an interesting animal, and is called by the Indians, a "Nou." The body is yellow, the stomach white, the eye large, lustrous, and gazelle-like. It neighs something like a horse, and is shaped like the lama, and abounds in vast numbers. Though in its wild state it is the "wildest of the wild," it can be easily tamed, and might prove invaluable as a beast of burden in place of the mule, who requires an abundance of food, while the guanaco thrives on the most barren patches. As I have remarked, its great speed and staying powers enable it to out-distance and defy the swiftest of hounds or horses.

But it is not thus that the Indians secure them. The Tehuelche hunts on the circle-forming system. When certain ground is known to be frequented by guanacos and ostriches, a number of men mount their horses, and taking with them lassoes, ostrich and guanaco bolases and a box of matches each, they sally forth.

On some elevated mound, commanding a good view of the track they intend hunting, they take up a position. Then one Indian sets off to the left, while another starts to the right. Fifteen minutes or so elapse when two more Indians set off in like manner, and so on until a goodly number have acted thus. Suddenly, far off outside the tract of land selected, smoke columns commence rising from the ground until a horseshoe crescent of them appears, whereupon all the Indians left on the mound open out into line and ride rapidly down towards the opening left. This gap in the crescent is speedily filled up by fresh columns of smoke, through which the Indians dash in to the now enclosed circle. Ere long numbers of guanacos and ostriches may be seen fleeing before their foes, yet not daring to pass the smoke columns they double back and are bolased or lassoed by their pursuers. In this way thousands are killed by the Tehuelches, many lives being needlessly sacrificed, as the condors hovering far above after such massacres plainly testify. Every year, too, at a certain season, herds of unfortunate guanacos are surrounded, and the females, heavy in young, are slaughtered for the purpose of obtaining those yet unborn young, whose skins are softer and more valuable than those of the adults. It is a cruel and revolting practice altogether.

The Tehuelches, men and women, are a tall and a shapely race, copper-coloured, with fine teeth and straight black hair. They are divided into Northern and Southern tribes of that name, the former inhabiting the tract of country lying between the Rio Negro and the River Senegal on the north, while the latter frequent the land

stretching south of the last-named river. They must not be confounded with yet another tribe of Patagonians, namely, the Pampa Indians, who seldom wander far from the eastern portion of this huge country. In stature the Tehuelche is not of the fabled giant size, but he is certainly tall and well built. The men destroy the hair on their faces by plucking it out by the roots, which gives them a more juvenile appearance than they would otherwise possess, and is decidedly becoming to them. Their race is, however, I fear, a dwindling one. Drink and contact with the white man for the purpose of barter seem always to destroy the Indian, and the Tehuelche is no exception to the rule. He obtains the poisonous "fire water" from the "small trader" and the "ostrich-hunter" in exchange for guanaco furs and ostrich feathers, and every year the Southern Patagonian visits Sandy Point (Puntas Arenas), the only white settlement in Patagonia, with the exception of St. Julien, the Welsh colony at Chubut, the latter on the Chubut river, and Patagones or Carmen, whither the Northern Patagonian resorts. At Sandy Point "fire water" awaits the Indian in plenty. It costs little. He gives valuable feathers and skins in exchange, and accepts the poison offered him with delight. Alas! that it is so. At Patagones it is the same, worse luck to it! If Patagonia could only be taken up and leased by a British Company, such criminal proceedings might be put an end to.

It is a great, vast, lone land, and yet I think a British Company would make it pay. There is room for countless herds of guanaco, which if preserved would become countless herds indeed. They fatten and prosper, as I have said, on the most barren of ground, and apart from the great value of their fur and skins, and the use they could be put to as beasts of burden, their flesh is, to my mind, incomparably nicer than beef or mutton. As for ostrich, I consider it an absolute delicacy. The meat taken from its back is far superior, surrounded by its rich yellow fat, to the tenderest beefsteak. Its breast is better than turkey, while its wings—well! I shall not attempt to describe *them*, beyond remarking, "unhappy is the gourmand who has not tasted ostrich wings." While I was in Patagonia there flew over our encampment on several occasions flocks of birds about the size of a starling, but of a light grey plumage, with fairly long beaks. They must have been birds of passage. We shot some and cooked them. I perfectly well remember our delight in eating them, and how we agreed that the first taste of them produced—what a Roman Emperor once declared he would give his whole empire to possess—a new sensation! But the birds rarely came our way, and beyond those few flocks we saw no more in Patagonia, nor indeed elsewhere, and I have often wondered what they were, whence they came, and whither they went.

There are hidden treasures in those splendid forests which girt

the base of the sweeping chain of monster snow-capped mountains, whose mighty figure winds its snake-like course through the whole length of South and North America. The Cordilleras, which girt the western side of Patagonia, assuredly look down on gold mines as yet undiscovered, because unsought and unsearched for, yet none the less there. As I have said, I have watched the gold gleaming in the shallow streams and rivers of those untrodden regions, and pictured to myself the change which the search for gold, when it comes, will work in them and in the forests all around. And yet, as I have stood by some lonely inland lake, teeming with its myriads of wild fowl, have watched the wild duck, the wild goose, black-headed swans, Barbary duck, ibis and gorgeous flamingoes, all trustful and without fear of man, I have pictured and tried to realise the havoc and distrust which his approach would cause among the happy denizens of these uninhabited lands; and I remember when once thus standing and thus thinking, I received further proof that I was in regions hitherto untrodden by man, as a sudden roar like thunder sounded behind me. The wild fowl took no notice and remained quiet on their lake; but I, starting, turned quickly to learn the cause. A magnificent sight met my view. At full gallop down an almost perpendicular escarpment, with sand and stones rushing from beneath their feet, swept a large herd of wild horses in the wake of a fine dark, well-grown stallion. It is no good describing wild horses as pictures of beauty and perfect shape, for wild horses, as a rule, are small, badly shaped, and without shoulders.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, it was a wonderful sight to see that herd coming down what looked like a perpendicular sheet of rock, like so many cats. The stallion was decidedly stylish-looking, and his mane reached his knees, while his long tail swept the ground. He galloped close up to me, smelling the earth, snuffing the air and trotting backwards and forwards with tail arched, and a tremendous lot of snorting. He could not make out what manner of strange beast I was, but no doubt satisfied himself that I was not a puma, for he came quite close. At last, calling to mind that we had a troupiiglia of tame horses not far off, I judged it wise to try and get rid of my visitor, so I let my rifle off into the air. The herd started, and commenced a retreat up the steep face down which it had so recently galloped, whereupon the stallion whisked round, and followed at full gallop, lashing his tail from side to side. It had clearly never seen a human being before. As for the wild fowl, they never minded the rifle shot. The Indians more or less fight shy of these mountain-forest haunts, and stick to the pampas. They fully believe that the former regions are haunted by a white people.

<sup>1</sup> The wild horses in the more northern parts of Patagonia are decidedly fine animals, however, and the Northern Tehuelches have obtained some excellent mounts by crossing their mares with these wild ones.



They also believe in the existence of a furry-clad member of the human species whom they call by the name of *Trauco*, and which they aver inhabits these western forests, preying on the wild white cattle and golden deer that dwell therein, as well as on the vicuña, which frequent the mountain slopes of the Cordilleras of the Andes. There is no arguing to the contrary possible, for really these stupendous forests and vast unexplored regions may well be the dwelling-place of animals, or people yet unknown. Possibly, "Trauco" may be the missing link for which Darwin searched and sighed so unceasingly. I remember, in a correspondence I had with him soon after my return from Patagonia, I suggested that this might be so, and he was not at all inclined to ridicule my idea. Yes, the discovery of gold in these far-away mountainous regions would undoubtedly transform Patagonia. Across its pampas, the iron horse would be made to whizz its way. The great lone land would undergo a complete transfiguration as the silent, endlessly stretching prairies awoke to the scenes of human civilised life. And here, too, man would find Nature lavish with her bounties. In the great forests he would have an unbounded supply of wood. Coal too he would speedily discover, and in no mean quantity, while the wild cattle and deer would in time prove to be a possession of great utility. There are possibilities in these untrodden scenes of which we probably little dream, but which will become in time realities to those who go in search of them. Why not give North America, Australia, and Africa a bit of a rest and go in for Patagonia? I commend the country to Dr. Hertzka and the Free Land Association. Could they not negotiate its purchase?

One memory of Patagonia hovers round me still in the person of a dog, who bore the name of "Pucho," which in Indian language means "the end of a cigar." Pucho was remarkable in more ways than one, being, I believe, the only Patagonian ostrich-hound who has ever visited Great Britain. He came to that country self-invited, for no one ever dreamt of attempting to oppose Pucho's will, he being a dog who held those who sought to do so in supreme contempt. In describing him, and how we first became acquainted with him, I cannot do better than partially quote from a description of him which I gave some thirteen years ago in my book *Across Patagonia*. Here it is:

"Pucho, a peculiar dog, had joined us under peculiar circumstances at Laguna Larga. We were quietly sitting round the camp-fire after dinner, when suddenly the dogs jumped up and began to bark at some unseen enemy. . . . What could it be? Here, as if to settle the mystery at once, the dogs all rushed out of one accord, and for a few moments we could hear a terrible snarling and growling going on at a distance. It came nearer and nearer, and then the cause of the commotion was explained. Surrounded

by our dogs, who were giving it a by no means friendly welcome, a strange dog walked slowly towards the camp-fire. It bore its tail between its legs, seeming half humbly, half defiantly, to crave admission into our circle. Its humble demeanour only bore reference to *us*, for the defiant manner in which it occasionally bared its white teeth, and turned on our dogs whenever they came near, showed that it cared little for them. We called out in friendly tones, and this settled its bearing for once and all. It turned round, made one savage dash at one or two of its tormentors, and then calmly made its way towards the fire, looked out for the most comfortable spot, stretched itself leisurely, and lay down with its head resting on its crossed paws, seemingly as much at home as if it had known us all its life. I ventured to stroke it, but my advances were received in a most unfriendly, and considering its position of alien outcast, audaciously impertinent manner, for it snapped at me viciously. But from the first 'Pucho' made it a point of distinctly refusing to be patronised. He joined us, he gave us to understand, not on sufferance, not as a suppliant for our favours, not as a guest even, *but as our equal*, and this *status* he claimed as regarded us only, for as to our dogs he ignored them completely, though willing, as subsequently appeared, to make use of their good services.

"He looked sleek and fat, a circumstance which led us to think highly of his powers of speed . . . and most dogs who lose their master as this one had evidently done soon die of starvation. We therefore congratulated ourselves on his arrival, as we hoped he would be able to afford our own dogs help in the chase. But we had grievously reckoned without our host. The next day, on the march, a guanaco was sighted close to us. Now was the time. 'Choo! choo! Pucho!' we shouted, expecting him to speed out like an arrow after the guanaco. But nothing could have been further from his thoughts. He looked first at us and then at the guanaco for a moment, not without interest perhaps, but certainly without showing the slightest inclination to hostile demonstration. Then, with another look at us, which said as plainly as words could, 'Well, that's a guanaco no doubt, but what then?' he quietly trotted on. We were very angry at seeing our hopes deceived, but gave the dog the benefit of the doubt as having only been trained to run ostriches, as Indians frequently teach their dogs to do so. This seemed plausible enough and our confidence in Pucho was momentarily restored. Presently an ostrich started up. Now then: 'Choo! choo! Pucho!' was the excited cry again. All the other dogs flew out like the wind after the bird, and Pucho followed them. But only at a trot, and apparently merely to judge how the other dogs behaved, for he soon stopped and contented himself with watching the chase till it disappeared from view, and

then he leisurely came back to his usual post at my horse's heels. Everybody was enraged with him, Francisco<sup>1</sup> suggested that being a 'bouche inutile' Pucho should be knocked on the head with the bolas, but I could not hear of this, and Pucho's life was spared. And so he remained with us, and I had ample opportunities for studying his peculiar character. As on the first day, so he continued. Although generally there or thereabouts when a distribution of the spoils took place he never once helped the dogs in the chase. That this did not arise from inability or want of speed, but rather from a sense of his own superior dignity, was shown by the fact of his once having been seen to pursue and catch a fox, a feat none of our other dogs were capable of. Amongst other peculiarities, he had a way of mysteriously disappearing if the day's march was too long . . . but so sure as the guanaco rib for dinner was done to a turn, the soup ready, and the fire blazing comfortably, so sure would Pucho suddenly appear on the scene, look out for the most cosy spot near the fire, and cheerfully await his supper, as if nothing had happened."

This strange character, unearthed from the midst of Patagonia's lonely plains, maintained his queer characteristics to the end of his days. A short time before I sailed from the shores of this great lone land, he disappeared. But even as I was entering the boat to embark on the steamer which was to bear me away "Pucho" put in an appearance. Completely ignoring the boatmen's efforts to prevent him from entering the boat he quietly took possession of the most comfortable place therein and accompanied me on board. As a natural sequence he came to England and took up his quarters with me. Grave and sedate, he utterly refused to the end to be caressed by any hand but my own, and was to all intents and purposes a wild dog. Chain or collar he never permitted or tolerated, and preserved the freedom of the wild plains on which he was born.

His toleration towards *me* was a few weeks before his death touchingly evidenced as follows. One afternoon, one of the gardeners at The Fishery, Windsor, where I was residing, came and told me that Pucho was lying outside the entrance-gate with a loose trap on one of his fore paws. He had evidently been poaching in Her Majesty's preserves and been trapped, but had managed to drag up the peg and get home. I went to where I heard he was lying and found him as described, his poor foot bleeding and swollen. He looked at me sadly and just moved his tail. No one dared touch him, his ferocity was too well known. A passing carter for half a crown agreed to open the trap if I would hold his mouth. Under ordinary circumstances, to handle Pucho's mouth ~~meant~~ being badly bitten, yet on this occasion he made little opposition when I got hold of his mouth and throat. As the

<sup>1</sup> One of our ostrich-hunters.

carter released the foot he gave a low groan, and when I let him go actually looked gratefully at me and wagged his tail outright. Then turning away he limped slowly towards the house.

Three weeks later the poor animal went mad. A few hours before the attack came on I noticed he was not right and tried to get him to drink and eat, but he would not for of course he could not touch anything. Madness attacked him suddenly and he charged straight for the only person in the world whom he cared for or who cared for him. His malady was unmistakable. With a heavy heart I felt bound to act with promptitude. I had several dogs running about loose and two little boys playing not far off. To procure and load a gun was the work of a moment, when I presented myself to the dog again, who rushed at me showing his teeth and foaming horribly at the mouth. As he came on I raised the gun and shot him dead. It was the first and, I hope, last dog I shall ever shoot. To me shooting a dog feels like what I should imagine shooting a human being in cold blood would feel like.

Pucho sleeps his last long sleep at The Fishery, where this sole living link of the great lone land which I possessed in this country passed away. He was a strange creature, a comedian and a philosopher in one. He made us laugh but he forced us to think sometimes, he certainly was the strangest dog I have ever come across. I often think of him. He remains one of those memories of Patagonia which seem destined never to fade from my mind.

For my memories of Patagonia are many and varied. I can recall days of pleasure, days of suffering and hardship, days of real happiness and days of real pain. I seem to live over again sometimes those days when we lived like fighting cocks on guanaco and ostrich, and on those nameless birds which produced the new sensation sighed for in vain by the Roman Emperor; but these memories bring others, others less pleasant; memories which recall blighting winds, fierce storms, pitiless mosquitoes, scarcity of food, verging on starvation, and, most terrible of all—lost horses! And yet, as memory fleets back, the bright scenes rise most frequently. I see again that great lone land, with its never-ending plains, its delightful animals, its nameless birds, its wandering Indians, its grand mountains and forests, its streams sparkling with gold, its hidden recesses so full of mystery and unexplored loveliness; and I ask myself, "Why is this country not utilised and efficiently explored?" I am certain that British enterprise and money would open out its resources and unveil its secrets, if only a Company could be formed to undertake the task.

As it is, "Sandy Point" is a convict settlement, a stationary and non-progressive place indeed, and Patagones or El Carmen—little better!

The only other settlement of *any importance* is the Welsh colony

established further north of the former place in the Chubut Valley, which, founded twenty-seven years ago, is now in a prosperous condition, and ready to welcome the advent of worthy emigrants. The first settlers numbered 150 ; the present number about 3000 ; and wheat-growing is the principal occupation of all owners of land in the colony.

But beyond this, the great lone land stretches out, silent, mysterious, and unexplored. Like a drop in a vast ocean are the researches of those who have hitherto sought to penetrate its mysteries. For myself, I can only say, that after months spent in the country, after wandering amidst unknown and untrodden regions, I left it with a feeling of subdued awe and mystery—for I felt this. I felt that, although I was the first who had ever burst on to many a silent scene, there yet lay clothed in still hidden mystery many series of such scenes as I had revelled in, in whose quiet arms repose secrets for which mankind is ever yearning, yet knows not where to seek them. To those who feel thus, I say : “ Go, explore the great lone land I speak of, and it will be found to be a land which, if properly opened out, will yield ‘ milk and honey ’ in abundance.”

FLORENCE DIXIE.

## THE STATE BISHOPS AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

DISESTABLISHMENT is in the air. It has also found a footing on *terra firma*. The result is that a large part of the population of our country is crying out for its accomplishment. The belief seems to be gaining ground that the continued existence of the Cæsarian compact is subversive to the best interests, not only of the Nonconformist bodies, but of that Church which boasts of being the chief religious factor in the nation. That the hour is hastening to strike which shall usher in the time when establishments of religion will no longer be tolerated by a free people needs no prophetic eye to foresee. We are surely not far from the mark when we maintain that no nation on earth would ever dream of re-establishing religion where it has once been disestablished. We have only to look to-day to Russia to see the evils that follow in the train of State religions, and to America to witness the benefits associated with their absence.

One of the chief eye-sores to many, in connection with our ecclesiastical establishment, is the presence of the peers spiritual in the House of Lords. When a measure, which has for its object the betterment of the Nonconformist citizen, comes before the House of Commons, it is generally, if it has met with a majority in its favour, sent up to the House of Uncommons, where it is met by a phalanx of parsons connected with the Conformist Church who, with scarcely an exception, vote solidly against its acceptance. And there is not a single official representative of the great Nonconformist body in that House to raise his voice or give his vote on their behalf. The sooner that this monstrous monopoly ceases to exist the better for all the national churches. For over 250 years the Nonconformists have been a leading factor in the formation of our best laws, by means of agitation on their part, and by their being persecuted on the part of the State Church. That they should be entirely ignored in the religious representation upon the governing staff of the State says little for the efforts of those politicians who belong to the different denominations that go to make up the Dissenting Church.

It may be said by some superficial students of history that the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords has tended to impart a sacred character to our political institutions, whereas it can be easily

proven that, on the contrary, it has led to the secularising of our religious institutions.

He who argues that the bishops, in their political capacity, have been a boon to the nation, displays a lamentable ignorance of the resistance offered by them to the passage of Bills which have led to the placing upon our Statute Book laws which have proved to be of the utmost utility, not only to the common people, but to the nation at large. An appeal to the experiences of the past shew conclusively that these gaitered gentlemen, instead of being a help, have been a hindrance to most of the great legislative reforms, at least, of the current century. At its commencement (1807) we find that a Bill for "Providing Additional School Accommodation" for the children of Nonconformist citizens was rejected by the bishops upon the ground that "it would not leave the young people sufficiently under the control of the parochial clergy." Their treatment of "The Catholic Relief Bill" (1821-9) after it had been before the House of Commons, and been carried by that popular body by majorities of 21 and 48, shows the same sectarian spirit. Three archbishops—Canterbury, York, and Armagh—and three bishops—London, Durham, and Salisbury—spoke strongly against the Catholic citizens receiving their rights, and no less than twenty bishops in all recorded their disapproval.

It is universally known that the great Reform Bill of 1832, which led to the just participation of the working classes in the government of the country, was bitterly opposed by the lords spiritual.

When it was proposed in 1834 to repeal the law that for so long had disgraced the Statute Book—that forbade unlicensed private persons from holding religious services in their own houses, unless they took an oath or made a declaration—it was rejected by these right reverends without a division. The Bishop of Exeter submitted that the measure was opposed to the Twenty-third Article of the Established Church, and as these Articles were "part of the unalterable constitution of the realm," the measure must meet with rejection. The Test Abolition Bill, for securing the right to Nonconformists of entering the Universities, was withstood from the first by the bishops. These successors of the Apostle who asserted that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," objected on the ground that "it would be a desecration of these sacred structures to open their doors to heretics." And so they, with the assistance of their aristocratic colleagues, rejected the Bill by a majority of 187 to 85.

In 1867, when the question came up again from the people's Parliament for settlement, we are informed that the Bishop of Peterborough pressed upon the aristocratic assembly the duties they owed to "God and the Church," and the consequence was that

the Bill was disdainfully dismissed by a majority of 74 to 46. In 1869 it again came before them, only to meet with a worse fate, for it was rejected by a majority of two to one.

In 1871 public feeling was so strong in favour of doing away with these University tests, that the Lords, in spite of prelatical opposition, allowed the Bill to pass, but not without adding amendments which were calculated to keep the tutorial staff safe in the hands of the State bishops. The Commons, however, declined to accept these amendments, and the Lords at last yielded reluctantly to the wishes of the people. The Church Rates Abolition Bills (1858-69) were both hotly contested by the bishops, backed up by their fellow peers, until, after keeping the Commons and the people waiting for eleven years, they granted this righteous reform. Of course, it was very humiliating to the State Church, whose members seem to think that their ministers ought to be kept, as paupers, by the people who even disagree with their doctrines. It may be thought essential, in order to maintain the prestige and dignity of the Establishment, that its bishops should receive big incomes, equal in amount to the temporal princes and peers with whom they delight to sit. But such an extravagant outlay, of what is nothing more nor less than public money, in the maintenance of magnificent dwellings for these followers of the Galilean fishermen will be no longer required when their Church has taken its proper position as one of the several Christian sects which go to form the religion of our country.

In their treatment of the Dissenters' Marriage Act, and of the Poor Law Bill, during the fourth decade, they betrayed the bitterness of their animosity to the dissenting citizens.

Nothing shows more clearly the out-of-placeness of the lords spiritual than their treatment of the Jewish Disabilities Relief Bill, which they fought against for twenty-five years.

When the House of Commons, in 1873, declared by a large majority of its members that the miserable monopoly of the graveyards by the Conformist Church must cease, these grave gentlemen cried out against the unconsecrated bodies of the Nonconformists being laid in the consecrated earth without undergoing the change wrought by their own burial service. But the righteousness of the demand could not be withstood with any sense of justice, so the bishops were driven to grant it.

The Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal Church, although it gave some of the peer prelates a chance to air their eloquence, revealed the lameness of the logic used by those who defend such an unholy alliance. That Disestablishment would lead to scepticism and irreligion was the pet argument of its opponents. "So far from that being the case," remarked the Archbishop of Dublin only a few months ago, "on the contrary, he was con-



vinced that his Church, which had given every adult male member a voice in the election of his pastor, and in the management of Church affairs, had a great future before it."

With a knowledge of this anti-reformatory record we might have expected a more considerate attitude being taken up by the bishops of our day. But, alas! they merely accentuate, by their recent utterances, the antagonism of their predecessors to all flocks who have the fortune to be outside their self-constituted apostolic pen. Let us take by way of argument a few examples:

Bishop Westcott, in addressing his Durham Diocesan Conference, contended that "the State Church was *the* spiritual organ of the nation." At a later Church Defence Meeting held in Darlington he reiterated the sentiment as a proof that his denomination should not be disestablished. How utterly unjust such an assertion appears when weighed in the balances of truth! With more than twice as many places of worship, and with seating accommodation for nearly half of the entire population, the dissenting denominations should hardly have been so contemptuously ignored by my lord of Durham.

Bishop Moorhouse, judging from his latest speeches, looks gloomily into the future, and foresees the signs of approaching doom. He is prepared, however, to champion a dying cause. He joins Archbishop Benson in the belief that "the Church in Wales can only be saved by the exertion of the whole episcopal establishment." As one of the chief officers connected with the Conformist vessel, he prefers running the risk of sinking it, with all on board, to its temporary salvation by the throwing overboard of poor little Wales, who, but for such a line of action, might have proved a very Jonah upon the sea of strife.

Whatever influence Messrs. Moorhouse and Co. may exercise in the fray, it would no doubt be considerably minimised if separated from the State. For, whatever may be said against the contention that the Church is State-paid, none of the bishops will surely have the boldness to deny that they themselves are, at any rate, State-made. Their Church can no more alter the Prime Minister's appointments than the Jewish Church could alter the superscription which Pilate put upon the cross. Who will say that the best of the bishops are not conscious of the inconsistency of this position? Can we not be excused if, in the light of such revelations, we are led to think that these prelates are too comfortable, within their temporal baronies, to take Mr. Chamberlain's advice and dis sever themselves. They are, I am afraid, more inclined to cry "*Esto perpetuo.*" It remains for the people's Parliament to pronounce the decree of separation.

Many of the evils, attendant upon an Established Church, it is admitted by these peer-prelates themselves, will disappear with Disestablishment. That pernicious principle, which the existing laws

upon the Statute Book upholds, that "it is the right of the civil magistrate to enforce his will in religious matters" would be abolished. "Such a step," writes Bishop Ryle, "as Disestablishment would make an end of Crown jobs in the choice of bishops, and upset the whole system of patronage." The re-recognition by the Episcopal Church of the Divine Headship of Christ would be brought about by the change. It is just possible, however, that many of its members, in the event of Disestablishment, would seek a safe refuge for their ritualistic practices within the fold of the Romish Church. Perhaps of the two superiors under which English Episcopacy exists, the most preferable is his Holiness of Rome, that is, if, in view of its polity and profession, the choice has to lie between two evils.

It is well understood that every prelate who becomes a peer of this realm must declare, in his oath of homage, that, "Her Majesty is the supreme governor in spiritual and ecclesiastical things," and he must also acknowledge that, "he holds his bishopric, as well as the spiritualities and temporalities thereof, only of Her Majesty." And yet, I would ask, wherein lies the practical outcome of this arrogant assumption? Is it not an acknowledged fact that the true head of this Church is only another Pope in the shape of a Premier? "This queenly patronage," as a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for July asserts, "is now really vested in a Parliament, not one of whose members need be a Christian, let alone a Churchman."

Moreover, Disestablishment will prove experimentally that Paley's proposition, which submits that "a religious establishment is no part of Christianity," is a true one. It is a striking sign of the end when we find the best scholars of the State Church abandoning the Scriptural position. "I will pass away from the Scriptural argument," wrote the late learned Bishop Lightfoot, "for it is plainly not a question of principle, but a question of expediency." And I make bold to assert that all existing ecclesiastical establishments are founded, not upon the principles laid down by the Great Teacher, but after the order of that Paganism which for a time dominated the Roman Republic. The student of history ought to be aware that Constantine took the plan of the then existing establishment as his model when he adopted the religion of Jesus Christ in its stead.

Another advantage that would accrue from Disestablishment would be the readjustment of that Church's funds. The pauper-curate and the prince-bishop would have their stipends set upon a much more satisfactory basis. That the bishops are successors of one of the Apostles it will be conceded so far as carrying the money-bags are concerned. "So troubled be these prelates," said quaint, old Latimer, "with lordly living and lordly palaces, so couched in Courts, as lords of council or of Parliament, that ~~they~~ cannot attend to the plough." "Is this," asks the divine, "their office, duty, or calling?" The curious thing about it is that the

curates who are called upon to do the most work are the poorest paid. Nearly all the Nonconformist churches carry out the very opposite tactics in dealing with their ministers. "Why," we ask with Sydney Smith, "should the Church of England be like nothing more than a collection of beggars and bishops? The Right Reverend Dives in his palace and Lazarus in holy orders at his gates."

Again the expenditure of the ecclesiastical endowments—now held by the State sect, subject to the ruling of Parliament—upon all classes of the community would enable the other sects to command more capital to carry on the work of their respective churches. But we are told by Bishop Moorhouse, with the utmost *sang-froid*, that "the Church gained her lands honestly, not from the State, but from the pious gifts of her children; she received them upon a certain trust." Will the bishop deny that part of that trust lay in praying perpetually for the souls of the donors, in order that they might pass quickly through purgatory? No bishop dare attempt to-day to carry out these conditions. But we would also ask him what church does he mean? Let me remind him that the law of the land does not recognise the present ecclesiastical establishment as identical with the church that existed before the Reformation. Previous to that period the bishops paid homage to the Sovereign for their temporalities, and to the Pope for their spiritualities. Most of the present endowments existed before his church was established, and were held by the English Roman Catholic Church that was disestablished in order to establish the present one. But the State, considering the endowments to be national property, retained them in its own possession, as a preliminary to handing them over for the use of the newly-established religion. And if, according to precedent, Parliament decided that Methodism or Congregationalism were better fitted for teaching the nation righteousness than the "ism" now in power, it could disestablish the State sect, and by establishing one of those denominations, give it the right to call itself the "Church of England by law established."

Is Bishop Moorhouse referring to Henry VIII. as one of his church's children, whose pious gifts are honestly held by him and his colleagues in office? History informs us that when the monasteries were confiscated by that select sovereign, an Act of Parliament was passed, as stated in *Strype's Memorials*, which ordered the establishment of new bishoprics out of the money appropriated by the king from the funds belonging to the monasteries. Part of the Act runs thus: "It is thought therefore unto the King's highness expedient and necessary that more bishoprics and cathedral churches shall be established instead of those religious houses (monasteries), within the foundation whereof these other titles afore rehearsed shall be established." By such processes the Parlia-

ment of that period disestablished and disendowed the Roman Catholic Church, which sent annually its Peter's Pence to the Pope, and established and endowed the Protestant Episcopal Church, which to-day is the State recognised religion. If this policy, according to Dr. Moorhouse, was an honest one, then surely it will be equally honest on the part of the Parliament of our times, should it see its way to disestablish the Church, to take possession of these ancient endowments, which belong as much to the Dissenters who have left it, as to the Consenters who have remained within its fold. That that church which happens, at the time when Disestablishment takes place, to be the State sect, should secure the national endowments, would be unfair and unjust to every citizen outside its pale.

Because Parliament saw fit to give these endowments, not to the nation, but to the King, the Church has to thank, or curse, the infamous "Defender of the Faith" for instituting one of the greatest grievances that was ever associated with any creed or sect. I mean the system of lay-patronage. For these "pious gifts" were presented to the boon companions of this immoral monarch, who, in their turn, appointed clergymen to the livings.

The question of dealing with the cathedrals in our cities should be dealt with before Disestablishment takes place. It should not be forgotten that all the chief cathedrals, with the exception of Truro, were in the country antecedent to the Reformation. Many Liberal Churchmen will no doubt be desirous of allowing the Episcopalians to remain in permanent possession of these magnificent national structures. But will this be fair or honest to the nation? I think not. Disendowment from monopoly of them, at least, must, to be consistent, be carried out in this case. What more right have they to them than the Baptist Church, which can identify itself with the ancient British Church; or the Roman Catholic body, whose ancestors worshipped within their walls for centuries? If an Act for disestablishing the Church had been passed in Cromwell's time, whose would they have been? If Nonconformists do not speak out before Disestablishment upon this matter, they must ever afterwards hold their peace. No! No! Let the cathedrals be considered as the common property of the people. If it be decided to continue their use as places of worship, let them be used by all Denominations, as required, for Anniversary and Special Services, especially when their own Chapels, as it often happens, are too small to seat the people who generally congregate upon such occasions. The contention, by certain Churchmen, that the church of to-day is the same church that St. Augustine planted, and that, therefore, these ecclesiastical edifices are theirs by right, cannot be upheld by an appeal to the contrasting conditions which clearly differentiate the one from the other. The Rev. Frederick Myers, who, as Vicar of Keswick,

delivered a series of "Lectures on Great Men," is candid enough to concede this point. "It can be said with truth," Mr. Myers declares, "that the English Church from its first planting by Augustine to the time of Henry VIII. was as integral a portion of the Roman Church as any other Church." "The English Churchman," he goes on to say, "cannot but remember that his Church owes the largest portion of its edifices and its endowments to the piety and wisdom of that Church from which it separated."

The refusal on the part of the Established Episcopate to acknowledge the right of Dissenting Ministers to preach, without their hands have been laid upon them, is a sufficient justification in itself for Dissenters demanding the disunion.

Mr. Price Hughes' hint, that the Nonconformist Churches might accept the *Historic Episcopate*, has been met by declarations from the Dissenting bodies so clearly and definitely to the contrary that no room is left for even a compromise in that direction. "The Dissenter's ambition," to use the language of Lord Chatham, "is to keep close to the college of fishermen, not of cardinals; to the doctrines of the inspired apostles, not to the decrees of interested bishops."

The truth is, and the sooner it is recognised the better for the future of the Episcopal Church, the great Nonconformist bodies are getting heartily sick of a spiritual supremacy in the State that has, they think, neither the support of Scripture nor of common sense; and, unless the bishops refrain from their patronising attitude, they need not be surprised if, by a combination of all the Dissenting forces, they are compelled to beat a hasty retreat from a position that they ought never to have occupied.

A. GRAHAM-BARTON.

## MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S POETRY.

THE great English poet, who has not inaptly been called "the High Priest of Nature," refers pathetically to the "despondency and madness" which have been the sad fate of so many of his brethren of the lyre. The gifted young poet, on whom so terrible a calamity has recently fallen, is a passionate admirer of Wordsworth's genius. Let us hope that the cloud which at present overshadows his life may soon be lifted, and that, in spite of gloomy forebodings, he may yet be free to worship the Beautiful with undimmed vision, and, like a true artist, to give us of his best.

Mr. Watson's poetry is limited in quantity, but its quality is excellent. Indeed, his work is entirely devoid of affectation, thus contrasting favourably with the productions of many contemporary poets, to whom natural language seems absolutely distasteful. His songs "spring from the heart" as spontaneously as those of the skylark or the nightingale. But for the questioning spirit which he sometimes exhibits, he might pass for a contemporary of Burns or of Cowper.

At the same time, he acknowledges that inspiration comes to him rarely. He is not one of those gushing versifiers who are always in a poetic mood, though they may never be greatly moved. He endeavours to interpret Nature faithfully, and reverently waits until she whispers her secrets to his soul. In this respect he resembles Wordsworth, who sought everywhere, not for the voice of passion, but for the "still sad music of humanity." He, moreover, possesses his great master's belief in the high destiny of the poet—a creed in which Tennyson also shared. Poetry is with him a necessity—an essential part of his being, so that, when he ceases to sing, he must perish. In the lines which have been justly praised for their force and truthfulness, he gives utterance to his intense faith in "the poet's high vocation":

"Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?  
In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song that, as the wind,  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows."

To the cold, the prosaic, the unimaginative, such words may appear fantastic and exaggerated; but to all who realise that there

is something in life beyond material facts—a world of thought and emotion and mystery with which Science cannot grapple—they have all the significance and suggestiveness of a truth which eludes the vulgar comprehension.

Mr. Watson's noble lines on the death of the late Laureate won for him even the applause of newspaper-critics. The indifferent crowd, despite its "hard and worldly phlegm," is compelled to yield to the power of real poetry, and

"Is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and dreams it heeded not."

If the poet were stricken mute for evermore, he would still be

"Remembered in his line  
With his land's language."

Of course, Mr. Watson, if his place in literature should "know him no more," must take rank with minor poets. He has not, like Keats, created an ideal world where his genius could "live and move and have its being." His is not the spirit of revolt which made Byron defy the world like another Prometheus. Nor is his the wonder-working genius of Shelley. His admiration, or rather worship of Wordsworth, tended to fetter his own originality, though it rendered his muse pure and healthful. In point of form, he may be compared to Matthew Arnold, who was also a thorough votary of Wordsworth, but it is almost unnecessary to point out that his powers are more undeveloped and his culture less complete.

Lucidity and beauty of expression are characteristics of this young poet, in which his admirers cannot fail to take pride. His "Epigrams" are frequently perfect in their masterly phraseology, their luminous succinctness. What a combination of logic and poetic insight we find in the following lines on "Shelley and Harriet Westbrook"!

"A star looked down from heaven, and loved a flower  
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour;  
Let eyes that trace their orbit in the spheres  
Refuse not to a ruined rosebud tears."

The epigram entitled "Byron the Voluptuary" is in a different key, and is certainly unjust to one of England's greatest poets, but it is well worth quoting for its subtlety and penetrativeness:

"Too avid of earth's bliss he was of those  
Whom Delight flies, because they give her chase;  
Only the odour of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces, hungering for her face."

The four lines on Keats are splendid, and will be appreciated by all who admire that great young poet:

"He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time  
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above.  
He loved them, and in recompense sublime  
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love."

How meaningful and intense is that last line—only a born poet could have written it!

Mr. Watson is not always merely didactic. He is now and then as much swayed by passion as even Mr. Swinburne—a poet who differs from him very widely indeed. The following lines are sensuous without any touch of grossness:

"Are these—are these, indeed, the end,  
This grinning skull, this heavy loam?  
Do all green ways whereby we wend  
Lead but to yon ignoble home?"

"Ah! well! thine eyes invite to bliss,  
Thy lips are hues of summer still;  
I ask not other worlds while this  
Proffers me all the sweets I will."

Such verses as these are, no doubt, immeasurably inferior to Shelley's celebrated lines entitled "Love's Philosophy," or Browning's marvellous lyric in "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" commencing—

"'There's a woman like a dewdrop";

but they help to redeem Mr. Watson's poetry from the vice of passionlessness, which is the weak side of Wordsworth's otherwise transcendent genius.

With regard to the poet's individuality, as revealed by the various effusions of his muse, he appears to be a typical young Englishman, proud of his country, and rather unjust to other nations. Thus he deprecates the tendency to eulogise Goethe and Voltaire and Hugo at the expense, as he imagines, of English poets' reputations. He declares that he has no sympathy with Cosmopolitanism, and prefers "his own kin" to strangers. All this is narrow, and more worthy of the days of Tom Jones than of the nineteenth century; but Mr. Watson is honest in his insularity, and we must respect his prejudices, although we may deplore them. Tennyson suffered from the same narrow-mindedness, which led him to insult the French nation by his allusion to "the red fool-fury of the Seine." It is really time that Englishmen—and above all English poets—should unlearn this bigotry of nationalism, and try to realise the fact that other countries have contributed towards the advancement of civilisation as well as England. It is, perhaps, to this insular spirit that we owe the unfairness of Mr. Watson's estimate of Ireland in a poem bearing date December 1, 1890, which, whatever may be its merits, sins by its lack of veracity. Here it is in its entirety:



"In the wild and lurid desert, in the thunder-travelled ways,  
'Neath the night that ever hurries to the dawn that still delays,  
There she clutches at illusions, and she seeks the phantom goal  
With the unattaining passion that consumes the unsleeping soul :  
And calamity enfolds her, like the shadow of a ban,  
And the niggardness of Nature makes the misery of man ;  
And in vain the hand is stretched to lift her, stumbling in the gloom,  
While she follows the mad fen-fire that conducts her to her doom."

This is only one more sample of the inveterate injustice towards Ireland of which, until of late, so many Englishmen have been guilty not only in their opinions, but in their everyday actions. Happily a change is at hand ; but Mr. Watson prefers to cling to the silly old-fashioned English notions in this regard.

However, a poet must not be criticised from a purely political standpoint. Whatever may be his politics, his first and most indispensable need is the possession of "the great poetic heart." This we cannot deny to Mr. William Watson. Nature endowed him with "the vision and the faculty divine." He has already done work which is sure to live. Let us trust that he may yet, with renewed health of mind and body, be able to give the world the ripe fruit of his matured and perfected powers.

D. F. HANNIGAN.

## BRITISH GUARANTEES AND ENGAGEMENTS ON THE CONTINENT.

Of late years the view has been more and more gaining ground that the United Kingdom should, owing to the fact of its being an insular Power, hold as far as possible rigidly aloof from continental politics, as having therein no practical interest. There is much to be said in support of this contention, but strong arguments can also be adduced in opposition to it. The question whether this country is or is not concerned with the developments of continental States is a matter of opinion. But the tendency of the British people in the present day is certainly to regard interference in European affairs generally with disfavour, except with reference to the few questions in which British interests are clearly involved.

This view is of modern growth. Our whole history shows that in former times British Governments were ready to thrust themselves into every continental dispute. Many of the most brilliant successes recorded on the colours of our regiments were gained in the promotion of causes in which the British people had little or no real concern. To this policy of interference is, however, to a great extent, attributable the present enormous expansion of the Empire. By being in a state of war with European countries over issues of trifling interest to Great Britain, sea power enabled our forefathers to assume and to keep the colonial possessions of our enemies, and to establish maritime supremacy not only in its fighting sense but also in its commercial sense. But, on the other hand, those wars have not only built up a huge debt, but they have also created responsibilities for us on the continent that are somewhat inconvenient. For British Governments formerly not only intervened in continental quarrels of all kinds, but they were also ever ready at the close of hostilities to pledge the country to treaties the terms of which did not affect its welfare. The result of this is that engagements were entered into which still hold good and from which it would now be by no means easy to withdraw. And many of these engagements concern matters to which the British people are wholly indifferent and in which their interests have never been really involved. The existence of some of them is probably unknown to a large proportion of the public. The Cyprus and Suez Canal Conventions, both of recent date and the terms of which are well

known, have at least the merit of dealing with questions in which this country is clearly concerned, whatever view may be held as to the wisdom of contracting the engagements they contain. The same cannot be said of certain treaties, involving important guarantees on the continent of Europe, by which we are bound.

It is not the invariable rule for civilised countries to abide strictly by the terms of their treaty engagements. One of the most recent instances of a flagrant violation of such pledges was the declaration of Russia in 1885 that Batoum should cease to be a free port, on the excuse that the clause in the Treaty of Berlin regarding it contained merely a free-will declaration on the part of the Tsar. It was declared at the London Conference of 1871, which assembled with the purpose of giving European sanction to the Russian breach of the Treaty of Paris with regard to ships of war in the Black Sea, that the Powers "recognise that it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, nor modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by amicable arrangement." And that the broad principle enunciated in this declaration is in accordance with right and with common sense admits of no dispute. The fact that the Treaty of Berlin had been infringed in other respects afforded no excuse whatever for the Russian repudiation of the Batoum clause. The infractions had not been caused by any of the high contracting parties to the treaty. The failure of the Porte to proceed to extremities against Bulgaria when that principality united Eastern Roumelia to itself, was no breach of the engagements entered into in the treaty. The only Power which has liberated itself from the engagements entered into at Berlin, and which has modified the stipulations of the Act then agreed upon, without the consent of the contracting parties, has been Russia. When terms of a treaty have been infringed by a Power which is not a party to the agreement, it depends entirely upon the terms of the treaty whether the signatory Powers need take action. When the neutrality of a State has been guaranteed by certain Powers, those Powers are bound to defend its neutrality even when that neutrality is violated or is threatened by a State not concerned in the treaty. But when, on the other hand, a treaty merely lays down that certain things shall be, the fact that those things cease to be does not impose upon the signatory Powers any obligation to take action, as long as the change does not arise owing to the action of one of themselves. The contention, moreover, that the violation of one article of an agreement by a party to it justifies the violation of another article by another party to it, is clearly an immoral doctrine, although the contention is one that is not unfrequently put forward. Unfortunately it is, then, the case that treaties are sometimes broken by contracting parties. And on this account, since

Great Britain respects pledges, the fewer treaties distinctly pledging this country to any particular action that are entered into the better.

The tremendous upheaval on the continent of Europe caused by the restless ambition and the extraordinary military capacity of Napoleon, so modified its political conditions that, on the downfall of the Emperor, a general reorganisation of the whole system became necessary. The consequence was the assembly of the Congress of Vienna. And to the agreements entered into at this great European conference, contained in the treaty that resulted from its deliberations and which is known as the General Act of the Vienna Congress, dated the 9th of June 1815, certain important engagements to which this country is a party, date back. The signatory Powers to this General Act were Austria, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden.

One of the most important results of the Vienna Congress was the creation of Switzerland as a perpetually neutral State. By the Treaty of Paris of November 20, 1815, concluded after the overthrow of Napoleon's second Empire, the articles with regard to Switzerland, and most other enactments of the Vienna Congress, were maintained. And on the same day a special Act was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia—guaranteeing the neutrality of the Swiss Confederation—an engagement that holds good to this day. Since 1815 the neutrality of Switzerland has been only on one occasion seriously threatened, and then on somewhat singular grounds. Under the arrangements of the Vienna Congress the Duchy of Neufchatel, although under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, was united to the Confederation as one of its Cantons. For forty years this system seems to have worked without serious hitch. In 1856, however, a dispute unexpectedly arose. Some filibusters who had caused a trumpery *émancipation*, and who had seized the Castle of Neufchatel “in the name of the King of Prussia,” but who had been promptly disarmed by Federal troops and incarcerated, were about to be dealt with by the Swiss authorities, when the King interfered. The Federal Government insisted on its right to punish the rebels, whereupon the King of Prussia assumed a threatening attitude, and was supported by certain States of the Germanic Confederation. The Swiss Government appealed to France; but meeting with no encouragement, it gave way under pressure and amnestied the prisoners. In the following year, in virtue of a Treaty signed between the Great Powers and Switzerland, the King of Prussia gave up all claim to the sovereignty of Neufchatel, and so the matter ended. Had the king proceeded to extremities it would have been very awkward for this country.

On the 18th of July 1870, immediately on the outbreak of the

Franco-Prussian war, the Federal Government communicated a note to foreign Powers, declaring that any attempt at violation of the neutrality of the Republic would be repelled by force of arms. When, later on, Bourbaki's army was driven by the Germans over the Swiss frontier, no trouble arose, for the French troops at once laid down their arms.

The neutrality of Switzerland involves, in a very curious manner, the neutrality of northern Savoy. For under the terms of the General Act of the Vienna Congress, the northern part of Savoy, which then formed part of the kingdom of Sardinia, was declared to participate in the neutrality of Switzerland. It was laid down that, in the event of war having broken out, or becoming imminent between the neighbouring Powers, the Sardinian troops should withdraw from this district, and that they might be replaced by Federal troops. And later in the year, the neutrality of northern Savoy was especially included in the guarantee given by the Great Powers as regards Switzerland. The principle was moreover reaffirmed in a special treaty signed the following year between Sardinia and the Republic.

The object of this peculiar arrangement appears to have been to prevent hostilities in a territory touching upon the very acute south-western angle of Switzerland, for fear of their leading to some violation of Swiss territory by the belligerents. Up to the present time it has led to no serious complications. In 1834, some revolutionary Poles from Switzerland made an incursion into northern Savoy; but the band was speedily dispersed by the Sardinians. Early in 1859, when war between Sardinia and Austria became imminent, the Swiss Government, in announcing its intention to maintain, and if necessary to defend, its neutrality, referred to the possibility of its being forced by circumstances to avail itself of its right to occupy the neutralised parts of Sardinian territory. But no cause for such action presented itself in the contest that ensued. When France allied herself to Sardinia at the commencement of the war, some correspondence took place between the Cabinets of St. James' and of Napoleon III. with regard to the passage of French troops through a corner of what the British Government held to be part of the neutral territory, on their way to Piedmont. It is, however, doubtful if the troops did cross any part of northern Savoy, and the Swiss Government raised no protest; but the French appear afterwards to have avoided passing through Culoz, the point in question, in deference to British wishes. The successes of the allied French and Sardinian armies from the commencement of hostilities made Lombardy the theatre of war, and appeased any fears that may have been entertained in Switzerland lest operations might take place in Savoy or Piedmont.

As a result of the conflict Austria ceded Lombardy to the Emperor

Napoleon, who transferred it to Sardinia, which ceded Savoy and Nice to France. In the Treaty of Turin between France and Sardinia, it was expressly declared that northern Savoy was transferred to France, on the same terms as it had been held by Sardinia, and it was laid down that the Emperor of the French was to come to an understanding with the Powers and with the Swiss Confederation on the subject. The Federal Government protested against the cession, and demanded that the neutralised territory should be incorporated in Switzerland. It was proposed from Paris that a conference should assemble with a view of reconciling the Treaty of Turin with the principles laid down in 1815, and Great Britain acceded to the proposal. But the suggested conference never assembled, and the question of northern Savoy, therefore, remained in an undetermined state, although France never raised objections to considering the territory as neutral. And when in its note at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, the Swiss Government declared its right to occupy the neutralised districts in certain contingencies, the right was not contested by the French Government.

As a matter of fact the strategical geography and the position of northern Savoy are such that in the event of a war between France and Italy there is a strong probability that its neutrality would be respected by the combatants, and that the French Government would acquiesce in its occupation by Swiss troops as long as hostilities were in progress. It borders on Piedmont merely for a few miles along the crest of the great mountain mass of Mount Blanc. The only road over the Alps from France into Italy in its vicinity, leads into the long narrow mountain valley of Aosta. No important strategical routes lead through it from the interior of France to the Italian frontier, except the railway along Lake Bourget, and it seems doubtful if this can be considered to really traverse it. Italian troops invading France would aim at the open Rhone valley, not at the gorge through which the river runs below Geneva. Neither combatant would willingly incur Swiss hostility, even were northern Savoy not under the guarantee of the Great Powers. Still it is a strange circumstance that Great Britain is pledged to prevent the troops of the French Republic in time of war from traversing what is an integral part of French territory, in case the theatre of operations should happen to be contiguous to the district in question. And the district is one in which no British interests are involved whatever. The same may indeed be said with regard to Switzerland. That the neutrality of the mountain Republic nearly concerns the four Great Powers, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, is obvious; but with its maintenance this country would have nothing to do were it not for a pledge given nearly eighty years ago.

The case of Cracow, the neutrality of which, like that of Switzerland and of northern Savoy, was declared by the General Act of

the Vienna Congress, stood as regards Great Britain on a totally different footing. This country was a party to the declaration of neutrality, but never made itself responsible for its maintenance. The town was especially placed under the protection of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and these Powers engaged themselves to respect the neutrality. When in 1846 the three protecting Powers agreed to its annexation to Austria, the British and French Governments protested in forcible terms against the infraction of the treaties of 1815. But they were not pledged to preserve the integrity of Cracow, and they confined themselves to strongly worded remonstrances. The town had become a hotbed of Polish intrigue, and had not, either in the letter or in the spirit, acted up to the obligations imposed on it by the Vienna Congress. Its absorption by the Austrian Empire would have been perfectly justifiable had all the signatory Powers of the Treaty which created its neutrality been consulted before the step was taken. But the action of Austria, Prussia, and Russia in arbitrarily breaking through certain clauses of a treaty to which several other countries were also parties, was a violation of the law of nations, and would not have been excusable even had the state of affairs at Cracow been far more menacing than it actually was. The incident, which caused great indignation in this country and in France, has only been referred to here as showing the distinction between merely declaring a State to be neutral and giving a pledge to defend its neutrality.

By the provisions of the General Act of the Vienna Congress, Belgium and Holland were united in one kingdom. This arrangement, however, proved most unsatisfactory, and only lasted sixteen years. By virtue of a treaty, signed at London on November 15, 1831, by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia—it is noticeable that Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, which participated in the Vienna Congress, had no share in this treaty—on the one hand, and by a plenipotentiary of Belgium on the other, Belgium was separated from Holland, and was created an independent and perpetually neutral State. And one article of this agreement contained a guarantee of the five Powers that this neutrality should be maintained. The King of the Netherlands refused for some years to acknowledge the partition of his kingdom, and his troops were eventually forced by French armies to evacuate Belgian territory. The question was not finally settled till 1839, when, in a formal treaty between the five Great Powers and the Netherlands, the king acknowledged the independence and neutrality of Belgium. These treaties have never been abrogated, and thus the Great Powers, except Italy, are in the present day pledged to defend Belgian neutrality. In 1870, Great Britain showed itself prepared to act up to its engagements, and, immediately after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, concluded

separate identical treaties with each of the two belligerents, guaranteeing a co-operation with either in the event of the other violating the neutrality of Belgium. Neither Austria nor Russia appears to have taken any steps in the matter; but it does not on this account follow that they would not have interfered had an infraction of the treaty of 1831 actually taken place.

The responsibility that this country has incurred with regard to Belgium appears in a very different light from the engagements with regard to Switzerland and Savoy. It is clearly for the interests of the United Kingdom that the fortress of Antwerp should be in the hands of a Power incapable of using it against us. At the same time, the guarantee we have given with regard to its neutrality may force us some day to intervene in a Franco-German war in which British interests are not involved. For the passage of the armies of one or other belligerent through the neutralised territory would not in itself injure this country, as long as no question of its annexation arose. But the fortifications constructed in the Meuse valley, the respectable force that Belgium can put in the field, and the fear of incurring British hostility, will probably combine to secure the neutrality of the kingdom should such a war break out.

The engagements entered into by this country with regard to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg are of comparatively recent date. This little State formed, up to 1866, part of the Germanic Confederation. Its sovereign was the King of the Netherlands. Owing to its importance, the fortress of Luxemburg had a large garrison of troops of the Confederation, in addition to those of the Grand Duke. When the Confederation was dissolved the Grand Duchy became independent of Germany; but a Prussian garrison remained in the fortress, and this created a difference of opinion between France and Prussia, to allay which a Conference assembled in London. On this the six Great Powers, and also Belgium and the Netherlands, were represented. A treaty was signed on May 16, 1867, in which the Grand Duchy was declared a perpetually neutral State under the sovereignty of the King of the Netherlands. And by a clause of this treaty the neutrality of Luxemburg was expressly guaranteed by the signatory Powers, except for Belgium which was especially excluded as being itself a neutral State. The fortress was to be dismantled. At the outset of the Franco-Prussian war each of the belligerents promised to respect the neutrality of the Grand Duchy as long as the other likewise respected it. But later on Prussia, in consequence of alleged violation of neutrality by Luxemburg, declared herself no longer bound to respect the agreement in the military operations of the German armies. This threat appears to have sufficed, for no overt act of hostility by German troops against the little State took place, and no more was heard



of the matter. Still the incident shows how awkward engagements to defend the neutrality of other countries may become. For it is a matter of opinion whether these alleged acts of Luxemburg which gave umbrage to Prussia, even supposing them to have occurred, could be regarded as hostile acts to the German armies, and therefore whether this country would have been obliged to take action had German troops invaded the Grand Duchy.

On the death of the King of the Netherlands in 1890 without male issue, the connection between Luxemburg and Holland that had previously existed in the person of their sovereign ceased, and the Duke of Nassau became Grand Duke of Luxemburg. But this change did not of course affect the position of the Grand Duchy as a neutral State under the guarantee of the Great Powers and Holland. Great Britain is still pledged to protect it if necessary, although the maintenance of its neutrality and its existence as an independent principality involve no British interests. When some go so far as to say that the question of the ultimate possession of Constantinople does not concern this country, and is not worth fighting for, it may perhaps be permissible to express the opinion that the time has come for withdrawing from guarantees given with regard to territories like Luxemburg, Switzerland, and northern Savoy, which should never have been entered into. The neutrality of the northern Ionian islands, for which Great Britain is also to a certain extent responsible, can best be considered in dealing with the engagements entered into at an earlier date with regard to Greece.

By a convention signed on the 7th of May 1829 the independence of Greece was guaranteed by Great Britain, France, and Russia. The responsibilities accepted by a Power that guarantees the independence of another are by no means so onerous as the responsibilities that arise from guarantees as to neutrality. For in the former case the protecting Power is only called upon to intervene in case the protected State is in risk of losing its independence. In the event, for instance, of a quarrel between Greece and Italy, there would be no necessary grounds for the British, Russian, and French Governments to take action, as long as Italy rested content with naval and military operations which did not threaten the existence of its adversary as an independent State. The protecting Powers would not be pledged to interfere, even were Italian troops to occupy Athens in the course of the campaign. Such a struggle is not, of course, in the least likely to occur, and were it to become imminent, Great Britain and France as Mediterranean Powers would no doubt use strong efforts to prevent it; but they would not be bound to do so except in defence of their own interests. During the Crimean War British and French troops actually occupied the Piræus to keep Greece quiet. Previous to this, in 1850, Great Britain had, in

consequence of a somewhat trumpety dispute, adopted coercive naval measures against Greece which were tantamount to war; and while Russia did not interfere at all, France interfered only by mediating between the conflicting Governments. From the position of Greece in the Mediterranean, its independence is not without some importance to this country, and as this independence seems to be perfectly assured, no objection can be taken against the engagements that have been entered into with regard to it.

In 1864, when the Ionian Islands, which had previously formed an independent State under British protection, were transferred to Greece, the three Powers guaranteeing Greek independence declared, with the assent of Austria and Prussia, that the islands of Corfu and Paxo, which lie some distance to the north of the remainder off the Albanian coast, should enjoy the advantages of perpetual neutrality. There was no article in the treaty on the subject containing a definite guarantee by Great Britain, France, and Russia with regard to this neutrality; but the relations of these Powers to Greece as guardians of its independence practically make them responsible that the neutrality of these two islands is not violated. The reason for the special arrangement with regard to them was, no doubt, that they are in a somewhat isolated position off the Turkish coast, the Ottoman Empire being the only Power with which Greece was likely to be at war in the future. But neutralising certain portions of the territory of a State is very apt to lead to complications. The arrangements with regard to northern Savoy were clearly laid down by the Vienna Congress; but the position of Corfu and Paxo in the event of a war in which Greece is engaged will be very ill-defined. Corfu has in peace time a considerable garrison. Were some of these troops to make a descent on the Albanian shore this would presumably be held to be a breach of neutrality. But between such an enterprise and the transfer of the garrison of Corfu to, say, the frontier of Epirus after the outbreak of hostilities, for the purpose of carrying on a campaign in that district, the distinction is not very clear. And it would be intolerable if Greek forces from Corfu were at liberty to make attacks on Ottoman territory, and could claim sanctuary on the island when they were worsted. It is, in fact, impossible to say what the duty of Great Britain and the other Powers responsible for the neutrality of the northern Ionian Islands would be, should the contingency, against which the neutralising provisions of the Treaty of 1864 were intended to provide, actually occur. It is fair to assume that if a neutralised State of its own accord makes war, the responsibility of the protecting Powers with regard to it ceases, unless they feel called upon to coerce it and oblige it to keep the peace. For instance, if Belgium were to declare war against Holland, the duty of this country would be to bring pressure to bear rather on the Belgian than on the

Dutch Government; and if the former insisted on continuing hostilities in spite of protest, the guarantee given in the Treaty of 1831 would not impose upon Great Britain the duty of expelling Dutch troops from Belgian territory should the fortune of war declare itself in favour of the Netherlands. Of course, much would, in such a case, depend upon the view taken by the protecting Powers as to the justice of the quarrel, and any difference of opinion between them on this point might cause very awkward complications. But, while Belgium and Switzerland and Luxemburg have never shown inclination to depart from the neutrality which is their privilege, Greece has aspirations that are very likely some day to lead to war, and thereby to bring the peculiar conditions recognised with regard to Corfu and Paxo into prominence. The naval strength of Great Britain and France in the Mediterranean will enable them, as long as they act in concert, to interpret their ill-defined obligations as to the northern Ionian Islands so as to suit the circumstances of the case.

To one other important engagement on the continent this country stands pledged. This is with reference to the dual monarchy that comprises the Scandinavian peninsula. By a treaty signed at Stockholm on the 21st of November 1855, between the British and French Governments, and the Government of Sweden and Norway, Great Britain and France agreed, "with a view to secure the integrity of the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway," to co-operate with it in resisting Russian pretensions and aggressions. The dual monarchy in return engaged itself not to cede to Russia any rights of fishing or of pasturage on its territory or coasts, and to resist any pressure which might be brought to bear by the Government of the Tsar with a view to establishing the existence of such rights. Practically this amounts to a joint guarantee of the integrity of Sweden and Norway as against Russia by this country and France, and it establishes a somewhat inconvenient responsibility. There appears, it is true, to be little probability of Russian aggression in this direction. The engagement was entered into towards the close of the Crimean War. But it is impossible to forecast with certainty what may be the future relations between these Baltic Powers, and neither British nor French interests are very clearly involved in that quarter. In the present position of European politics, no French Government would willingly quarrel with Russia over the Scandinavian peninsula, so that this country might be obliged to act alone. And it must be remembered that there is a wide difference between guaranteeing the independence of a country, as we have done in the case of Greece, and guaranteeing its integrity. For, in the first case, there is no engagement to defend it against attack; there is in the second. A country can be deprived of some of its possessions, without its independence being affected, but not without

its integrity being violated. On the other hand, Sweden and Norway can only claim British protection against distinct aggression under the terms of the 1855 treaty. •

But subsequently to the Treaty of Stockholm a British Government entered into a somewhat similar guarantee with regard to the Ottoman Empire, and the manner in which the pledges on this head, and other engagements entered into at the same time, have been kept by this country is instructive. After the signature of the Treaty of Paris in 1856, a special treaty was concluded between Great Britain, Austria, and France, guaranteeing the integrity of the Turkish dominions, and binding these Powers to consider any infraction of the Treaty of Paris as a *casus belli*. Nothing could be more clear and uncompromising than the provisions of this agreement. As a concise and apposite document it is a model convention. But that its articles were drawn up in too general terms experience soon proved. For the arrangements of the Treaty of Paris with regard to the constitution of Wallachia and Moldavia was soon broken through by those autonomous divisions of the Turkish Empire themselves; and although the changes were formally approved later by the signatory Powers, there was at the time a distinct infraction of the treaty, which Great Britain, Austria, and France did not treat as a *casus belli*. This was moreover alleged as an excuse for a much more serious infraction of the treaty in 1870, when Russia repudiated the clauses as to the limits set on her naval strength in the Black Sea. This was a deliberate breach of the engagements entered into at Paris by Russia, and France and Austria as well as Great Britain, were pledged to regard it as a *casus belli*. France, in the throes of a life and death struggle with Germany, was powerless to act. Austria had not recovered from the military disasters of 1866, and had some excuse for holding back. But this country had no plea whatever to offer for breaking its pledges. No doubt the provisions of the Treaty of Paris with regard to the Black Sea were hard upon Russia. Such limitations, placed on the power of a great country for an indefinite time, carried with them the certainty of future trouble. The action of the Russian Government in the matter was spirited and straightforward, although very insulting to Great Britain. It would have been more in accordance with diplomatic usage to have requested that the Black Sea clauses might be abrogated, an arrangement to which the signatory Powers would probably have agreed. But if Russia infringed the Treaty of Paris by her declaration, Great Britain backed out of the engagement to treat such infraction as a signal for war, so that the charges of perfidy often levelled against the Tsar's Government on account of this incident do not come well from this country. The fact that a subsequent Conference approved of the Treaty of Paris being altered to suit Russia makes no difference. If this country were to remain

impassive while France and Germany made Belgium a battle-ground, its credit would not be restored by the conclusion of a treaty, after hostilities had ceased, abrogating the guarantee of the Great Powers as to Belgian neutrality.

After the events of 1870 the defensive convention for protecting Turkish integrity naturally became inoperative, and the failure to defend the Ottoman possessions in 1877-78 cannot be regarded as a breach of this convention by the parties to it, for it had lapsed. But the whole story of this solemn guarantee of the Treaty of Paris, and of the manner in which it was acted up to, shows how foolish it is to enter into such agreements at all, except for a specified time. Political circumstances change and alter the conditions under which treaties are framed. Engagements that any infraction of great acts of settlement, such as were the Treaties of Paris and of Berlin, will be regarded as a *casus belli*, are contrary to common sense and to the most obvious dictates of political prudence. No pledges of this kind should ever be given except for a limited period. The Triple Alliance is merely a temporary arrangement. It has to be renewed from time to time. But it is not on this account regarded as less binding while it lasts, or less important to the Great Powers, the security of which it goes so far to assure. The British engagements as regards Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, northern Savoy, Greece, the Ionian Islands, and Sweden and Norway, and also, it should be added, as to Turkey in Asia, are all for an unlimited period, and this renders them especially objectionable. The equilibrium of nations is too unstable to justify the contraction of obligations in perpetuity by one with regard to another.

In view of the disinclination of the people of this country to participate in continental quarrels that do not clearly concern them, the time appears to have come to formally withdraw from certain Quixotic engagements that have been inherited by the present generation. An honest announcement to this effect, now when the European horizon is unclouded, is surely preferable to shirking responsibilities later when they may become unpleasant. Bismarck's famous dictum as to Prussia's interest in the Eastern Question might fairly be adapted so as to be made applicable to the position of the United Kingdom with regard to the Luxemburg and Swiss questions. A retraction of the guarantee given with regard to maintaining the neutrality of northern Savoy, of Switzerland, and of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, at a time when there is no prospect of that neutrality being violated, would be more consistent with British honour than leaving those territories in the lurch should they be endangered, on the plea that it is no concern of ours. Such a retraction would still leave it perfectly open to us to uphold their rights should it seem necessary. An abrogation of the treaty as to Sweden and Norway need not imply that this country

would not assist in repelling Russian aggression in the Baltic should it by any chance be attempted, it would merely leave us a free hand in the matter. In Belgium British interests are involved, and the pledges given with regard to Greece and the Ionian Islands are not of an onerous character, therefore there is no reason why the engagements entered into with regard to these should not be allowed to stand. But the guarantee of Greek independence, which was given at a time when the country had only just succeeded in casting off the Ottoman yoke, need only have been given for a term of years to ensure that the newly-created State should be allowed to organise itself unmolested.

Although in the nature of things Great Britain can seldom be seriously affected by a change in the conditions of an inland country, it is a mistake to suppose that protection can only be afforded to States that happen to have a seaboard. The actual soil of Switzerland or Luxemburg could not easily be defended by British troops it is true. But the British navy can operate against every one of the Powers that border on them and with great effect. It is not so much because we are unable to afford support to them as because, except for the guarantees given, there is no reason why we should, that a withdrawal from these guarantees appear so desirable. This country has world-wide interests to defend. If it is saved from exposure to the horrors of invasion its possessions and colonies create for it responsibilities such as no other nation incurs. The employment of British naval and military forces for any other purpose than to defend British possessions and to safeguard British interests would be a grave mistake. Some of the guarantees and engagements on the continent to which this country is a party would be of a nature to cause apprehension, were there grounds for believing that they would be acted up to.

CHAS. E. CALLWELL.

# A PLEA FOR WOMEN.

BY A WOMAN.

It has often been said that there are no severer judges of a woman than women, and certainly, as a rule, any unfortunate being who has deviated from the straight path finds scant mercy at the hands of her own sex.

There are, it is true, women who, taking pity on others less fortunate and happy than themselves, have instituted homes and penitentiaries in which their frail sisters may have an opportunity of beginning life afresh, and where they may be reclaimed, if possible, from a life of infamy and degradation. The Poet Laureate, in his exquisite coronach *In Memoriam*, has sung :

“O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill;”

and the sisters of pity and charity unconsciously echo these words in their hearts when they try to raise to a better life these outcasts of society, and recognise the true and pure woman beneath the upper crust of vice and immorality that hides it from view.

But in direct antithesis to these are hundreds and thousands of women who, from their throne of ease and luxury, judge with the utmost severity the fall of those of whose lives they know nothing, and whose temptations cannot be conceived or understood by them. “One half of the world knows not how the other half lives” is a saying trite but true. Women and girls nurtured with the greatest care, surrounded by the devoted love and guardianship of parents whose only thoughts are for their children, with never a wish unsatisfied or a plan thwarted, cannot imagine an existence in which these things are an unknown quantity, which is a desperate struggle to keep body and soul together, and where the only words of kindness heard are from the lips of those whose sole aim is to ruin and deprave, merely for their own selfish and sensual gratification.

Before condemning faults that, as a general rule, are the outcome of ignorance, desperation, or more frequently of a too confiding affection, it would be well to pause for a little and reflect upon and take into consideration the temptations that surround women, and having discovered some of the causes of their frailty, endeavour to find the remedy for it.

This latter is naturally a herculean task, and indeed, to all appearances, a hopeless one, and the present state of society, together with the appalling increase of immorality in all classes, renders the solution of the problem more arduous, but at the same time increases the necessity for immediate and thoughtful consideration on the part of women themselves. One cause of this state of affairs is, as I said before, partly due to ignorance. Girls in both the upper and lower classes are brought up in entire ignorance of the world and of human nature, by mothers whose great ambition is to keep them "innocent-minded" and child-like, even until an age when many women are mothers. This system was all very well in the early days of the nineteenth century, when it was an unheard-of thing for young ladies of any age to walk out without a chaperon, and when it was considered *infra dig.* and the height of unwomanliness for a member of our sex to be seen or heard of outside her own immediate home circle. But circumstances alter cases, and nowadays in these *fin de siècle* times, there are several potent reasons why girls should understand something of the world in which they may have to fight a fierce battle for themselves.

Fortunes gained after many years' labour and thought are lost in a moment, and girls who have hitherto lived in affluence, and without a thought of the morrow, are cast on the tender mercies of the world thoroughly unfitted in every way to cope with the multitudinous difficulties presented to them. Others, again, lose their comfortable home through the death of a parent, or perhaps of both parents, and a similar fate awaits these. Only a few fields lie open to those possessed of merely ordinary intellects—the drudgery of a governess, the confining life of the office clerk, or the long hours and weary standing that falls to the shop assistant's lot.

What wonder, then, that these girls fall easy victims to the wily man of the world, the fast man about town, the man so well described by Walter Besant in his preface to *Dorothy Wallis* as the "reptile who sits at the entrance of every profession or calling taken up by girls." His pretended devotion and unctuous words are the one oasis in their dreary desert of hard work and harder words, and whose promises of an unlimited supply of money, of an eternal affection, and of ease and luxury, seem to the inexperienced girl like a glimpse of Paradise. Too late she awakes from her dream, and discovers that "all is not gold that glitters," and finds that she has lost something far greater than social position or caste amongst her fellows—her own self-respect. Had she but known a little more of life from the lips of a gentle, loving mother, whose only object in telling her could but be her welfare, how much remorse and sorrow might have been avoided.

Others err, not from ignorance, but, although knowing, from desperation. High-spirited, high-minded girls—girls with a heart



for any fate, enter the arena of life—armed with youth, strength, hope, and unlimited possibilities, determined to gain a name for themselves, and keep themselves “unspotted from the world.” It has been said that a girl who believes in the future has a double safeguard. For the sake of a name in the future which shall be untarnished, she will “keep straight.” This, doubtless, is very true, but to the most ambitious and sanguine nature a knowledge of the world brings disillusion, disenchantment; ill-health comes on gradually, and starvation stares one in the face. “In this world there is one thing that men can never forgive, and that is illness,” was the dictum once uttered by a man of splendid physique, who had barely ever had a day’s illness; and this is echoed daily by mankind in general. When, after a strenuous battle bravely fought, the tempter appears with soft words and promises and well-feigned sympathy, and the worn-out starving girl falls a victim, is there not more cause for sorrow and pity, rather than scorn and contempt?

Then comes the ostracism of the world, and the feeling that nothing can matter now, and that she has for ever forfeited the respect of her own sex, as well as that of every one else, and she sinks deeper and deeper into the Slough of Despond, and takes to drink in order to drown her misery and humiliation. The getting of money becomes her sole aim, and no means are too vile for her to employ in procuring it. “C’est le premier pas qui coute,” and after that the descent is rapid. Given a chance, she might once more have become pure-minded, and perchance, in time, happy.

“Go, and sin no more” was spoken by Divine lips eighteen hundred years ago, and these words were spoken in pity, not in contempt and harshness, and His followers would be more worthy the name were they but to remember His words before condemning their fellow-creatures.

The third cause I have mentioned as being in part responsible for this lamentable state of things springs from uncontrolled affection. Girls who are not ignorant of the world are yet often placed in the most perilous and dangerous positions by a want of self-control. This is a faculty, the encouragement and necessity of which is too often overlooked by the educators of youth, be they mothers or teachers, and yet there is nothing more essential for a girl’s guidance and safeguard throughout life. “Self-control is good, but at a certain point it becomes stagnation,” has been said by a divine of the day; but better, surely, stagnation than utter ruin, both moral and physical, mental and social. Naturally, the happy medium is the devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, and it would be well did mothers fully realise this and teach their daughters how much depends on the cultivation of the habit of self-control. Girls give themselves up unthinkingly to the caresses of their lovers and the “lights o’ love’s delicious madness” steep their senses in a sea of

delirium, and, to use an expressive German phrase, "sie schwimmin in Seligkeit." Then comes to them that moment that, in the words of a celebrated lady novelist, "comes once in her life to every woman who loves," that moment when she "yields, not knowing that she yields," and self has "passed in, silence out of sight." Too late, she finds herself again, and with a bitter cry she exclaims: "If I had only been more careful, and had kept the mastery over myself, how different it would have been!"

I have endeavoured, I fear but very inadequately, to analyse a few of the motives that have caused our sisters to fall from a state of purity, and to show that they do not *always* spring from a vicious and depraved nature. But, alas! there are women, both amongst the upper ten thousand and also the poorest of the land, who would seem to be innately impure, and sin willingly and with their eyes wide open; but with these in the present article I have nothing to do, and my purpose is ended. I close my paper with the beautiful lines by the Poet Laureate:

"I hold it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp, in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

# THE NORTH-WEST OF CANADA.

## THE GREAT CORN, CATTLE AND MINERAL COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN Lord Palmerston introduced the Bill to the House of Commons in February 1858 for the transfer of the Government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, referring to the Hudson's Bay Territory, on which a Select Committee of the House had taken evidence and reported in the previous Session, he said :—"One could easily imagine that a wilderness in the northern part of America, where nothing lives except fur-bearing animals and a few wild Indians but little removed from the lower creation, might be confined to a Company whose chief function should be to strip the running animals of their furs and to keep the bipeds sober."

Mr. Gladstone, however, took a more favourable view of the future of the Great North-West, for during the same Session of Parliament, on the motion of Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, "That the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, about to expire, ought not to be renewed," said :—"There is a large portion of the surface of the earth with regard to the character of which we have been systematically kept in darkness, for those who had information to give have also had an interest directly opposed to imparting it. Now the truth is beyond question that a great part of this country is highly valuable for colonisation purposes; and it is impossible to state in too strong language the proposition that the Hudson's Bay Company is, by its very existence and its character, the enemy of colonisation."

The opinions so forcibly expressed by Mr. Gladstone have been confirmed in a manner far surpassing what was ever supposed at that period.

In 1867 the Dominion Act of Canada was passed, and in 1870 the Government came into possession of the immense region formerly governed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Since that period a railway has been constructed from Halifax on the Atlantic Ocean to Vancouver on the Pacific, a distance of 3711 miles, entirely through British territory, and a line of British mail steamers established, second to none in the world, running between Vancouver, Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, conveying a portion of the British mails

and troops to and from the United Kingdom and India, whilst an uninterrupted lake and river navigation, suitable for ocean-going vessels, has been all but perfected from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Superior.

Fort Garry, which in 1870 contained 250 inhabitants, has now become the handsome city of Winnipeg, with a population of over 30,000, and adorned with many buildings which would do credit to London. It is the centre of a magnificent railway system, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with many hundreds of miles of branch lines running north and south. There is not probably in the history of the world such a rapid physical and permanent development. The capability to produce all the food that the United Kingdom requires in the form of corn and cattle by the North-west of the Dominion of Canada, is limited only by the supply of labour and improved transit to the seaboard.

To fully appreciate the magnitude and importance of the Dominion of Canada is to compare it with Russia in Europe. The Dominion comprises an area of 3,400,000 square miles, whilst European Russia is only 2,095,000. They lie mainly within the same degrees of latitude. The great inland sea of Hudson's Bay is in the same latitude and is twice the size of the Baltic. The great lakes and St. Lawrence navigation are not equalled in Russia, and the Nelson River, with its lakes and tributary streams, drains a larger fertile area than the Volga, or the Don and Dneiper combined; and the Mackenzie River, with its lakes and tributary streams, is equal to the Dwina and the mouth of the White Sea. In fact, according to the most authentic Government reports, the fertile area of the Dominion is fully equal in climate and capability of producing cereals and cattle to the whole of Russia in Europe. Port Nelson on Hudson's Bay, the very centre of the North-west, is much nearer to London than the Russian ports of the Black Sea. There are 14,000 miles of railway in the Dominion as compared with 18,500 in Russia, 15,000 miles of internal navigation, and the whole country under the dominion of the British Crown, where life and property and liberty are absolutely secure, and yet Russia in Europe has a population of ninety-five millions, whilst the Dominion of Canada has only about five millions.

The great Fertile Belt of the North-west extends from the city of Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba, on the east to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about 920 miles, and from the 49th parallel of latitude north to the watershed of the North Saskatchewan, an average distance of 350 miles, embracing an area of 322,000 square miles, or 206,080,000 acres, two-thirds of which has been proved to be capable of producing the finest wheat in the world, and the rest is admirably adapted for stock raising and dairy farming. The whole country is well

watered with long and numerous rivers and smaller streams, a moderate growth of wood, and extensive coal deposits. The soil is generally of a deep rich loam, requiring no manure, and the climate is described by long residents in the country as one of the most invigorating and healthy in the world. Land can be acquired in various ways, from free grants of 160 acres to any male adult settler over eighteen years of age, up to 10s. to 40s. an acre, with easy means of payment and near a good market.

There was under cultivation in 1891 about 900,000 acres, which produced a surplus of wheat available for export of 25,000,000 bushels, on an average of 25 bushels to the acre, and 350,000 acres in oats and barley, producing 20,000,000 bushels. In addition to this, the cattle ranches number a herd of about 250,000. Dairy farming is also carried on with good profit.

The harvest last year was again very good, and more especially as to quality; and, although the price of wheat rules low, the farmers are highly prosperous and contented. A large number of farmers are leaving the North-west States of the Union and purchasing lands and settling in the fertile belt of the Dominion.

The country at present under local government comprises the Province of Manitoba, covering an area of 61,000 square miles, with Winnipeg as its capital, and the three territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, covering an area of 303,000 square miles, with Regina as their capital.

To the North-west of the fertile belt lies the territory of Athabasca and the Great Mackenzie Basin, on the resources of which a Committee of the Senate of the Dominion was appointed in 1887 to take evidence and report, and in which, amongst other things, they say, "That within the scope of the Committee's inquiry there is a possible area of 650,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 square miles suitable for barley, and 316,000 suitable for wheat; that throughout this arable and pastoral area latitude bears no direct relation to summer isotherms, the spring flowers and buds of deciduous trees appearing as early north of the Great Slave Lake (lat. 63°) as at Winnipeg, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kingston, or Ottawa, and earlier along the Peace, Liard, and some minor affluents of the Great Mackenzie River, where the climate resembles that of Western Ontario.

"That on the headwaters of the Peace, Liard and Peel Rivers there are from 150,000 to 200,000 square miles which may be considered auriferous.

"That the evidence submitted to the Committee points to the existence in the Athabasca and Mackenzie Valleys of the most extensive petroleum field in America, if not in the world. The uses of petroleum, and consequently the demand for it by all nations, are increasing at such a rapid rate that it is probable that this great petroleum field will assume an enormous value in the near future,

and will reckon among the chief assets comprised in the Crown domain of the Dominion.

"That there is a coal formation covering an area of 100,000 square miles, and that the lakes and rivers abound in fish and large and small game in enormous numbers.

"That the climate is remarkably healthy, many of the witnesses describing it as one of the finest in the world.

"That upon a map of similar projection and scale, the region in question occupies an area greater than the Australian Continent, or two-thirds of Europe, covering part of the British Islands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Austria, and part of France and Russia; and that the Committee have reason to believe that a comparison of the capabilities of this extent of country on our continent exceeds in extent of navigation, area of arable and pastoral lands, valuable fresh water fisheries, forests and mines, and in capacity to support population, the continental part of Europe to which we have referred."

#### RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, starting from the head of Atlantic navigation at Montreal, reaches Winnipeg by a distance of 1421 miles. From Winnipeg, running through the fertile belt for 920 miles, it is fed by thirteen branches, extending north and south, and aggregating about 1500 miles, all centring in Winnipeg. From Winnipeg, coming east, the head of lake navigation is reached by a single line of railway of 423 miles. Two other outlets are afforded through North Dacotah and Minnesota in the United States to Duluth and St. Paul, &c. &c. Fort William and Duluth are about equi-distant by lake, river and canal navigation to Montreal and New York, the distance by water to Montreal being about 1800 miles, and to New York 2000 miles. The all-rail route from Winnipeg to New York is 1779 miles, and to Montreal 1421 miles. The average cost of the carriage of wheat from Winnipeg to the seaboard, whether at Montreal, Portland or New York, is about 20 cents per bushel, or 20s. per ton; in addition to this heavy charge, the present outlets are inadequate to move the crops, the elevators are all full, and a great grain block has occurred.

The necessity of providing shorter and cheaper outlets for the produce of the great North-west to the seaboard has for some time engaged the attention of the Provincial Government of Manitoba and the Dominion Government. The Dominion Government appointed an expedition to test the practicability of the navigation of Hudson's Bay. That expedition was carried out in 1884, 1885, and 1886, and the result has been highly satisfactory, as the following evidence shows:

Dr. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who has made

five voyages through the Strait says: "Navigable from the middle of June to the middle of November."

Captain Jacob Tabor, a New Bedford whaler: "From the first of July to the first of November."

Captain St. Clair, New Bedford whaler: "From the first of July to middle of November."

Captain William Kennedy, who commanded an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, who had eight years' experience of the Strait: "From June to November."

Mr. W. A. Archibald, many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory: "From June to December."

Captain William Hackland, Hudson's Bay service thirty-nine years: "Strait never freezes; no reason why steamships should not navigate it at any time."

Lieutenant Gordon, commanding three expeditions, 1884-5-6, for the Canadian Government, places free navigation of the Strait at four months.

Captain J. J. Barry, first officer in each of the expeditions: "Steamships can enter as early as June and come out in December."

Mr. W. A. Aske, superintendent of Quebec Observatory, officer in charge of the station north coast of the Strait from August 1844 to September 1885: "Strait navigable from four and a half to six and a half months."

Mr. C. R. Tuttle, secretary first year's expedition, places period of navigation at eight months, and says, "I would sooner navigate Hudson's Strait than the English Channel."

Mr. William Skymur, officer who accompanied the three expeditions: "Strait can be navigated from June to December."

Mr. D. J. Beaton, who made the second voyage with the expedition 1885: "Strait navigable from May to December."

Commodore, now Admiral, Markham: "Strait navigable for at least four months every year."

Captain John Macpherson, Stepney, London, captain in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, made voyages into Hudson's Bay for twenty years: "Steamships could make the passage up the Strait as early as the first of June and come out as late as the middle of November."

The Bay is open all the year round, and is described by Lieutenant Gordon "as a vast basin of comparatively warm water; the mean summer temperature of the Bay is 53° Fahr., whilst that of Lake Superior is 39.5° during the same season."

The Nelson River, running into Hudson's Bay in latitude 57° and longitude 92° W., is one of the three greatest rivers in North America, and by its lakes and tributary streams, extending from fifty miles west of Lake Superior to the Yellow Head Pass in the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 1400 miles, not only drains the whole of the fertile belt of the North-west of the Dominion of Canada,

but also a great part of Minnesota and North Dacotah in the United States.

Port Nelson, at the mouth of this river running into Hudson's Bay, is distant from Liverpool 2966 miles, whilst the distance from Montreal to Liverpool, by the Straits of Belle Isle, is 2661 miles. The distance from Winnipeg to Port Nelson is 650 miles, but, taking Regina as the present centre of the great fertile belt, it is, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1781 miles to Montreal, whilst a railway from Regina to Port Nelson would be about 650 miles, thereby effecting a saving of 936 miles, not only between Liverpool and the corn and cattle region of the North-west, but between the United Kingdom and the Pacific Ocean at Vancouver.

It appears impossible to over-rate the importance of this route if it can be carried out with safety for five or even four months in the year, for it would not only effect the great saving on distance in the passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but open up the vast region to colonisation, and provide an alternative route through Dominion territory, free from all frontier complications and interruptions.

Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report on the British North American, in 1841, said in conclusion: "No portion of the American continent possesses greater natural resources for the maintenance of large and flourishing communities. An almost boundless range of the richest soil still remains unsettled, and may be rendered available for the purposes of agriculture. The wealth of inexhaustible forests of the best timber in America and of extensive regions of the most valuable minerals have as yet been scarcely touched. Along the whole line of sea-coast, around each island, and in every river are to be found the greatest and richest fisheries in the world. The best fuel and the most abundant water-power are available for the coarser manufactures, for which an easy and certain market will be found. Trade with the continent is favoured by the possession of a large number of safe and spacious harbours; long, deep, and numerous rivers and vast inland seas, supply the means of easy intercourse, and the structure of the country generally affords the utmost facility for every species of communication by land; unbounded materials of agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry are there. It depends upon the present decision of the Imperial Legislature to determine for whose benefit they are to be rendered available. The country which has founded and maintained these colonies at a vast expense of blood and treasure may justly expect its compensation in turning their unappropriated resources to the account of its own redundant population. They are the rightful patrimony of the English people, the ample appanage which God and Nature have set aside in the new world for those whose lot has assigned to them but insufficient portions in the old."

JOSEPH NELSON.



## MALTREATMENT OF WIVES.

If security of life is a fundamental condition of good government, the absence in England of efficient protection for the lives of any class in the community seems inconsistent with the uncontested high position of this country amongst the nations of the civilised world. And yet, if the statement made last July by Mr. Justice Denman in opening the Liverpool Assizes is correct, married women are not duly protected, either by law or public opinion, against personal injury or death by violence. For, in his comments on the many serious cases for trial of aggravated assaults on wives by husbands, the judge declared: "It was lamentable to find the view pervading certain classes that the life of a wife was less sacred than that of other people;" and he proceeded to remark that the prevalent cruel treatment and frequent brutal assassination of wives might be partly due to the public administration of the law, and possibly encouraged by the leniency shown towards persons who committed such acts. If this statement is correct, women have surely a right to ask the Legislature to enforce, by deterrent penalties on brutal husbands, a recognition of the fact that the lives of wives are full as sacred as their own.

And in view of the many cases of murderous assaults on wives, and the lenient sentences passed on brutal husbands recorded in the papers from day to day, the absolute correctness of the judge's statement cannot be denied. The paragraph headed "Horrible Wife Murder," is a familiar sight, and still more frequently "Attempt to Murder a Wife" appears; whilst grievous assaults on wives have become ordinary items of daily news. When Lord Shaftesbury directed attention to the cruel and degrading lot of women workers in the coal mines of England, he unmasked an evil which the press had utterly ignored. But for many years the published records of magistrates' and coroners' courts have given full publicity to the cruel treatment of wives that prevails amongst the lower ranks of the working class in the large towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

As magistrates have never evidenced the least desire to evade inflicting on the garotter the severest legal penalty for his offence they were empowered to award, the leniency shown to husbands convicted of aggravated assaults on wives seems to imply that they

share in a certain degree what the judge declared was the popular view—"That the life of a wife was less sacred than that of other people." Previous, however, to a due consideration of the evidence on which this serious charge is made, we have to ascertain how far the law provides the magistrate with the means of inflicting a fitting punishment on a brutal husband.

Up to the year 1878, the husband convicted of a gross assault upon his wife was merely liable to the ordinary punishment for personal violence. Imprisonment, fine, or binding over to keep the peace were the only penalties the magistrate could inflict on the convicted wife-beater. The flagrant perversion of justice which such sentences involved to ill-used wives is most palpably evident. For though it might be unquestionably fit and just to fine and imprison Ned Jones for assaulting Dick Smith, it was neither fit nor just to condemn Bill Sykes' ill-used wife to share through either penalty the punishment inflicted on her brutal husband. Because whilst the fine imposed taxed the means required for the support of the offender's family, the sentence of imprisonment entailed on her the penalty of hard labour to keep herself and children from starvation. But though the injustice to the injured wives which such penalties involved was very obvious, it was not until 1878 that the Legislature made any attempt to redress their serious grievance. And when, by a clause inserted in the Matrimonial Causes Act, which was passed that year, magistrates were empowered to grant a wife, in cases of aggravated assault, a separation, with maintenance order, from her brutal husband, it might have been reasonably supposed that this apparently wise provision of the law would have been enforced to stamp out a disgracefully prevalent crime. But maltreated wives have, up to the present time, derived but an infinitesimal amount of benefit from the Act designed for their protection; for, as a general rule, it is totally ignored by the administrator of the law, who still continues to fine or imprison the convicted wife-beater. Thus, through the wide discretion left to the magistrates, the Act has been practically almost annulled—as it is a rare event for a cruelly maltreated wife to obtain a separation order from her brutal husband. If the magistrates respect the wife-protecting clause in the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1878, their respect is shown in a spirit akin to that which impelled certain villagers in India to paint bright-red an iron plough which had been given them, and then to set it up for worship in the village temple amongst the gods. Under present circumstances, therefore, the truth embodied in the common vulgar adage about the folly of injuring the nose to spite the face, must deter many a hapless wife from an appeal to law for protection against the habitual blows of a brutal husband. For not only would the sentence of imprisonment to which he might probably be condemned entail the pangs of want

on herself and children, but she well may shrink with dread from the thought of being subjected in a few months' time to the vengeful fury of the punished tyrant on his release from prison.

The danger thus incurred is emphasised by the fact that in a large proportion of the wife murders which occur, the murderer has previously undergone several terms of imprisonment for aggravated assaults upon his hapless victim. A consideration so frequently enforced by the evidence given in coroners' courts, in inquests on murdered wives, must naturally tend to free many a domestic tyrant from the fear of being subjected to the legal penalties he has earned. Thus the number of prosecutions of husbands by ill-used wives can only bring to light a very small amount of the number of cases of maltreatment which occur. The lesson of submission so frequently taught in magistrates' courts cannot safely be ignored.

The truth of Mr. Justice Denman's serious charge of the encouragement given to the ill-treatment of wives by sentences passed on convicted wife-beaters by the administrators of the law rests on evidence too plain to be denied. A brief review of sentences passed on wife-beaters during the short space of six weeks' time will afford conclusive testimony that the charge made from the judicial bench was fully justified.

Precedence may well be given to the sentence passed on George Michel at Pershore. If, as is alleged, the common law of England gives a husband the right to beat a faulty wife with a stick of the thickness of his thumb, it certainly gave no sanction to the disciplinary system adopted by George Michel, who appeared before the Pershore Bench on the charge of having repeatedly dashed his wife's head against the wall.

Yet, though apparently the charge was fully proved, the virtue of complete submission and forgiveness was enforced upon the ill-used wife by the magistrates' decision to adjourn the case for arrangement. If the next appearance of the grossly ill-treated wife before a court of justice should be one over which a coroner presides, the magistrates of Pershore would be surely responsible in no small degree for her tragic death.

An adjournment of the case for arrangement was the similar decision of the Portsmouth bench after hearing the complaint of Richard Cannud's wife that he had kicked her severely and given her a black eye.

On the *last* appearance of George Palfryman before the Barnsley Bench for maltreatment of his wife he was bound over to keep the peace for six months' time, on his conviction of the charge of knocking her down and of turning her at midnight out of doors.

When the wife of Joseph Beaufoy appeared with two black eyes before the Coventry Bench to complain of the continuous cruelty of

her husband the magistrates simply bound him over to keep the peace for a short time.

The magistrates of Stafford sentenced Hesbert Burge to pay a half-crown fine for striking, kicking, and turning his wife out of doors.

The higher penalty of 10s. was deemed a fitting punishment for Charles Bankes, convicted of having broken his wife's leg in two places.

At Maidstone, Alexander Camble was fined 20s. for cutting his wife's nose, striking her in the face, and severely kicking her.

A similar fine was inflicted at Wolverhampton on John Cocorn for nearly strangling his continually ill-treated wife.

On the last conviction of William Ashley at Newport for the maltreatment of his wife he was fined 20s. for kicking her.

A similar fine was imposed at Blackburn on John Tomlison for dragging his wife by the hair downstairs at night and after kicking and beating her turning her into the street almost unclad.

A like penalty was awarded at Newport to Frank Rossiter for giving his wife a blow that rendered her unconscious for a considerable time.

A 20s. fine was also imposed at Barnsley on George Jackson for striking his wife in the eye, knocking down, kicking, and turning her out of doors.

Though Thomas Scoles had been previously convicted of breaking his wife's jaw, yet on his late reappearance before the Lincoln Bench on the charge of striking her on the eyes and mouth and locking her out of the house, he was merely sentenced to pay a 25s. fine.

At Preston, J. Bradley was sentenced to pay a fine of 20s. for striking his wife on cheek and eyes, and then knocking her down and kicking her.

The originality of Peter M'Gower's treatment of an offending wife possibly induced the Derby magistrates to simply impose on him a 5s. fine for tripping her up and drenching her with two buckets of water.

After several convictions of Thomas O'Hara for the ill-treatment of his wife, he was sentenced by the Falkirk magistrates to pay a fine of 40s. for striking her on the face with his clenched fist and brutally kicking her.

The hapless wife of the often-convicted Edward Caughey of Airdrie will probably have had to suffer from a starvation diet for some little time, as the magistrates thought fit to impose a fine of three guineas on him for repeatedly striking her in the face with his fists, and pulling and dragging her about by the hair.

At Paisley, Patrick Higgins was sentenced to pay a fine of 15s. for seizing his wife by the throat and dragging her downstairs.

Even when the wife-beater is condemned to undergo a short term

of imprisonment for some gross assault, a separation with maintenance order rarely accompanies the sentence.

Though time after time Austen Killion had been convicted of brutal assaults upon his crippled wife, the magistrates of Walsall, in condemning him to twenty-one days' imprisonment for his late savage attack on her, ignored their power to grant the separation order of which she had such need.

Even when a brutal husband was lately condemned by the Birmingham Bench to twelve months' imprisonment for deliberately setting fire to his wife, the sentence seems to have been unaccompanied by the grant of a separation order to the victim of a murderous assault.

The unwillingness of magistrates to release ill-treated wives from thralldom to a tyrannical master is forcibly shown in a case that came before the West London Police Court magistrate a short time ago. The assault for which Henry Jenner was prosecuted by his wife was exceptionally brutal in its details. On coming home at night he had severely bitten her arms, and when she fled from him he pursued and tried to bite her again. He was always biting and trying to bite her, she declared. She wanted to get rid of him; she wanted nothing else of him than that he should keep away from her. But although Henry Jenner had been often sentenced to imprisonment for gross assaults on her, the six months' term to which he was once more condemned was unaccompanied by the grant of the separation order for which she so urgently and piteously appealed.

The case of George Kemp, Leominster, supplies also a most forcible illustration of the magistrate's unwillingness to enforce the wife-protecting clause in the Act of 1878.

Though the helpless victim of a brutal husband was soon to be confined, she was subjected to a series of merciless assaults which it is a wonder she survived: kicked and dragged upstairs by the hair, thrown down and jumped upon with both feet, well nigh strangled by a cord tied round her throat, she was found by a policeman lying saturated with blood.

Yet even in the case of an assault that ought fitly to have involved the charge of an attempt to murder, the mild sentence of two months' imprisonment inflicted on George Kemp was unaccompanied by the grant of a separation order to the injured wife.

Whilst this dismal and merely partial record of gross assaults on wives during the space of only a few weeks' time forcibly evidences the violence to which, in the lower ranks of the working class, they are so frequently subject, the sentences passed on the offenders evidence no less forcibly the disregard by magistrates of the Act passed in 1878 for the protection of married women from marital violence. As the administrators of the law do not carry out in

practice that system of marital rule to which their judgments often seem to give a kind of legal sanction, their leniency to wife-beaters is difficult to understand, unless they hold that when a wife's obedience cannot be obtained by words, a husband has a moral right to enforce compliance with his orders by the aid of blows. And unquestionably the moral justification for that course of action may be reasonably deduced from a sermon on the duties of wives preached by the Rev. Canon Knox Little to American ladies in Philadelphia some years ago. The code of wifely duty set forth in the following published extract of the preacher's words, Hindoo, Moslem, Red Indian, and African negro, would alike approve.

"Wifehood is the crowning glory of a woman. In it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him, or applying for that monstrous thing, divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him never."

If the English rough or drunkard cannot embody his ideal of wifely duty in such choice terms, he evidences his thorough agreement with the Canon's views in a most practical manner. The disciples of this creed of marital rights especially abound in the manufacturing districts of England. The forcible seizure and imprisonment of Mrs. Jackson by her husband evoked warm demonstrations of popular approval. A labouring man at Wigan who lately stood calmly by whilst a collier kicked his wife to death, said at the trial he did not interfere as it was not for him "to step in between man and wife." Four years ago, in Sheffield, a fish dealer bought his comrade's "crowning glory" for five shillings, to be spent in gin, and the purchase was ratified in a business-like way, by a bill of sale duly signed and witnessed. The market-price of wives in Burnley the same year was lower still, as the "crowning glory" of a weaver was sold by him for three halfpence. The purchase price of another wife in a previous year was somewhat higher, as the husband obtained for her a penny together with a dinner. It is not many years ago since it was no uncommon practice in the Potteries to sell a wife, sometimes with a rope around her neck, and the prices varied from sixpence, or a quart of beer, to a bull pup and a supper. According to the code of wifely duty enunciated by the Canon from the pulpit, the bartered wife in consenting to be sold, if faulty, judged by the moral law, was yet commendably fulfilling her "bounden duty to subject herself to her husband always," in conformity with the truth that "no crime he can commit can justify her lack of obedience."

The merely nominal punishments frequently inflicted by magis-

strates on husbands for aggravated assaults on wives, in districts where offences of this character most prevail, cannot fail to confirm the existing traditional belief in a husband's right to enforce obedience to his commands by kicks and blows. The marriage service, saturated with the spirit of marital supremacy, is responsible also in a high degree for the continued existence amongst the lower ranks of the working class of the belief that the relation of husband and wife scarcely differs from that of master and slave. Whilst in the upper classes of society, the bride's vow of obedience, like the bridegroom's vow of bodily worship, or endowment of worldly goods, is regarded as a mere formula without more binding force than that which "Your obedient servant," in signature entails, that vow is looked upon by the rough as giving a religious sanction to the use of physical force, if needful, in the assertion of his inborn masculine marital right to be obeyed. And whilst the marriage service remains unchanged, the verbal significance of that vow will exercise a disastrous influence on the lot of wives in many a humble home. For the existing barbaric estimate in England of the relation of man and wife, church and law must share the blame.

And though the Legislature recognised, by the Act of 1878, that wives had a right to obtain increased protection by law from the violence of brutal husbands, the permissive form in which the Act was passed has given it, as has been shown, a merely nominal existence. Grave fault also may be justly found with the terms in which the clause for the wife's protection was enacted, since they seem to indirectly sanction personal violence that did not actually endanger life. For whilst the magistrate is empowered to grant a separation with maintenance order to wives subjected to such marital violence as the term of "aggravated assault" involves, the concession of this boon is expressly limited to those cases of "aggravated assault" in which the magistrate "is satisfied that the future safety of the wife is in peril." Since the term "aggravated assault" surely implies peril to life the restrictive clause is utterly without meaning, and the conviction of a husband for an aggravated assault upon his wife should, in justice and in reason, secure at her demand release from the convicted tyrant's rule. When George Michel was convicted at Pershore of having repeatedly dashed his wife's head against a wall, surely her "future safety" was in peril, although the magistrates virtually condoned the violence her husband had used by an adjournment of the case for arrangement. And judging by the sentences passed in the various instances of savage attacks on wives which I have detailed, magistrates do not consider that the "future safety" of the sufferers is in peril; even when marital authority has been enforced by the breaking of arms or jaw, by throttling to well-nigh strangulation, by cutting with knives, by biting, kicking,

and striking with clenched fist, by dragging upstairs and downstairs by the hair, and turning out of doors at midnight. Nor even, when, time after time, the unhappy wife appeals to the Bench for protection against the continued violence of a brutal husband, magistrates seem to think that, according to the "safety of life," proviso clause, the longed-for grant of a separation with maintenance order has not yet been fully earned. If the chivalrous consideration, which English women are credited to enjoy, is so conspicuously absent in courts of law, its menaced forfeiture through an attainment of the Parliamentary franchise is a loss that would not tax their fortitude in a very severe degree to bear; as, practically, the chivalrous consideration enjoyed seems limited to a few rules of social etiquette in drawing-room circles. For wives and mothers, living in lanes and slums, for starving women workers denied for equal work equality of wage with men, the knight errant is no less required now than he was in the long bygone days of mediæval England.

Follow up in thought the results of the sentences passed on the brutal husbands of the hapless wives, who, with blackened eyes, or faces bruised with blows, or limping from disabling kicks, appear before the Bench to tell their piteous tale of wrong and violence. In the cases of gross assault, adjourned so frequently for arrangement, the magistrates practically enforce on the injured wife the virtue of submission. The sentence "bound over to keep the peace" has a similar signification, and equally gives encouragement to the virtually acquitted wife-beater to continue his favourite domestic recreation. The sentence which inflicts a fine on the delinquent husband has a boomerang rebound on the head of the injured wife, as she and her children are dependent for subsistence on the earnings out of which the fine is paid. And if a sentence of imprisonment on a brutal husband seems a more fitting punishment for his offence, yet unless it is accompanied with a separation and maintenance order it may not unlikely tend to increase the misery of the wife's position. For whilst, during the term of his confinement in the prison cell, she has to drudge from early morn till late at night to obtain the means of subsistence for herself and children, his release from gaol exposes her to a renewal of the life of dread from which she has probably dearly purchased a short respite. And if the action of fist or foot is temporarily stayed by the deterrent influence of a keen remembrance of the misery incident to life in a prison cell, he can still, with perfect safety, through the means of scowl and curse, vent his vengeful fury on the cause of his late privation of liberty and drink. With the human tiger, though his claws be clipped, it is a cruel fate to be encaged. If restrained by legal penalties from the infliction of a blow by hand or foot, he knows full well that insult, contumely and coarse abuse may safely be employed. The slave in savage lands has not a more hapless



fate than that which is the doom of many a slave of the marriage bond in England. The happy wife in the well-known Scottish ballad vividly depicts the joy she feels when she hears her gudeman's foot coming up the stairs; but what an agony such a sound must cause to the trembling wife of the punished tyrant on his return from gaol. For her, there is surely no other greeting than a scowl and curse, whilst frightened children cower in a corner in fear of the renewal of well-remembered blows. A history told at the Old Bailey a short time ago forcibly illustrates a frequent sequel to the scene described.

Possibly James Taylor's wife may have had a nagging tongue, and for an unhappy married life she might in some degree have been to blame.\* This charge, however, made by him rests simply on his unconfirmed assertion, when, on his trial for the murder of his wife, he pleaded provocation in extenuation of his crime. Twice previously convicted and imprisoned for aggravated wife assaults, in which a broom and poker had been successively used—his last assault at night with a mangle-roller which smashed in her head effectually ended her domestic troubles for evermore. The victim found in bed with her baby still clasped in death within her arms, had realised probably many a time as she lay down to sleep the danger from a violent death which she incurred.

Midnight was also the time selected by John M'Donald recently for the attempted murder of his wife by stabbing her with a knife; and Herman Melville and William Williamson lately murdered their wives by cutting their throats as they lay in bed.

Consider the full significance of these murders and attempted murder to every ill-used wife whose husband has undergone a term of imprisonment for an aggravated assault on her. When she lays down her head on the same pillow as that on which the head of her brutal master lies, think what the hours of rest, as they are called, must be to her; what nightmare dreams in which she undergoes anew the pangs of many a bitter experience of suffering she has known, and not unfrequently, a panic start from sleep in terror of an impending deadly blow. Both night and day she sees suspended over head by a single hair the threatening sword. Like the tyrant's victim in a bygone day, she finds herself enclosed by encircling and ever contracting walls. An inquest held on a corpse found drifting in the Thames has not unfrequently been the tragic end of such a history, as it nearly was for a maddened wife who, only a short time ago, drowned her child and had nearly drowned herself when she was rescued from her self-sought death. The most pathetic tale which the most lively imagination can invent pales before the realities of home life revealed from day to day in many a magistrate's or coroner's court in England.

But though care and suffering must be the inevitable lot of the

wives of brutal men, legislation can yet abate an evil it is powerless to cure. If it cannot stay the utterance of the curse and foul abuse it can yet check the action of the vengeful hand. It can make even the drunkard feel the wisdom of refraining from the enforcement of obedience to his commands by the means of blows. It can teach him that for his own sake "hands off" should be a warning cry ever to be remembered in his home. The fear of punishment constitutes the only efficient check on violence in natures of too low a type to be influenced by considerations of a higher kind. When a brutal husband is only fined half-a-crown for a grievous assault upon his wife, the trivial penalty he undergoes can have no deterrent influence on his future conduct. When Herbert Burge was sentenced at Stafford to pay this fine, he no doubt deducted that amount week after week with chuckling satisfaction from the usual payment hitherto made to his wife for household expenses. When, on the conviction of George Palfreyman for having knocked down his wife and turned her at midnight out of doors, he was simply bound over to keep the peace for six months' time, the nominal punishment awarded by the Barnsley Bench must naturally have been considered by him as a virtual acquittal of misconduct. The view of marital rights fostered amongst roughs in manufacturing towns by sentences such as these has a widespread, demoralising influence. The elimination by civilisation of the tiger element in human nature is still too imperfect to allow without great evil relaxation of the restraint of fear to curb its action. The conscience which deters from violence is in the rough the outcome of a dread of punishment. And whether it be the law, or the public administration of the law, as Mr. Justice Denman implied, that is in fault, ill-treated wives have often reason to allege that an appeal to justice results to them in an aggravation of the evils they endure. Many a disfigured wife of a convicted tyrant has cause to say, as she left the magistrate's court, that when she asked for bread, she had been given a stone. The Dead Sea apple, fair without, and ashes, dust, and bitterness within, typifies the justice which ill-used wives so frequently receive.

A question of such vital interest to the wives of working-men should not continue to be ignored. Those who deny that women can fairly and rightly claim a direct control on legislation will yet unquestionably admit their right to demand an impartial administration of the law, and will equally admit that no discretionary power conferred on its administrators should deprive any class of the weaker sex of the benefit of a legislative provision, especially designed for their protection against the violence of the strong. Yet although the Act of 1878 was an emphatic declaration of the Legislature that an amendment of the law, in the interests of ill-used wives, was urgently required, the enactment has been practically annulled

through the option allowed to magistrates to enforce it or not, according to their pleasure. The ever-increasing number of brutal assaults on wives does not therefore prove that the Act has been a failure, since its very rare application must necessarily deprive it of all appreciable deterrent force. If the reluctance of magistrates to grant a separation with maintenance order to grossly and habitually ill-used wives is based on the belief that the husband would evade by flight the penalty imposed, the value of that objection should be ascertained. Rare as are the cases in which that penalty has been decreed, they would yet, during a term of fourteen years, afford conclusive evidence if it inevitably entailed a burden on the rates for the support of the fugitive husband's wife and family. Poor Law Guardians can authoritatively state if such occurs, but up to the present time no allegation of the correctness of this assumption has been made. And likely as it may seem that the grant of a separation with maintenance order to the ill-used wife would induce the brutal husband to evade the penalty by flight, the spell of habit which constrains the Sheffield grinder to cough out his life over the death-dealing wheel might also very probably control his action. When to this very common instinctive clinging of a low type of uneducated men to a familiar life, in a familiar spot, we add the known hardships that must be faced in a quest for employment in some distant place, we obtain a deterrent force to restrain from flight of no small value. The weary tramp from day to day, the pangs of hunger only to be stayed through nights passed in casual wards, followed by many hours of hard labour in picking oakum or breaking stones, the deprivation of tobacco, the still greater deprivation of his accustomed dram, and the consciousness of a never ceasing liability to arrest, must altogether form a strong restraining force on the fugitive inclinations of the punished husband. The hope of a reconciliation with a forgiving wife is also a very important factor in the motives that would influence his course of action; and if the order which she had obtained remained uncanceled by condonation, she would have a very strong security against the repetition of the ill-usage she had undergone. And in view of a reconciliation that might probably take place, the infliction of the lash on the convicted wife-beater, as has sometimes been urged, would be manifestly unwise.

But whether or not the general enforcement of the Act of 1878 in cases of gross and unprovoked assault would involve a heavy burden on the rates, the sentence of fine and, still more, imprisonment, unaccompanied, as it is now, with any provision for the maintenance of the convicted wife-beater's family during his term in gaol, is an outrage on the principle of justice on which in civilised lands the law is presumably based. As we all well know the doleful "*Song of the Shirt*" depicts as truly now as it did fifty years ago

the life of many a single woman, who barely earns the means of self-support by continual toil from early morn to late at night in some wretched attic. And how can it be supposed that the starvation wage which a hapless mother could probably alone obtain would suffice to maintain both herself and family? And as every decent woman loathes the idea of a pauper's lot within the poor-house walls, the two alternatives which the condemnation of a brutal husband generally involves, profane the sacred name of justice, whose inherent attribute is thus ignored. Put the full significance of the sentence of imprisonment, as it affects the ill-used wife, into definite words: "Bear gross habitual violence without complaint; accept submissively the daily blow or worse will befall you." This lesson emphatically taught in magistrates' courts inevitably ensures complete impunity for habitual violence to wives in many a home, and exemption from punishment naturally results in the increase of the number of cases of murder and attempted murder of wives which occur from year to year.

Nor is it only in the interests of ill-used wives that their due protection by the law from marital violence is urgently required, for every home in which brutality prevails becomes a training school in vice and crime. The gangs of juvenile scuttlers, who from time to time run riot through the Manchester streets, have doubtless been reared in homes where mothers are subjected to kicks and blows. The boy gangs of Hoxton and of Bethnal Green who, armed with knives, go forth from East End courts and slums to assail each other in savage faction fights, have doubtless also been familiarised with the sight of personal violence from their earliest years. The lessons learnt in childhood in homes where the mother is a tyrant's slave exert an influence for evil far more powerful than that of any influence for good derived from lessons learnt in the best administered Board Schools. The noxious, crime-producing moral atmosphere in which so many a child grows up to graduate in vice and crime has no less need of purification than the foul disease-producing air that exhales from polluted water. Hospital wards and prison cells alike are filled through each prolific source of evil. And as successive Sanitary Acts were made of no effect through the permissive form in which they were enacted, it is surely only just and fair to suffering wives that the Act passed fourteen years ago in their behalf should no longer continue to be virtually annulled through a similar paralysing influence.

MABEL SHARMAN CRAWFORD.

## THOROUGH FREE TRADE.

THOSE of us who took an interest in the great movement for the repeal of the Corn Laws rejoiced when the Prime Minister, who was previously the principal supporter of these laws, proposed and carried their repeal in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel then honourably confessed that it was to the able advocacy of Messrs. Cobden and Bright that the credit was due for the change of policy. There are some grounds for supposing that, though Sir Robert Peel was driven to repeal the Corn Laws, he was not quite contented to be a Free Trader.

"The man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

He went no further in the way of Free Trade than he was called upon to do. There were other laws, of his own making too, which then were, and still are, felt to be great hindrances to Free Trade and commerce. They should have been repealed along with the Corn Laws. These were his Banking and Currency Acts, which have hung like millstones about the neck of trade ever since they were placed there by him, yet he never attempted to repeal them and let trade go quite free. Sad to say, no statesman has yet seen fit to remove these fetters from trade.

When the Free Trade question was under discussion, Sir Archibald Alison, the author of the *History of Europe*, who well knew the working of the British monetary systems of both Pitt and Peel, boldly told Sir Robert (though he was also a Tory) that it was impossible to carry on Free Trade in this country satisfactorily with a restricted banking system and a contracted currency. In other words, he stated that there should be freedom of banking and an expansive currency, as there was in Pitt's time, in order to let trade and commerce have free scope at home and abroad. Alison pointed out clearly the dangers of Peel's monetary policy and the advantages of Pitt's policy, which was in fact founded upon Adam Smith's principles of free trade and free banking.

Adam Smith said: "A paper money consisting of bank notes issued by people of undoubted credit, payable upon demand (in legal money), is in every respect as good as gold or silver money," and "free competition obliges all bankers to be liberal in their dealings with their customers, lest their rivals should carry them away. In

general, if any branch of trade be advantageous to the public, the freer and more general the competition, it will always be the more so." Smith also says, as to gold, there is no need to keep a large store of it, as it can be got when wanted by any nation which has plenty of goods or securities to give in exchange for it. Strange to say, it was the same Mr. Patterson that started the Bank of England and the Bank of Scotland. The English bankers seem to like gold coin, while the Scottish people prefer bank notes to gold coin, and so do most other civilised nations and all British colonists now. As ready money, notes are the most economical and handy. With a well-regulated banking and currency system there is really no danger of inflation, for no bank will give out notes for nothing; and if too many are issued they return like doves to their windows. The function of banks is to supply credit or capital to their customers for due consideration or interest. This credit is given in bank notes. By means of these notes banks can afford to give credit to their customers cheaper than they could do if they were confined to the use of coin only, as the notes cost so little. The manager of a large Scottish bank stated at a meeting of the Bankers' Institute, London, that the profit upon the notes might be taken as three times the interest of the actual circulation, as by using notes for "till money" instead of gold, as much as the amount of notes out was saved; but the loss of interest upon the gold held had to be deducted. The *net* profit on the note issue is therefore as much as the interest upon twice the amount of actual circulation. This shows that bank notes are profitable, and that it would be a good thing for all banks if they were allowed to issue notes upon proper conditions to be sanctioned by Parliament. *Legal tender* notes should also be issued by the Treasury.

We have explained this plan of banking and currency more fully in our August and October numbers, to which we refer. If there were enough of Treasury notes issued for "ten shillings," "one pound," "four pounds," and upwards, and all bank notes made payable to bearer on demand in "legal tenders," gold coin could be dispensed with *for home circulation*. Gold bullion, however, might still be taken in and supplied at the Mint or a Treasury Department, and *certificates* given for the same; these "gold certificates" could be used for the purpose of balancing foreign exchanges—the gold would then be bought and sold at the market price of the day, like pig-iron, or in the same way, at so much per ounce, as was done in Britain in Pitt's time, and up to till 1816, when Sir Robert Peel got his first Bill passed, which upset the Free Trade plan of dealing with gold, and made it law that a coin piece of gold of a certain weight and fineness should be the standard measure of value in the British currency.

This "standard of value" might not have been so bad, if gold

always kept at exactly the same value ; but when gold has been found to fluctuate so very much in value in comparison with other commodities as it has done since 1873, being now (it is stated by the best authorities) as much as 30 to 35 per cent. more valuable than it was twenty years ago. Therefore gold cannot be taken to be a correct standard to measure values by. Is it fair to the farmer to make him pay the same rent in gold, when it takes twice as much grain to get as much gold as will pay his old rent ? This is a simple example of the manner in which Peel's Bank Acts work. They work against the producers of wealth—the farmers, manufacturers, and the industrious classes—while they put more money into the pockets of the money-lenders and the capitalists than they are justly entitled to and would only get by a proper standard of value. Therefore, in justice to the productive and commercial classes, there ought to be an immediate repeal of Peel's Bank Acts and a readjustment of our monetary and banking systems.

The Bank Act of 1844, which imposed fresh restrictions upon banks, and gave the Bank of England a greater control of the money-market than before, was understood to have been mainly manipulated by the great banker, Lord Overstone, who was a bank protectionist of the closest school. That Act seemed to be designed to bolster up and protect the big bankers in the same way as the Corn Laws were designed to favour the landlords. The Bank Act has tended to make money scarcer and dearer (to borrowers) than it would have been with free banking. There is no dispute about that. The very fact of limiting the issue of notes, and making it the law that when the Bank of England, or any of the old authorised banks in Ireland or Scotland, finds it necessary to increase their circulation, they must get gold into their coffers to cover their notes, and therefore to increase their charge for loans. This law has had a most baneful effect on trade and commerce at tight times.

In 1847 an extra quantity of gold had to be sent out to pay for corn to meet the famine. The bank ought to have provided gold to meet that demand in good time, but it did not do so, hence, when the push came, the Bank put on its "screw" by raising the Bank-rate to 10 per cent. This caused the panic and crisis of 1847. This could all have been prevented if a Pitt had then been at the helm of State. He would have told the Bank to procure the gold required ; but, at the same time, he would have given the Bank a discretionary power to pay and charge market price for the gold required, then there would have been no panic at all. Instead of raising the rate to 10 per cent., and so making a crash in business at home, the Bank would merely have put a moderate premium on gold, which would have stopped the demand for that commodity, and created a demand for British goods to go in exchange for the corn. In that manner, the trade of this country would have

been "boomed," instead of being sent into "fits" by the corn transaction. The same thing is true of the panics of 1857 and 1866 which were caused by extra demands for gold, which could have been easily got over, if it had not been for Peel's Bank Act. It had to be suspended on these occasions, and should be suspended altogether.

In 1886, when a deputation of London bankers waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to represent the state of matters then in the City, he, after learning how necessary it was to suspend the Bank Act, and that certain of the banks could draw out more gold than the Bank had to spare, agreed to the proposal, but warned those present that if the same state occurred again the Bank Act would have to be reconsidered. So there have been no applications for relief since; but there should have been, for several times the Bank has been close run for gold, and has had to put up its rate of discount far too high, as it was said, to protect its gold. But why punish the home-traders to protect its gold or give it to the foreigners too cheap? Why not make those pay a proper price for gold who want it for export, or why not make it their interest to take goods from Britain in place of gold? This is the right policy to pursue, so as to protect ourselves, and prevent foreigners from getting the better of us by allowing them to get gold here cheaper than our goods. For instance, trade was "booming" in Britain for some years previous to 1874, when it began to fall away. The Americans had a financial crisis in the autumn of 1873, consequently they did not buy so many goods from Britain in 1874 as they usually did, but demanded gold from Britain in exchange. They made a run on us for gold, and the Bank took fright and raised the rate very high, which frightened our home-traders in the midst of their briskness. Commercial men saw the cause of the demand for gold, and thought it might be got over if the Bank had been allowed to meet the demand by increasing its wide circulation upon other securities until the gold could be got back again. The Chambers of Commerce got the Banking Committee of 1875 appointed to inquire into the working of the Bank Act, but as that Committee were almost all connected with the banking interests, and not with the commercial classes, the Bank Act with all its restrictions and contractions was left to work further mischief. The consequence was "trade depression" came on, and hung over this country for years. The real truth is that trade no sooner gets away than some other scare comes on. The Baring scare, which is really a banker's scare, has been on us for a couple of years.

It is surely full time to get quit of these distressing bank scares which are really the result of Peel's Bank Acts. Let us get a good and sound system of banking, so that we may have thorough Free Trade. The late Sir Louis Mallet, in a pamphlet he wrote for the



Cobden Club, pointed out that it was not Mr. Cobden's fault that Free Trade had not been carried out more completely. He held that the English banking and currency system gives foreigners too much opportunity of getting gold from England cheaper than our goods, and so when our goods rise they take our gold and leave our goods until the prices of them are brought down as low as our standard price of gold, £3 17s. 10½*d.* per ounce. The remedy would be to let the Bank raise its price for gold bullion to be equivalent to the prices of our goods, and then the foreigners would be obliged for their own profit to take our goods freely in exchange for their corn and cotton, or otherwise to pay us the current price for gold if they wanted it. It will thus be seen that we have the key of reciprocity in our hands if we will only use it to unlock the Protectionists' position. The shortest and most effectual way to bring foreign nations to their senses, and to deal fairly with us on Free Trade principles, is for Britain to *demonetise gold*, and let gold bullion rise and fall in the markets of the world; then, if other nations continue to hoard gold, and make it scarce and dear, let them suffer for it. As for Britain, she could do without gold altogether by the use of national paper money instead of gold coin, and leaving gold to be used for international exchanges. If Britain gives up the use of gold coin for home circulation, this will release about one hundred millions of sovereigns, which can be sold to any other nation which likes to look at a large store of that precious metal. Britain's credit is so good that she could do as well without the gold as with it, she could throw this quantity of gold on the market, which would lower the price of it, and help to bring gold back to its old value and improve trade everywhere.

We must get as far away from a gold basis for money as possible. The old bankers are always making a great outcry about gold getting scarce; some of them say there should be more gold kept in reserve by the banks. There is really little use for it. There are about twelve million pounds sterling of gold lying useless in the banks in Ireland and Scotland. That does no good! The same thing is the case in the banks in London. It is all a "currency juggle," as John Stuart Mill called it, and the sooner the public sees through it the better. The bulk of bank business is all done by paper-notes, cheques, bills, and vouchers, only five pounds per thousand of the money transactions in the large cities is done in coin, so we are not far from having an entire paper currency country. The more paper-money that is used the better both for bankers and the public. The more gold that is kept in reserve the less profit there is to the banks. The more bank-notes that are out in circulation the more profit there is to the banks, the more accommodation to the public, and the more people are employed. Good and popular banking and the circulation of money would give employment. It

is a good thing for the public to get cheap money and plenty of it, and the bankers are not such fools as to lend out money recklessly; they are rather inclined to hold it in penuriously. Now this won't do any longer. Banks are meant to serve the public, to take in deposits from those who have money to spare and lay past, and to lend it out again, on the other hand, to business people who will make a good use of it. Banking is not half developed in Britain even yet, though there is more wealth in England than in any other country, there are not nearly so many banks or bankers in this country as there are in America, where, besides the large banking companies, there are about 4000 National Banks spread over the country, all striving and pushing money and credit upon the people wherever there is business to be done. There is also abundance of good paper-money there, as I have observed.

The banking system of Britain is old-fashioned, and not fitted for Free Trade, for Democratic times. The people have now got a great extension of the franchise, but what gain has that been to them since money is still hoarded up in big banks and not lent out as widely as it ought to be. There are no banks for the people, such as I have seen to be very advantageous to the industrious classes on the Continent and in America. I have for some years past been advocating the establishment of popular banks throughout this country, so as to let the lower classes as well as the upper classes get the benefits of banking, mere saving banks are not good enough for the people nowadays; they were meant for people who did not know how to make use of their money. I was a savings bank director for some years, but along with others we formed a new Investment Bank, under the Companies Act 1863 (Table A), capital £12,000, in £10 shares, £2 per share paid up; that was in 1875, in a town with 20,000 inhabitants—it has now gathered about £90,000 of deposits, which it has lent out in the locality, mostly to build or buy working-men's houses. We allowed half per cent. more interest than the savings bank. The new bank has been very successful, and besides accumulating a reserve-fund, it has paid 10 per cent. dividend to the shareholders. I would strongly advise the disestablishment of similar banks everywhere with £5 shares, £1 to be paid up. The company can be easily formed, and registered with any number of shareholders above seven. The capital can be fixed at any amount to suit, and it can be increased as the business increases.

These banks should be both saving and lending banks, and do regular banking business for the people. I have had to do with the establishment of other two peoples' banks, and I wish to spread them.

ROBERT EWEN.

# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

WHATEVER else it may be doing or not doing, the Government of India is certainly advancing meteorological science both in its practical and theoretical aspects, and deserves the thanks of all classes for its activity in this direction. Under the superintendence of Mr. Eliot, the director, the Meteorological Department seems fully alive to its opportunities and duties, and the Report for 1890,<sup>1</sup> which has just been issued, is a record of the whole work done by its officers during that year. The details are grouped and tabulated on the same lines as previous Reports, and include the observations taken at no less than ninety different stations. At most of these stations observations are now taken at intervals of ten, sixteen, and eight hours respectively, the last of which are utilised in the preparation of the Daily Weather Report, which also includes observations taken at a large number of stations in addition to those which furnish the data for the present Report. The elements of meteorological observation include Solar Radiation and Duration of Sunshine, Nocturnal Radiation and Ground Temperature, Temperature of the Air, Atmospheric Pressure, Wind Direction and Velocity, Hygrometry, Cloud Proportion, and Rainfall, which are discussed in the order named. To give anything like a true idea of what this voluminous Report contains would be impossible within the space at our disposal, and still more so to attempt any criticism of the enormous mass of details which it embodies. We must therefore confine ourselves to bringing the issue of the volume to the notice of those of our readers who are interested in the subject, and to pointing out that the director and his staff are not blind to the importance of so correlating the phenomena they record as to make them available for practical application. Thus, after a discussion of the observations as a whole, the director arrives at the conclusion that the more important meteorological features of 1890, and their variations from the normal, show the same persistency throughout each season as was met with in previous years, and justly infers that the determining factors or causes must be equally persistent and general. These are sought for in the variations of pressure from the normal in the higher as

<sup>1</sup> *Report on the Meteorology of India in 1890.* By John Eliot, M.A. Sixteenth Year. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India.

well as in the lower levels of the atmosphere, and the accompanying variations in the air motion over India. Further, the seasonal changes of temperature are regarded as of the utmost importance in explaining the general air motion over the Indian monsoon area, while the minor variations of each period (daily or monthly) appear to be chiefly determined by the occurrence and distribution of rainfall, and are hence mainly a result, and not an influential factor, in explaining the stability and permanency of the chief features of each season in India, except perhaps in exceptional cases. For other general results to which the observations lead, as well as for the data on which they are based, the Report itself must be consulted, where the reader will also find abundant evidence of the good work that is being done.

*Pioneers of Science*<sup>1</sup> is a volume that will find many appreciative readers, and that amongst all classes, both scientific and otherwise. The author does not claim for it more than will be readily conceded when he suggests that, if it have any merit at all, "it will be found in the simple statement and explanation of scientific facts and laws," and the lifelike figures which he draws of those who, in the true sense of the word, have been pioneers of astronomical science. For ourselves, we think much more than this may be justly claimed, for the volume may well serve as an introduction to astronomical science, an exposition, with concrete illustrations, of the true scientific method, and a history of the successive stages through which astronomy has passed from the days of Copernicus to the present time. In its production, the author appears to have omitted no one who could legitimately claim a place in it, while the estimate of those included, and their scientific work, appears to be at once fair and impartial. In all, the volume contains eighteen chapters, arranged in two parts, the first of which deals with the early pioneers—Copernicus, Tycho Brahé, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, to Newton inclusive—and the second with the two centuries of progress that have elapsed since the publication of the *Principia*. As becomes his pre-eminence as a "pioneer," Newton and his works occupy three whole chapters, and both the presentment of the man and the account of his discoveries leave nothing to be desired. In reading these and the other chapters of the first part of the volume, the reader will be charmed with the author's fluent style, and with the vividness with which the various personalities are placed before him. He will note, too, with unqualified approval the keen perception displayed by the author in hitting upon the special characteristics of the work of each, and the balanced and discriminative judgment with which its value is appraised.

In the second part of the volume the subject becomes much more

<sup>1</sup> *Pioneers of Science*. By Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. With Portraits and other Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

complex, and in consequence the biographical mode of treatment is less pronounced than the material. The velocity of light, the stability of the solar system and the nebular hypothesis, the motion of the fixed stars, the discovery of the asteroids, the discovery of Neptune, the tides and planetary evolution, are among the subjects dealt with, and it is but justice to say that the treatment is as lucid and as readable as the earlier and more personal chapters. Due credit is given to the great army of explorers who have laboured in these fields, and we know of no other work in which the harvest of knowledge which they have securely garnered is so ably and attractively described. The author is obviously a master of scientific exposition, he boldly grapples with even the most difficult problems, and seldom fails to leave the most abstruse points clearer for his treatment. The illustrations, of which there are 120, are a distinct addition to the value of the volume, the portraits being especially valuable and of permanent interest.

This edition of Van Heurck's treatise on *The Microscope*<sup>1</sup> has been prepared from the fourth French edition, but it has been so thoroughly re-edited and augmented by the author to such an extent that it is practically a new work. It will appeal to English readers on many grounds, not the least of which is the fact that its treatment is at once more direct and concentrated than that of some of the works now current on the same subject. In these, what may be termed microscopy proper is more or less sacrificed or overshadowed by the accounts of minute organisms and structures for whose study the microscope is indispensable, so that they are to a large extent treatises on micro-zoology and micro-botany rather than on the instrument used in their investigation. Here, this mistake has not been made, and whatever imperfections and shortcomings the critic may detect in the volume, its faults will not be found in this direction. In an introduction consisting of three chapters there is a brief account of elementary optics, and Professor Abbe's theory of microscopic vision, and a record of certain experiments made by Abbe in support of his views. We could have wished that these chapters were a little fuller, especially the two last, but even as they stand they are of considerable value. The rest of the volume is divided into five books. In the first we have full descriptions of the microscope as a whole, and of its various parts, as well as of the accessory apparatus, and so far as we can see nothing of importance is overlooked, nor is there anything included that would have been better omitted. In the second book the different kinds of microscopes are dealt with in some detail, and here perhaps it may be objected that too much space is occupied by descriptions and

<sup>1</sup> *The Microscope: Its Construction and Management, including Technique, Photo-Micrography, and the past and future of the Microscope.* By Dr. Henri Van Heurck. English edition, translated by Wynne E. Baxter, F.R.M.S., F.G.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1898.

illustrations of the instruments sold by English and Continental makers. Every one, however, will be glad to have the chapter on photo-micrography, which is every day becoming more and more employed as an aid to microscopical investigation. In the fourth book the preparation of microscopical objects is dealt with at great length, and considering the extremely wide range of the subject one can hardly find fault with the treatment. There is much omitted that specialists would like to have found included, but as all specialists could not have been equally provided for the author has done well to confine himself to matters of more general utility. The fifth and last book is a very short one, and consists of notes on the history of the microscope and a letter from Dr. Siegfried Czapski on the microscope in the future. The volume is of large size and is elaborately got up, and has upwards of 250 illustrations in addition to a few plates.

One of the most attractive volumes on useful and injurious plants we have lately seen is that by M. Leclerc du Sablon, entitled *Nos Fleurs*.<sup>1</sup> It is just the kind of volume to excite an interest in the study of botany, and, having done so, to keep up the interest until at least a fair knowledge of the general structure and properties of a large number of plants has been acquired. It is not profoundly scientific, and yet it affords that kind of knowledge which should lie at the foundation of the study of scientific botany. In presenting it to the reader, the author deals with medicinal and poisonous plants, food plants, plants employed in the industrial arts, forage plants, plants injurious to agriculture, and, finally, with ornamental plants. As they are dealt with according to their natural orders, the latter have of necessity to be mentioned in connection with each group, but there is no actual repetition except of the names; and on the whole we think the plan adopted preferable to a more formal one. The information given is briefly put, but it is always to the point and is of the kind that is most generally sought after. A great feature of the volume is the abundance of illustrations, all of which are good and deserving of praise. The woodcuts total up to 350, and in addition to these there are sixteen plates containing nearly 150 coloured figures. These are beautifully executed, quite works of art in fact, and are unusually accurate and lifelike. They have been drawn from Nature by M. A. Millot, who may be complimented on his work. The plates, like the volume, being quarto size, have allowed the figures to be drawn on a large scale, and crowding has been happily avoided.

<sup>1</sup> *Nos Fleurs: Plantes utiles et nuisibles*. Par M. Leclerc du Sablon. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie., Editeurs.

## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

It is impossible in a short notice to do adequate justice to Mr. Williams' *Review of Evolutional Ethics*.<sup>1</sup> The ground covered by the author is so comprehensive, and his criticisms are so full and acute that only a careful study of the work itself will enable the reader to realise its value. Mr. Williams accepts the evolutional position without reserve, and spares no effort to make clear what it involves and what it does not. The first half of the volume, which is one of nearly six hundred pages, is occupied with a review of the teaching of writers on Evolution—Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Spencer, Fiske, and nine others, having especial regard to so much of their theories as bear directly upon ethics. To some of them only a few pages are allotted, but a larger space is given to Spencer, Stephen, and Höffding. Though this part of the book has its value, the most interesting portion is the other half, in which Mr. Williams develops his own views at length; but even here it is only towards the end we reach the discussion of ethics, properly so called. We are first taken through an exhaustive and preparatory review of the Concepts of Evolution—Intelligence and End—and Thought, Feeling, Will and Conscience. The last three chapters, on "The Moral Progress of the Race," "The Results of Ethical Inquiry," and "The Ideal and its Attainment," embody the author's own conclusions most completely. Unity of purpose is kept well in view throughout, and the close connection of physical, psychical, and moral evolution, irresistibly demonstrated. The author claims, not without some justification, that the work of evolution for ethics, though of a similar nature to its work for the natural sciences, has been of even greater degree and significance; for the natural sciences recognised before the appearance of the theory of evolution an element of constancy ordinarily called law; but it has introduced the idea of law into ethical theory; "it has unified and clarified the attempts made to discover a basis for moral principles, and has rendered the foundation for the first time secure; it has cleared away, with one sweep, the rubbish of ancient superstition, made exact methods possible, and raised ethics to the plane of a science." In a general way this may be admitted; but it must be recognised that the science is still in its infancy, and that all evolutionists are not agreed as to matters of the first importance. This is borne out by the work next noticed (*Against Free Will*), which maintains views emphatically repudiated by Mr. Williams, who says: "The false interpretation of the significance of Evolutional Ethics on the subject of man's will in

<sup>1</sup> *A Review of the Systems of Ethics founded on the Theory of Evolution.* By C. M. Williams. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

relation to progress sometimes gives rise to the impression that progress will go on whether men strive for it or not" (or, as Mr. Hiller affirms will not go on any faster, however men strive for it), "and that it is of no particular consequence what the individual does." We agree with Mr. Williams that the individual can choose and affect the course of advancement. "The individual has assuredly the power to oppose himself to all other individuals if he so wills, and his influence will not be lost; but it is exactly this willing and the mutual influence of individuals upon each other which the theory of evolution, as applied to ethics, endeavours to take into account."

Among other matters acutely criticised by Mr. Williams we may instance what he has to say about Socialistic theories and their fallacies; but there is not a chapter in the book which does not convey the impression of an original and active mind. On the much-debated question whether, after all, there has been any real moral progress in civilisation, our author, recognising the difficulty of instituting a comparison, for the lack of material, between ancient and modern society, puts his finger on one forcible piece of evidence which is at least capable of test: "The history of criminal law and the administration of 'justice' constitute in reality a history of moral evolution." On the whole, the book is as interesting as it is able, and we give it a hearty welcome.

Mr. Hiller's book,<sup>1</sup> incidentally referred to, is at once scientific and polemical; the author writes with a purpose, and he writes with vigour. His aim is to demonstrate scientifically the untenability of the metaphysical doctrine of Free Will, and the absurdity of the theological dogmas based upon it or allied to it. His views of scientific psychology are largely influenced by Weissman's theories of heredity, from whose writings on the subject some long and interesting extracts are given. In accepting the teaching of Weissman, Mr. Hiller comes into conflict with theories of heredity which allow the transmission of acquired characteristics, or, as he puts it, "extraneous influences," and this has an important bearing upon his own theory of moral evolution. Determinism, as regarded by Mr. Hiller, necessitates a new theory of morals and modified ideas of religion. Some of his conclusions are original and striking, if not exhilarating, and run counter to the popular conceptions of the possibilities of evolution. He rejects as baseless all hopes of any acceleration of moral and social reforms in the mass of men, as he holds they can only come with the slow modification of structure. Notwithstanding this, he has plenty of confidence and plenty of hope: if progress is slow it is sure, and religion, freed from dogma and ecclesiasticism, will last as long as humanity.

<sup>1</sup> *Against Dogma and Free Will.* By H. Croft Hiller. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.



Mr. Lilly's *The Great Enigma*<sup>1</sup> is intended as an antidote to the doctrines propounded in the works just noticed, and he courageously takes up arms against modern critical and scientific theories of religion and morals. He writes, as usual, with knowledge, ease, self-confidence, and literary power, but is more persuasive than convincing. The work appears to divide itself into two sections—the first critical, the second positive. The first chapter is entitled “The Twilight of the Gods,” which is a poetical way of saying that “doubt is in the air. People can no more escape it than from cholera or influenza—nay, less; for thought is the most contagious thing in the world.” Mr. Lilly is not a writer who beats the air; so in the chapter on Atheism he takes for his text M. Monteil's *Catéchisme du Libre-Penseur*, a work which would not be regarded as authoritative or even representative by the majority of English unbelievers. Critical Agnosticism is represented by M. Renan and Scientific Agnosticism by Mr. Herbert Spencer, with each of whom in turn Mr. Lilly does battle. He discusses at some length Mr. Spencer's theories of Causation, the Relativity of Knowledge, and the Unknowable; but deals as much in declamation as in argument. He contends that Mr. Spencer explains nothing: “His portentous generalities, with their integrations and disintegrations, leave the mystery of ‘the immeasurable world’ precisely where they found it. We live by admiration, hope, and love—can any one live by Mr. Spencer's philosophy?” This is truly, as Mr. Lilly admits, an *argumentum ad hominem*, and it is as good as such arguments usually are. We confess we prefer the concluding chapters of the work to the earlier ones—“Rational Theism,” “The Inner Light,” and “The Christian Synthesis” are pleasanter reading than the critical portions of the work, and we should not be surprised if an Agnostic should close the perusal of these chapters with the confession: “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” *The Great Enigma* is well worth reading; it is enlivened by numerous quotations, the result apparently of almost universal reading; but for a work intended for popular reading we think there is a little too much Latin.

Mr. Belfort Bax, in the *Problem of Reality*,<sup>2</sup> is fully conscious that he has undertaken an unpopular task in attempting to deal with “metaphysic.” “It would be useless to be deterred from this by any fear lest the ordinary Philistine should, at the mere use of the word, be thrown into convulsions. Of course, its bare mention will cause him to froth at the mouth with inept commonplaces as to the impossibility of any science other than that of ‘phenomena.’” This, from the introduction, will prepare the reader for what he may expect, and he will not be disappointed. Mr. Bax, we infer, is a

<sup>1</sup> *The Great Enigma*. By William Samuel Lilly. London: John Murray. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Problem of Reality; being Outline Suggestions for a Philosophical Reconstruction*. By E. Belfort Bax. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

Socialist, and his socialism has penetrated to his philosophy. He asks: "May not the true significance of ethics, of duty, of the 'ought' of conscience, the conviction that the *telos* of the individual lies outside himself as such, consist in the fact that he is already tending towards absorption in a consciousness which is his own indeed, but yet not his own; that this limited self-consciousness of the animal body, with the narrow range of its memory-syntheses, is simply subservient and contributory to a completer, more determined self-consciousness of the social body as yet inchoate in time?" Of course, anything "may be," but we doubt if any one beside Mr. Bax can conceive the possibility of such an absorption of the individual consciousness in the general. Mr. Bax introduces in his general view of things the presence of the "a-logical" with some effect—the importance of feeling as preceding thought, and a chance element which vitiates any rigid application of the theory of causation.

The enterprise of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in publishing a new edition of George Eliot's translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*<sup>1</sup> deserves the recognition and encouragement of English readers. To the present generation it comes almost as a new book, having been to a great extent eclipsed by Renan's *Life of Jesus*. Strauss's work is not so much a Life as a critical examination of the Gospels, and it has not the imaginative attractiveness of some that are not better known but more widely read. It seems scarcely necessary now to say anything in detail about it; it is an historic work, and unanswerable. Strauss may have pushed a particular theory of the origin of the New Testament supernatural stories too far, or he may not—it is of little importance; he demonstrated their baselessness by a pitiless analysis which can never be surpassed. Professor Otto Pfeiderer has written an Introduction to the present edition, in which he gives a sketch of the conditions preceding the advent of Strauss, and some criticism of the work itself, with which we cannot altogether agree. That Baur and Pfeiderer see more of symbolical illustrations of spiritual truth in the miracles than Strauss did may be granted, but that he was wrong and they right we do not feel assured. That criticism has advanced beyond the first book of Strauss is perfectly true, because every writer on the New Testament finds so much necessary work already done for him, and he is able, thanks to Strauss, to go on to further and perhaps deeper investigations. And there is always the danger, as Professor Pfeiderer in conclusion points out, that old and discredited doctrines, such as that of miracles, may be readmitted into new Lives of Jesus, and therefore such a work as Strauss's is never out of

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Jesus, Critically Examined.* By Dr. David Friedrich Strauss. Translated by George Eliot. Second edition, in one vol. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

date. The present edition is in one volume of nearly 800 pages, is well printed and bound, and published at a moderate price.

Mr. C. G. Montefiore, in taking as his subject for the Hibbert Lectures, 1892, the *Ancient Religion of the Hebrews*,<sup>1</sup> must have found it difficult to say anything new on such a well-worn theme. He has nevertheless produced an interesting and very readable book. Starting from the accepted critical position with regard to the Old Testament, Mr. Montefiore aims at a constructive view of the religion of Israel, and appears to have been moved by the desire to re-establish it in the eyes of theologians, and, we may take it, gives as favourable an account of it as possible. The leading idea in the earlier portion of the work is an attempt to trace the probable origin and rise of the ethical Monotheism which he finds more or less developed in the prophets of the eighth century B.C. He holds that Monotheism was evolved from Monolatry, and as this is found in the pre-prophetic age, considers it must have originated earlier, probably, as the tradition asserts, with Moses. The pre-Mosaic age is historically a blank. The later lectures are devoted to an investigation of the influence of the Temple and the Law after the restoration. With regard to the law, Mr. Montefiore contends, perhaps with justice, that it was not the heavy burden which Christians imagine it to have been, but that to a pious Jew it was really a source of spiritual satisfaction. Mr. Montefiore deals with this topic in an interesting and persuasive manner, and the lectures may serve to modify a growing prejudice against Judaism. As tolerance is always a gain, these lectures may not be without some good result.

Mr. Mayor has evidently made the study of the *Epistle of St. James*<sup>2</sup> a labour of love, and has expended a vast amount of time and industry in the production of his book. The reason may be found in the view he holds of its origin. He regards it as the earliest Christian document, written by the brother of Jesus, probably in the fifth decade of the Christian era. He therefore does not take it to be, as Protestants generally have done, an anti-Pauline epistle, but pre-Pauline, and therefore of special interest and importance to students of primitive Christianity. There is much in favour of this view, but it is not altogether without its own difficulties. The reader will find in Mr. Mayor's Introduction the question fairly argued and the reasons the writer considers sufficient to justify his conclusions. Considering the brevity of the Epistle, when we say that Mr. Mayor's work extends to over 250 pages, it will be seen that his work is very thorough, and that no literary, historical, critical, or theological aspect of the document is left unnoticed. With the text the editor

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion ; as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews.* By C. G. Montefiore. London : Williams & Norgate. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Epistle of St. James.* The Greek Text, with Introduction and Comments. By Joseph B. Mayor, M.A., &c. London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.

gives two Latin versions, from the Vulgate and the Corbey MS., and quotations found in Speculum and Priscillian. The notes are full and the comments will be found useful by preachers.

The *Papers of the American Church History Society*<sup>1</sup> deal with a variety of interesting topics. Of special interest to Americans are the papers on the "Religious Motives of Columbus," by W. K. Gillett, and "The Bulls distributing America," by Dr. J. Gordon. A curious study of "Mediæval Sects," by Dr. A. H. Newman, deserves reading; and "Christian Thought in Architecture," by Mr. Barr Ferree, will entertain readers who are more attracted by æsthetics than history pure and simple.

Mr. F. E. Spencer is "firmly of the opinion that Moses is not played out," and he has written a book in which he gives his reasons for this opinion.<sup>2</sup> Some of these reasons are more amusing than convincing. For instance, Mr. Spencer says that "men who had known Moses would be very far from attributing to him what he was not author of. There is something sacred in such an influence. And that men of his time did directly attribute literary compositions to Moses is as certain as any literary fact can be certain." We should very much like to know who were the men, and which the compositions. The writer quotes in confirmation Deut. xxxiv., written "probably by some one who had known him well, and some time after his death." Though we do not in the least endorse Mr. Spencer's opinions, we can give him credit for knowing something of his subject, and he is evidently familiar with his Wellhausen, upon whom his attack is principally made.

Mr. Illingworth's *Sermons*<sup>3</sup> may be read with pleasure even by those who do not embrace in its entirety the orthodox creed. They are characterised by intellectual depth and literary excellence, which are not too common even in these days of culture. Mr. Illingworth may be remembered as the writer of one of the best essays in *Lux Mundi*.

Dean Vaughan's *Sermons, Restful Thoughts in Restless Times*,<sup>4</sup> are marked by more vigour and argumentative force than the title would lead us to expect. He seems somewhat out of sympathy with the time and does not spare its failings.

Professor Milligan's *Discussions on the Apocalypse*<sup>5</sup> appeared in part as Appendices to the Baird Lectures on the "Revelation of

<sup>1</sup> *Papers of the American Society of Church History*. Vol. iv. 1891. Edited by Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Did Moses Write the Pentateuch after all?* By F. E. Spencer, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *University and Cathedral Sermons*. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

<sup>4</sup> *Restful Thoughts in Restless Times*. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

<sup>5</sup> *Discussions on the Apocalypse*. By William Milligan, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

St. John." The lectures having been republished in a separate form (third edition), the Appendices are now also offered to the public, revised and enlarged. The date, authorship, and unity of the Apocalypse are discussed in the light of the latest criticism.

*The Divine Purpose of Capital Punishment*, by John MacMaster (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), is an extraordinary book. We should not have supposed the most ingenious theologian could have traced any connection between vicarious sacrifice and hanging for murder, though this connection appears to underlie the author's reasoning. Some part of the book is taken up with a refutation of Mr. Houston, who defended hanging on the authority of Genesis as long as 1849. The book seems chiefly to consist of a medley of Bible texts, types, allegories, and other obscure matter.

We have also received and can highly commend the *Books of Ezra and Nehemiah, with Introduction, Notes and Map*, by Herbert Edward Ryle, B.D. (*Cambridge Bible for Schools.*) University Press.

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## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

MR. SCHÖNHOF, late Consul at Paris for the United States of America, has published one of the most interesting economic works<sup>1</sup> of the last few years. In his official position, he received instructions to devote himself specially to the study of industrial development in the countries of Europe. Valuable reports to the Department of State at Washington embodied part of his labours: the present work, in *Questions of the Day* series, summarises the abundant facts which he acquired, and the conclusions at which he arrived. Its moderation of tone well befits a public man, and strengthens the vigour of its arguments: its condensation of facts invites admiration of the care which amassed them; its conclusions are comforting and hopeful without being obviously optimistic. We do not say that it is not capable of improvement: its matter is such as might support a full and philosophic argument: it might be moulded into a work which would be a landmark for all time. It is, perhaps, in part, Mr. Schönhof's modesty which has avoided this: he writes (p. 391): "An elucidation of all the economic problems touched upon would lead beyond the range set up for this treatise. It was intended to give the proof that the causes which are at work in building up a nation's prosperity are different from those usually assumed. To do this effectively, I had to leave the trodden path of argument, and

<sup>1</sup> *The Economy of High Wages: An Inquiry into the Cause of High Wages, and their Effect on Methods and Cost of Production.* By J. Schönhof. Introduction by Thomas F. Bayard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

confine myself strictly to the statement of the facts of commercial and industrial life—to use a vulgar phrase, ‘the knock-down argument,’ which speaks for itself. Still, it would not be doing justice to the subject to leave off without pointing out some glaring defects in the old views, which have led to much mistaken and ill-advised legislation. Our labor theories are still based on the wage-fund theory, which has caused, and still is causing much misery and strife. . . . The recognition of the truth that labor and capital, both derive their remuneration from the product, and that an increase in the productiveness of labor affords both labor and capital increased remuneration, gives at once a different aspect to the question. The old view resulted in material and intellectual repression of the working classes, and the new view must result in their material and intellectual advancement.”

“No sophistry,” writes Mr. Bayard, in his introductory letter, “is more demonstrable than that contained in the phrase, ‘the labor market,’ a phrase which grates upon the ear, and offends the moral sense, for it seems to classify men with machinery, and fails to take into account human impulses and feeling, the heart and brain in their effect upon the energy and excellence of human industry. . . . The facts you have adduced, and your deductions irresistibly establish the proposition that low wages do not mean cheap production, and that the best instructed and best paid labor proves itself to be the most productive; so that the rate of wages and cost of production are not alternative nor equivalent expressions, although so frequently and ignorantly confused.”

The above passages sufficiently indicate the aim of the work and the meaning of its title. That aim is attained by some 400 pages of statistics and facts, or inferences based on statistics. Mr. Schoenhof has mastered the details of the rate of wages, the output, the periodical improvements, in almost all the trades and manufactures, both of European countries and the United States. His book is full of these facts from cover to cover: he carefully compares country with country, and above all England with the United States. He has studied the records of the past as well as the facts of the present. Sir Frederic Eden and Arthur Young are freely quoted. Wheat-growing in Europe and in the States, flint-glass and cut-glass, steel-rail making, print cloths, cotton hosiery, loading of silks, cotton-back velvets, Italian cloths—all these are mere indications of the variety of manufactures which are brought into review; and in each of these we have no mere generalisation, but carefully investigated details, tabulated and explained.

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which purports to deal with the cause of high wages, the second with the effect of high wages; but it will be found that this division is not easy to follow in the text. And we rather think that the author has not

got his logical sequences sufficiently marked in his own mind. If the McKinley tariff is blamed in this connection, it must be blamed because it raises money wages unnecessarily, and here a confusion is found which should have been dispelled at once. High money wages need not be really high wages; if tariff restrictions artificially raise all prices, the labourer must demand more money with which to acquire the absolute necessities of life; but he is not therefore more highly paid than his competitor in a foreign land. This seems to be the idea of Mr. Schönhof's first chapter:—that the protectionists have themselves forced up the money-rate of wages, and that they are using the high money-rate as compared with that prevailing in Europe as an argument for counterbalancing in other ways the supposed superiority of Europe in the matter of these wages, that they are thus arguing in a vicious circle. This is doubtless so, but the line of argument suggested by the heading "cause of high wages" is only felt in occasional glimpses throughout the part which professes to deal with it; and when we arrive at the explanatory statement which prefaces Part II., we are more confirmed in the feeling that there is a confusion of thoughts. It runs as follows:

"In the first part of this treatise it has been shown that a high rate of wages is the primary, the moving cause to all industrial progress, and that a low cost of production must necessarily follow where favourable conditions have created this basis."

We trust that the indication of this confusion may help some of Mr. Schönhof's readers; for, dropping any attempt at causation, and dealing with the succeeding chapters as loosely connected statements of facts or inferential propositions, there will be no difficulty in understanding the lesson of each and all. The McKinley Act is "a monument of legislative ignorance," because it overlooked the fact that American "labor, being machine labor, is generally cheaper than European labor, which is to a large extent hand labor, or inferior machine labor, or unproductive, underfed labor, as compared with higher productive American labor"; because it was unaware that the materials raised in one part of the world are often essentially better for a given end than those raised in another, and to deprive the home manufacturer of these is to cripple his industry, and so far injure the labourer. The protectionist arguments based on high wages are fallacious, because high wages mean cheap production. "Until very recently the theory had been accepted without argument and criticism that a day's labour in any one line in one country would produce the same results as a day's labour in another country." This position is entirely destroyed by Mr. Schönhof—the better a workman is paid, the better his work will be; the more intelligent his work is, the cheaper it will be; shorter hours produce better work, and good food produces better

work. Thus the old conflict—say rather the daily surging conflict—between capital and labour is based on crass ignorance. All that is good for man, all that we Radicals wish to secure for the worker—shorter hours, better conditions of life, and higher education—all this tends in the same direction as the more selfish interests of the capitalist. But the great lesson of all is drawn from the use of machinery in America; and here two points are insisted on: (1) America is far quicker to seize and employ improved ideas in machinery; (2) America uses less permanent machinery, which can more easily be discarded in favour of a new process. Here is an idea for our manufacturers which we have not seen suggested before.

In conclusion, we must indicate a few of the interesting and useful discussions which crowd the book. On page 40 is a comparison of England and Ireland as industrial communities. On page 58 a section on the evolution of industries indicates how we may trace it within our own experience. Page 153 commences an excellent comparison of the lot of the working classes a century ago and now, and this includes statistics of comparative prices. Perhaps one of the most suggestive points of all is the table showing the yield per acre of different countries in Europe in corn crops and potatoes: probably few people will be prepared for the result, that Great Britain has the highest figure; Holland runs us fairly close; and Norway, Sweden, and Belgium are not so very far behind. America is not brought into comparison, because the States farmers are prodigal of land, and raise their large crops over a vast area. But Mr. Schoenhof makes one extremely interesting comparison between the two great manufacturing rivals, England and the United States. Taking manufactures which are conducted pretty much on the same lines, he compares the cost of labour in each for the two countries: thirty-nine items form the list, and we see no reason to suppose that they are not fairly taken; in only ten of these is the advantage of cheapness on the side of England. The lesson is one which should set us thinking, and the sooner our practical men master this book the better for them. We have not yet seen the worst of our commercial rivalry with the United States. Let us also add that, perhaps, we have not yet seen its best and fairest side.

Mr. George's new work<sup>1</sup> is apparently "born out of due time." An attack on Herbert Spencer for a position taken up by him some ten years ago is rather late in its appearance. Somewhat unfortunate in the quotation on the title-page:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat;"

<sup>1</sup> *A Perplexed Philosopher: Being an Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Utterances on the Land Question.* By Henry George. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1895.



somewhat unfair in its method of attack, unnecessarily devoting itself to an elaborate refutation of an argument which did not require refutation, the book leaves us dissatisfied. While we recognise Mr. George's ability and go with him a good way in his views on the land question, we do not consider it a serious blow to thought on the subject that Mr. Spencer in his old age should partly retract an earlier belief in the injustice of private property ; nor do we find in this sufficient reason for setting him up as an idol to be knocked down.

• Frau Crepaz' essay<sup>1</sup> on the emancipation of her sex was worthy of translation into English. It is refreshing to find a woman speaking boldly out against the popular clamour for equality between the sexes. We have several times in this section of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW expressed the opinion that there is a limit to the so-called emancipation of women ; that Nature intended a difference between male and female ; and that we must either recognise the difference, or prepare to take the consequences of unnatural training. Frau Crepaz takes her stand on the motherhood of woman, and shows how the modern tendency to overdo the new development may sap the foundations of woman's real worth, and grievously react on the nation. If anything, Frau Crepaz hardly gives sufficient credit to the advantages which a higher training of women has conferred on the community. She has, however, written a readable work, which deserves a wide circulation ; and she comes curiously near to the conclusions suggested in the very able work which we proceed to notice next.

Mr. Pearson's *National Life and Character*<sup>2</sup> is indeed a remarkable work—well written, for the most part well argued, abounding in facts, and strikingly original. It enforces a new lesson :—the popular view that the Saxon, or at any rate “Aryan” races, will gradually absorb the earth's surface and the earth's goods, is fallacious : slowly and irresistibly the yellow and the black races, the Chinaman and the negro, will crowd the higher races out and establish their power over all. Now this novel proposition may not for one moment be dismissed as absurd. Unpalatable as it is, whether it be true or not, it deserves the closest examination ; and it seriously raises the question whether the statesman must not take stringent measures to save his country from this future evil. For an evil it must be, if the higher race is to go down before the superior vitality of the lower. And in this view Mr. Pearson throws a new light on the strenuous efforts of the Australians and Americans to exclude the Chinese : “The fear of Chinese immigration, which the Australian democracy cherishes, and which Englishmen at home find it hard to

<sup>1</sup> *The Emancipation of Women and its Probable Consequences.* By Adèle Crepaz. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *National Life and Character : A Forecast.* By Charles H. Pearson. London : Macmillan & Co. 1893.

understand, is in fact the instinct of self-preservation, quickened by experience. We know that coloured and white labour cannot exist side by side; we are well aware that China can swamp us with a single year's surplus of population." His remark about the future of Africa is significant as to the causes which operate as a restraint to the evil contemplated: "The best chance for a community so constituted would be to declare itself independent, as the Boers of the Transvaal have done, and so maintain the supremacy of the white race."

Mr. Pearson puts all history and all sociology under contribution in pointing his argument. His facts about the rapidity of dissolution in an aristocracy are very interesting. The effects of wars in checking population, the change of habit and character in peoples—*e.g.*, the English—the generally deteriorating effect of the concentration of population in towns, the downfall of religious influence, the decline of the family, and, in particular, the doubtful benefit resulting from the equality of the sexes, the general decay of personal character—all these are discussed and put in evidence with great ability and wide learning. The general drift of the argument is that civilisation and the progress towards a "stationary state" are at the same moment sapping the ruder and stronger forces of national life, and tolerating the development and approximation of the lower races: that these last multiply with so far greater rapidity that they must eventually pen up or absorb both the higher races themselves and their arts. His forecast is perhaps put most bluntly on p. 85:

"The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression, or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing that of the European. . . . The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf or the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to intermarriage. . . . The solitary consolation will be that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organise and create, to carry peace and law and order over the world, that others may enter in and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives."

That last would be our own feeling. But we are not prepared to accept this pessimistic conclusion. Mr. Pearson has done a great national service. He has called attention to what may indeed become a pressing national danger. His book should be in the hands of every British—indeed, every European—statesman. The man who looks ahead will have revealed to him insidious tendencies with which he must grapple wisely but immediately; those tendencies

cover the whole field of modern political life. Perchance by patience and knowledge and love, the men who read the lesson aright may avert the consequences towards which Mr. Pearson finds us drifting.

*Browning and Whittman*<sup>1</sup> does not at first sound very much like "politics." We suppose that all poets reflect more or less the thought of their age, and that in the capacity for voicing it lies their influence with the times. Yet the more intimate recognition of the existence of a great meaning in their works is a gain to literature as well as to the study of human life. Mr. Triggs' essay is readily justified, and the effort to shake out Browning's democracy is interesting, if not valuable, for he had it in him, as other poets have, though we never considered him conspicuous for a leaning in this direction. In some points he and Whitman touch; they have some of the same merits, many of the same faults. We should hardly have thought of comparing them ourselves, and we are the more grateful to one who does so.

Surgeon-General Paske's *Myamma*<sup>2</sup> will be found a very interesting series of sketches: it paints the life of an official in India some half-century ago, and offers some suggestive criticisms on British policy in that great dependency. It is not a book written for the moment or for any special purpose: it quietly takes its place amongst the records of foreign travel or the commentaries upon our Indian Empire. In addition to its interest, it may prove not entirely useless; and therein we think the author will admit that it may have served its purpose. Dr. Paske is a keen sportsman and something of a naturalist.

In the narrative of his three years' cruise in the yacht *The Nyanza*<sup>3</sup> Captain A. Cumming Dewar has collected a great deal of interesting information. On July 21, 1887, he sailed out of Plymouth Sound bound for St. Michael's, in the Azores. During a run of 1260 miles he and his crew encountered many variations of weather and temperature. The early portion of the voyage was rather disastrous, the yacht being injured by violent storms; but afterwards the wind subsided, and for a time the weather was calm and beautiful.

Captain Dewar gives a good account of St. Michael's, and regrets that it is so little known to English travellers. "The climate," he tells us, "is excellent, house rent moderate, and supplies good, abundant, and cheap. There are capital roads through the island, and carriage hire is very reasonable." He goes on to say that St. Michael's lacks two great requisites—a good hotel and an English

<sup>1</sup> *Browning and Whitman: a Study in Democracy.* By Oscar L. Triggs. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Myamma: a Retrospect of Life and Travel in Lower Burmah.* By Deputy-Surgeon-General C. T. Paske. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *Voyage of the "Nyanza," R.N.Y.C.; being the Record of a Three Years' Cruise in a Schooner Yacht in the Atlantic and Pacific, and her subsequent Shipwreck.* London: Blackwood & Sons.

doctor—very serious drawbacks, it must be admitted! This place was at one time famous for its extensive orange industry; but it appears that a few years ago the orchards and groves were attacked by a terrible disease, which destroyed thousands of the finest trees.

Having executed some repairs on the yacht, Captain Dewar left St. Michael's, and shaped his course for Palma, in the Canary Islands, which was 660 miles distant. Having passed the island of Santa Maria, he arrived, after a rapid run, at Palma on August 20, 1887.

The town lies at the bottom of an extinct crater, and is surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains. On landing, Captain Dewar and his companions were fortunate enough to meet with a Spanish gentleman who had just returned from London. This gentleman conducted them around the town, which has narrow streets and only one great source of industry—cochineal. On the following Sunday they attended Mass, and were agreeably surprised to find a very handsome church, with a beautiful white marble altar. On Monday, the 22nd of August, the party left Palma, and headed for St. Vincent, in the Cape de Verde Islands, 810 miles away. On their first day out, they sighted the Peak of Teneriffe, the top of which was entirely cloudless; and they passed the island of Gomera. On the following day several flying-fish came on board the yacht. At daybreak on Saturday, August 27, they sighted St. Vincent. On landing, they procured a bill of health from the Brazilian Vice-Consul, and then strolled about the place. It turned out that the town consisted merely of "one straggling street, with a few general stores, kept mainly by Portuguese half-castes." The hotel was "exceedingly dirty," and the only other attractions of the place were "three or four billiard-rooms."

After this they visited the island of Fernando Noronha, which is about four and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide, and close to which lies an island rejoicing in the ugly name of Rat Island. There is a convict settlement in the island, in which there are 1600 prisoners, mostly negroes. We are told that murder and forgery are the principal crimes of these convicts, and the author remarks with much *naïveté*: "Some of the prisoners certainly looked capable of most dastardly and desperate deeds; others appeared outwardly as innocent and guileless as lambs; and it was difficult to realise that many of these were amongst the most blood-thirsty offenders." The lot of these convicts does not appear to be an exceptionally hard one, for their compulsory work extends only over about three hours a day. Though the island looked barren and rocky from the sea, the scenery of the interior proved to be very beautiful.

They visited Rat Island, which they found covered with a thick undergrowth of creepers, rendering motion very difficult.

Captain Dewar next visited Trinidad—the smaller island of that name, and not the larger one in the West Indies—which had been taken by Dr. Halley in 1700 in the name of His Majesty William III. The island did not, however, become the property of the British Government. The Portuguese subsequently tried to get possession of this island, but with no better success. It has now been for many years uninhabited, and is a sort of No Man's Land, though it is formally claimed by Brazil. Mr. Rider Haggard might find here materials for one of his fantastic stories, for it is supposed that there is a quantity of buried treasure on the island. In 1889 a certain Mr. Knight spent several months digging for treasure in Trinidad, but without any result whatever.

Rio de Janeiro, a lovely city, though by no means in a good sanitary condition, was next visited. The party enjoyed a capital dinner at the Hôtel de Londres in this city. They afterwards visited Monte Video, San Jozé, and Nuevo Gulf, passing along the coast of Patagonia, where they killed animals of the deer species; next, the Falkland Islands; Stanley, where Captain Dewar was forced to dismiss his sailing-master for insolence, and despatch a cablegram to England for a substitute; Fox Bay, the Straits of Magellan, Sandy Point, where a number of English naval officers are buried, having lost their lives by the blowing up of one of Her Majesty's ships; Fortescue Bay, Port Angosto, Piazzí Island, Molyneux Sound, and the celebrated island of Juan Fernandez. The last-named island is described as "lofty and precipitous." It is leased by the Chilian Government to a German, who was, however, at the time of Captain Dewar's visit, residing at Valparaiso. The settlement consisted of about a dozen houses and a few sheds, the population consisting of about fifty or sixty people, all of whom appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. The island is thirteen miles long by four miles broad, and was discovered in 1563 by the Spaniard whose name it bears. Up to the Spanish occupation in 1750 it used to be a resort for buccaneers. After Chili gained its independence, the island was used as a convict settlement up to 1835, when it was abandoned "on account of expense." To the English boy Juan Fernandez will always be best known as the residence of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. A monument to Selkirk still stands at the top of one of the steepest hills on the island, stating that he died in 1723 at the age of forty-seven.

Captain Dewar visited various parts of Peru, a most delightful country in many respects—Spanish in its tastes and customs, including the picturesque element of bull-fighting. Amongst other curiosities seen by the travellers was the body, or supposed body, of Pizarro, contained in a rough deal box.

A year had been spent in travelling by the time Captain Dewar quitted Peru. Easter Island and the Marquesas Islands were next

visited. An excellent account of the inhabitants and their usages is given. The voyagers afterwards saw Tahiti, where they called on the Catholic Bishop, Samoa, where war was then raging, the Friendly Islands, the Fiji Islands, where they had a narrow escape from cannibals, the Sandwich Islands, and Apamama, a coral island. They passed Christmas Day on the Pacific, being at the time over 600 miles away from Honolulu. An excellent description of the state of civilisation in Honolulu will be found in the book. Captain Dewar and his companions had an audience with the King of Hawaii, a tall, dignified-looking man, who spoke English well. They next visited San Francisco, Vancouver Island, the Ladrões or Mariana Islands, the Coffin Islands, and portions of Japan. Captain Dewar was disappointed with Yokohama, though he admits that "one ought hardly to have expected to find anything of special interest there, as the town has only sprung into existence since the opening of the country to foreigners." Amongst the remaining places visited by Captain Dewar were the Caroline Islands. Eventually his yacht was wrecked, but not before he had seen a great part of the world, and gathered the materials for an interesting book.

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## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE political history of England in the eighteenth century is an exceedingly interesting study. Though history in relation to politics has not attained the accuracy or completeness of a science, no politician can claim to be an educated man unless he has carefully read everything worth knowing with reference to the great statesmen of the past. The course of modern English politics has been so variable and often bewildering, that the student requires a competent guide of some kind to enable him to trace the growth of opinion and the development of parties. In a book entitled *Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England*,<sup>1</sup> this task has been cleverly fulfilled by Mr. Reginald B. Brett. According to the author, modern England begins with the reign of Queen Anne. "It is not essential," he says, "although it may be desirable, that an ordinary English lad should know that England existed before Queen Anne ascended the throne." This, of course, is one of those sweeping generalisations which cannot fail to evoke energetic contradiction from mere bookworms and pedagogues. Nevertheless, there is much truth in it; for Lord Bacon or Oliver Cromwell are as little in touch with modern ideas as Thomas à Beckett or Warwick the

<sup>1</sup> *Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England*. By Reginald B. Brett. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Kingmaker. Government by party was unknown before the days of Queen Anne. Bolingbroke, Harley, and Walpole were the statesmen who inaugurated the modern party system, and the influence of public opinion, in which the Press has been such a powerful factor, must be traced to the writings of Swift and Addison, the great pioneers of English journalism.

Mr. Brett's book contains some admirable studies of men who have played great parts on the stage of English politics. His view of Marlborough's character is rather too flattering. The good temper and charming manner of this celebrated commander appear to have fascinated the author so much that he overlooks the meanness, avarice, and shameless immorality of this man, of whom Thackeray has given us such a hideously realistic portrait in *Esmond*. After all, it is character, and not "manners," that "make the man"; and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, though a successful general, was a most contemptible type of character. Mr. Brett says: "Marlborough's faults were exposed during his lifetime"; and ingenuously adds: "Judged by the standard of his day, they are venial." This kind of reasoning is based on an obvious fallacy. The laxity of the age to which a man happens to belong may excuse some of his vices, but cannot entitle him to have his evil deeds overlooked by posterity. No doubt the figure of Marlborough is a remarkable one, and his career has a profound interest, having regard to the fact, emphasised by Mr. Brett, that he was "the last upon the long list of personal rulers of England"; but few men, who have been victorious in war, have exhibited such pettiness of mind, such base selfishness as the hero of Blenheim and Oudenarde.

The sketches given by Mr. Brett of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Swift, Godolphin, and the two Pitts show a thorough acquaintance with the subject. The style is occasionally faulty—for instance, in the allusion to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough: "She had an *ascendant* over the Queen in everything."

The author's inordinate admiration for Walpole leads him to pour forth ridiculous laudations upon that venal and unscrupulous Minister. Walpole's one great redeeming quality was his strong English common sense; but this scarcely atones, in the eyes of honourable men, for his dishonesty, his untruthfulness, his system of wholesale political corruption, which culminated in his fall and disgrace.

On the other hand, Mr. Brett is most unjust to one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, Charles James Fox. It is true that Fox was licentious and extravagant; but his appreciation of the great results of the French Revolution, so far from being the effect of "moral blindness," proved that he was not a mere party man, but a cosmopolitan type of English statesman at a time when the rabid hatred of France was foolishly mistaken for patriotism. The

days of national antipathies will soon have passed away. It will be realised by all enlightened minds that the great work of civilisation is due to the joint efforts of all great nations, and the men of genius and valour whom they have produced, that progress is not the product of England alone, and that the true wisdom lies in assisting other countries in promoting human welfare.

The intelligent reader can, of course, take Mr. Brett's excellent book *cum grano salis*, and, with this precaution, will find it most digestible and full of valuable information.

The Baron De Baye has written a very learned and important work on *The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons*.<sup>1</sup> The book is well translated by T. R. Harbottle, and is published with steel-plate illustrations by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. The author has adopted the excellent plan of studying the various influences which acted upon the Anglo-Saxons, and working out the entire question from an archaeological point of view. He has read up all the authorities, and has presented the reader with as complete a survey as possible of the entire field of Anglo-Saxon art and antiquities. We find that the Anglo-Saxon sword has rarely been found, only individuals belonging to the upper class having been buried with this weapon. The spear, the ordinary national weapon, has much more frequently been discovered. This sword is of an essentially Teutonic type, and appears to have been in use from a very early date. It answers to the description given by Plutarch in his *Life of Marius* of the weapons of the Cimbri, and further resembles the Suevic swords brought to Italy by Pope Leo IX. in 1052. The name "Saxon" was apparently derived from the word *Sachs*, *Seax*, or *Scramasaxe*, signifying the "iron knife" used by this people. These war-knives, or *seax*, are referred to in the poem of *Beowulf*. According to Nennius it was with the *scramasaxe* that the Saxons were armed when, at the famous feast of reconciliation, the signal was given by Hengist for the massacre of the Britons. An interesting account is given in the book of the Anglo-Saxon fibulæ, so remarkable for their variety of form and delicacy of workmanship. The dress, ear-rings, hair-pins, and combs of the Anglo-Saxons are described in a separate chapter. Altogether this work is most valuable from a historical and archaeological point of view, and should be in every library.

It has been said that great men have had great mothers. This theory is not borne out invariably by facts, but in a great number of cases we find that the mothers of great men have been very remarkable women. The mother of the First Napoleon was a woman of great strength of character as well as intellectual power. Very little has hitherto been written about her, and therefore the

<sup>1</sup> *The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons*. By the Baron J. De Baye. Translated by T. R. Harbottle. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.



work<sup>1</sup> of Baron Larrey cannot fail to interest all who admire the genius and the splendid military career of the great Emperor.

Even the date of her death is rather doubtful; but the learned author of this work fixes it as August 24, 1748. Her maiden name was Maria-Letizia Ramolina, the family being of Italian origin, and belonging to the lesser nobility. In 1743 Letizia's father had been appointed by letters patent of the Republic of Genoa commander of the troops in that city, then at peace with Corsica. He exhibited cleverness as a military engineer, and for his services he was rewarded with the post of Inspector-General of the bridges and roads of Corsica. Maria-Letizia was his second daughter by his marriage with Angèle de Petra-Santra. Few details have been handed down with regard to her early years. It is possible that her education was not all that might be desired, from the standpoint of modern culture; but she received from her parents those lessons in virtue which leave an indelible impression upon a child's mind and heart. While still a young girl she lost her father. Her mother, being still quite young, married again, her second husband being an officer of a Swiss regiment in the French service. His name was Captain Fesch, and he was a Protestant. Whether through conviction or attachment to his wife, he became a Catholic after their marriage. There was one son born of this union, Joseph Fesch, who entered the Church, and was known as the Abbé Fesch. Letizia and her step-brother were devotedly attached to each other. She was, as soon as she reached the age of puberty, remarkable for her beauty. Her face was charming, her manner natural and modest, and her figure, a little under the middle height, was in admirable proportion. Charles Bonaparte, a young Corsican lawyer, fell in love with her while he was little more than a mere boy, and asked for her hand in marriage. In spite of some slight objections on the part of their families, they were married on June 2, 1764, according to the *Mémoires* of Lucien Bonaparte, or in the March of that year, according to the entry made by Charles Bonaparte as to the events in his family history. Some biographers have fixed the year of the marriage later—1767—as in 1764 Madame Bonaparte would be barely fifteen years old. The earlier date, however, appears to be correct, and the fact is attested by the deaths of the five children born after her marriage, probably owing to her immaturity at the time of the union, while the eight born later, conceived in the plenitude of her womanly development and perfect health, survived and became adults. Joseph Bonaparte was the eldest of her surviving children. He first saw the light on January 7, 1768. In that year rumours of war created a panic in Ajaccio, and Charles Bonaparte, to preserve his young wife from danger, retired to a country house

<sup>1</sup> *Madame Mère (Napoléon's Mother)*. Essai Historique par Le Baron Larrey, de l'Institut de France. Paris : E. Dentu.

at Millelli, at some distance from Ajaccio. Charles Bonaparte was an active sympathiser with Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and his absorption in politics called for further attention to domestic economy on the part of his devoted wife. She had been unjustly accused of avarice, the truth being that *res angustæ domi* called for retrenchment, and she, by the exercise of constant thrift, saved the family from pecuniary disaster. A charming woman, she was free from coquetry, and found all her happiness in the society of her husband and children. A curious incident is related about her making a general confession to a priest, who insisted in asking her questions which she thought offensive. She refused to answer, but the priest insisted, threatening that, unless she complied, he would not give her absolution. Thereupon, getting angry, she said she would expose him if he dared to carry out his threat. The priest, humiliated and alarmed, hastened to give his fiery penitent absolution. When the matter was afterwards made known to the ecclesiastical authorities, the priest was removed to another district.

While she bore in her womb the child destined to be the glory of France and the terror of Europe, hostilities broke out in Corsica. Her husband joined the side of the revolutionists and the disturbances caused by the war necessitated a constant change of place and often an exposure to the elements trying to the health of a young wife almost on the eve of her confinement. In her heart patriotism triumphed over womanly weakness, for she said: "Their supreme efforts are for Corsica. Let them fight to the last, if needs be, and let them conquer, or let them perish along with us!" The Corsican patriots, in spite of their bravery, had at length to give way before the superior force and tactics of the French troops, and in May 1769 they were, after a gallant struggle, defeated at Ponte-Nuovo. Madame Bonaparte was close to the field of battle, bearing a precious burden within her frame. Thus, even before his birth, Napoleon breathed the very atmosphere of war! After this decisive conflict, which crushed the hopes of the Corsican patriots, Charles Bonaparte and his wife sought an asylum with their companions in misfortune at Monte-Rotondo, which is situated on a lofty elevation close to the Mediterranean and facing the coast of Italy. The French authorities, having learned how nobly Madame Bonaparte had supported her husband's patriotic efforts, even in the midst of her pregnancy, assured her that she would be amongst the first to have the benefit of the armistice, and facilitated her return to her residence at Ajaccio. On the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, she went to the cathedral of Ajaccio to attend high mass, and while praying there she was seized with the first pangs of child-birth. She had scarcely returned home when she gave birth to the child whose name was to be the greatest in

the military annals of Europe. Such were the circumstances connected with the birth of Napoleon. His mother's life from that was associated with his career. She watched over his infancy, noticed his childish precocity, was proud of his talents, and took the utmost pains to obtain for him a thorough education. His military instincts exhibited themselves at an early age, and his mother did not stifle his natural tendencies, though she impressed him with a deep sense of duty and a love of order and respect for authority. "It is to my mother," said the conqueror, "and to her good principles that I owe my fortune and all the good I may have done." This testimony did credit to his heart, for it proved that, in spite of the many shortcomings of his character, he honoured that worthy mother who gave him not only life, but all the love of her unselfish and passionate heart.

In Baron Larrey's book, which enters into very minute details, will be found all that is known as to Napoleon's relations with his mother during his marvellous career. She often lamented his egotistical obstinacy, but never condemned him, for her maternal eyes saw only his good side. Letizia Bonaparte was a most womanly woman, and her greatest merit consisted in the noble simplicity of her life and the depth of her affection.

The name of Charles Darwin will be remembered as long as science has an interest for humanity. An excellent account of his life is given in a book edited by his son, and consisting of a chapter of autobiography, and a selected series of his published letters.<sup>1</sup> This work is an abbreviation of the *Life and Letters* (1887), the aim of the editor being to retain the personal portions of those volumes, leaving out letters of a purely scientific character. The life of the great naturalist was a quiet and, save for his great scientific discoveries, an uneventful one. But those who realise that the theory of Evolution has furnished a key to the mysteries of Nature will be curious to learn all that can be known about this great man, who in the world of thought and research has exercised a sway more far-reaching and vital than that of the most potent conqueror or the most gifted statesman.

It would seem that Charles Darwin derived much of his scientific bent from his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, who was not only a poet, but a distinguished physician and naturalist. His mother was Susannah Wedgwood, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the well-known potter of Etruria, in Staffordshire, and from her he is said to have inherited his sweet and gentle disposition.

His father, Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, was a successful medical practitioner at Shrewsbury, and it was there that in 1809 Charles Darwin was born. Dr. Robert Darwin had no pretensions to be a

<sup>1</sup> *Charles Darwin: His Life told in an Autobiographical Chapter and in a Selected Series of his Published Letters.* Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. London: John Murray. 1892.

man of science, but he was a keen observer, and a student of character. Charles Darwin spoke of his father as "the wisest man I ever knew," and always revered his memory. Curiously enough, this partiality, due, no doubt, to filial affection, made him accept anything his father had said with almost implicit faith, though he himself expressed the hope that no son of his would believe any thing because he said it, until first convinced of its truth.

In the "Autobiography" Charles Darwin gives a sketch of himself, as "if he were a dead man in another world, looking back at his own life." He says that he was able to recollect nothing of his mother, who died when he was a little over eight, except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously-constructed work-table. He remarks that he was slower at learning than his sister, and "in many ways a naughty boy." Even, while at a day-school in Shrewsbury, his taste for natural history had already developed. He tried to make out the names of plants, and collected shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. He makes the odd confession, that, as a boy he was "much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods," and that "this was always done for the sake of causing excitement." He claims in his own favour that as a boy he was "humane," but observes that he "owed this entirely to the instruction and example of his sisters," adding characteristically: "I doubt, indeed, whether humanity is a natural or innate quality." While at school, a military funeral "stirred whatever poetic fancy there was in him." He was sent to Dr. Butler's classical school, and says that nothing could be worse for the development of his mind than this school. He admits that during his whole life he was "singularly incapable of mastering any language." The only pleasure he ever derived from classical studies was from some of the Odes of Horace, which he greatly admired. On leaving Dr. Butler's school he was regarded as a very ordinary boy, below the average standard in intellect. His father once said to him: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." Paternal prophecies are not always characterised by wisdom. During his school-life he used to sit for hours reading Shakespeare's plays, and even read Byron's poetry; but in later life he wholly lost all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. At Edinburgh University he attended medical lectures, but on learning that his father would leave him a competence, he gave up the idea of adopting medicine as a profession. His father then proposed that he should become a clergyman. Charles asked for some time to consider, as "from what little he had heard or thought he had scruples about declaring his belief in all the dogmas of the Church of England, though otherwise he liked the thought of being a country clergyman." He for some time was half-disposed to enter the Church, but when he joined

the *Beagle* as naturalist, this half-formed intention and his father's wish "died a natural death." He regarded the voyage of the *Beagle* as "by far the most important event in his life, as it determined his whole career." The modesty of the great naturalist is as delightful as his candour. He says: "I think that I have become a little more skilful in guessing right explanations and in devising experimental tests; but this may probably be the result of mere practice and of a larger store of knowledge. I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely, and this difficulty has caused me a very great loss of time; but it has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus I have been led to see errors in reasoning, and in my own observations, or those of others." Referring to the question of religion, Charles Darwin declares that he "never was an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God," and that "an agnostic would be the more correct description of his state of mind." In answer to a German student in 1879, he wrote: "For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague possibilities."

The chapters in the book on the writing and publication of the *Origin of Species* and the other works of Charles Darwin are well worth reading.

A different kind of biography is the large volume entitled *Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar*,<sup>1</sup> by Dr. George Smith. Henry Martyn was a religious enthusiast, and the story of his attempts to convert the Mohammedans has a quaint interest of its own. There was a romance, too, in his life. He was a native of Truro in Cornwall, and in his twenty-first year he became so deeply attached to Miss Lydia Grenfell, a young Cornish lady, six years older than himself, that a union with her appeared to be his only chance of earthly happiness. She had been engaged to a Mr. Samuel John, solicitor, who was unworthy of her and married some one else. The engagement and its unhappy result seems to have weighed on her sensitive conscience. It became to her very much what Henry Martyn's hopeless love proved to be to himself. She kept a diary, extending over twenty-five years, full of morbid piety. Poor Henry Martyn tried to make up for his disappointed hopes as a lover by fanatical zeal. What a subject for a novelist like Charlotte Brontë! But the book dealing with the missionary's life is rather tedious, and savours a little of cant. However, it is pleasant to find true romance in unexpected places.

*The Recollections of George Butler*,<sup>2</sup> by Josephine E. Butler, is a well-written, though rather inflated, specimen of biography. Of

<sup>1</sup> *Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar, First Modern Missionary to the Mohammedans.* By George Smith, C.I.E., I.L.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

<sup>2</sup> *Recollections of George Butler.* By Josephine E. Butler. Bristol: J. W. Arrow-smith.

course, all the writer's eulogies may have been well deserved, but the reader likes to see "the other side of the medal." Some people are really too good for this wicked world. All the same, we would recommend people who like a well-written biography to read the book. The portion of it dealing with Mrs. Butler's own unselfish efforts on behalf of fallen women is genuinely interesting.

The lives of two English artists of the last century—Thomas Sandby and Paul Sandby—have a fascination for those who desire to explore nooks and corners of quaint biography. An excellent little book<sup>1</sup> dealing with the two brothers has been written by Mr. William Sandby, one of their descendants. The style is admirable, and the facts have been authenticated. The illustrations in the book furnish a good idea of the pictorial genius of Thomas and Paul Sandby.

Two French works, dealing with *Lamartine* and *La Bruyère*, have been published by Lecène Oudin & Co. The work on *Lamartine*<sup>2</sup> is by M. Edouard Rod, whose charming style alone makes the book well worthy of perusal. English readers will learn with interest that Lamartine looked on Byron as the greatest poet of his time. The work on *La Bruyère*<sup>3</sup> is written by M. Maurice Pellisson, and is a highly critical and comprehensive study of one of the greatest Frenchmen of the seventeenth century.

A valuable contribution to the ethnography of Northern Europe is Dr. J. C. Brown's book on the *People of Finland in Archaic Times*. The materials for this important archaeological work are principally taken from the *Kalevala*, in which the legends of Finland are embodied. The superstitions of the Finns remind one of the Red Indians. There is much in them that is poetic and grand, mingled with what is puerile and irrational. The book will repay perusal.

Professor Montagu Burrows's work, *Commentaries on English History*,<sup>4</sup> is a finished and laborious piece of composition. The exigencies of space forbid us to criticise the book in detail. The modern portion of the work is very elaborate, and the account given of Napoleon Bonaparte is almost as complete as possible.

Mr. St. Clair Baddeley's fine work on *Queen Joanna I. of Naples*<sup>5</sup> is written in a fascinating style. The materials are apparently drawn from the best sources. The author in his preface institutes an interesting comparison between Queen Joanna and Mary Stuart. Both of them were suspected of the murder of a husband, and both died violent deaths. The book is splendidly printed and superbly illustrated.

<sup>1</sup> *Thomas and Paul Sandby, Royal Academicians.* By William Sandby. London: Seely & Co., Limited.

<sup>2</sup> "Classiques Populaires." *Lamartine.* Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Lecène, Oudin et Cie.

<sup>3</sup> *La Bruyère.* Par Maurice Pellisson. Paris: Lecène, Oudin et Cie.

<sup>4</sup> *Commentaries on the History of England from the Earliest Times to 1865.* Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

<sup>5</sup> *Queen Joanna I. of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Countess of Provence, Forcalquier, and Piedmont.* By St. Clair Baddeley. London: Wm. Heinemann. 1893.

## BELLES LETTRES.

A NUMBER of excellent essays on contemporary French literature have been collected in one volume by M. Georges Pellissier.<sup>1</sup> The essay on "Pessimism in Contemporary Literature" is very readable, and, though the author's estimate of M. Guy de Maupassant will appear to some readers unjust to that gifted and unfortunate novelist, the opinions of M. Pellissier are, in the main, accurate and logical. The study of M. Zola is characterised by a certain vein of bitterness. The entire philosophy of that writer is summed up thus: "Man is an animal. He finds his life unpleasant when his digestion is wrong; he finds life good when he digests without difficulty." It may be true that M. Zola is a mere materialist, but, if we are to judge of his position as a novelist, we should not always be twitting him with his "philosophy." We do not condemn George Eliot for being a Positivist. The novelist gives us a picture of life as seen through a particular temperament. Taking this as our standpoint, we cannot deny that it required genius to write such a book as *Germinal* or *L'Assommoir*.

A very remarkable French novel, and one which has some applicability to English views on the private lives of politicians, is M. Edouard Rod's book, *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier*.<sup>2</sup> The story is powerfully written, and the characters are boldly drawn. Michel Teissier, a leader of the party of Reaction, a hater of Democracy, an advocate of faith and strict purity of life, is a model of virtue in the domestic circle, happy in the society of his wife and children, till, by a strange fatality, he falls in love with a young girl, Blanche Esteve, over whom he had been appointed guardian. He struggles against this passion, but in vain. Blanche returns his love, but they remain faithful to the idea of duty. One day, Teissier's wife, Suzanne, discovers that he loves Blanche. An estrangement arises between the married pair. Blanche resolves to leave Paris, and see Teissier no more. For a time he resumes his work as a politician, but the thought of Blanche maddens him. He starts one day by train to visit her, and they meet once more. She has, since their parting, gone to confession, and looks upon their love as a sin. But her remorse does not quench her love for Teissier. After this, the husband and wife drift further and further apart from one another. At length, Blanche's friends propose that she should marry a gentleman who was regarded as a suitable match. They ask Teissier to use his influence with Blanche! He does so, and she consents to marry a man she does not love. But, on the eve of the marriage,

<sup>1</sup> *Essais de Littérature Contemporaine*. Par Georges Pellissier. Paris: Lecène, Oudin et Cie.

<sup>2</sup> *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris; Librairie Académique Didier.

she recoils from the sacrifice, and writes to Teissier asking him to save her from such a doom. Teissier tells his wife that he means to go and impress on Blanche the absolute necessity of marrying M. Graval. Poor Suzanne is pleased to find such strength of character in her husband. She consents to his seeing Blanche, and her last words to him are: "I know you will do nothing wrong." But Fate—or, rather, human nature—ordains it otherwise. Having at first pressed Blanche to marry M. Graval, Teissier gives way to the young girl's tears and entreaties, and in a moment of weakness declares his determination to give up everything for her. On his return, Suzanne divines from his manner that a catastrophe has occurred. She then, after thinking over the whole situation, proposes a divorce. The story ends with the marriage of Teissier and Blanche, whose happiness is clouded by remorseful and bitter memories. The ending is not satisfactory. The reference to Mr. Parnell, and the comparison of him with Michel Teissier, shows how differently lapses from moral integrity are regarded in France and in England. The book is written in a clear and charming style, and we believe a translation of it is being published in one of the English reviews.

Henri Ardel's story, *Cœur de Sceptique*,<sup>1</sup> is pretty and sentimental. That, indeed, is the most that can be said for it. It is not marked by striking originality or deep study of character. However, the author has a good style, and understands the art of narrative.

The French have a talent for writing short stories. *Contes d'Après Midi*,<sup>2</sup> by M. J. Ricard, is a fresh illustration of this fact. These stories are little better than sketches, but they are full of vivacity, cleverness, and a certain humour which is not characteristically French. The sketch entitled "Evolution Conjugale" has in it an element of the grotesque.

In a little book bearing the title of *Sunbeams of Summer*, by Mr. J. H. Pickhard,<sup>3</sup> we find a passionate love of Nature that reminds us of the late Richard Jeffries. The author has watched the growth of flowers, listened to the songs of the birds lovingly, and stood for hours beneath the shade of leafy trees. The little sketch, "Kenneth," describing a child's brief enjoyment of Nature's beauties, and his early death, is very touching. The little volume is full of idyllic charm.

Mr. Ellis J. Davis,<sup>4</sup> a member of the English Bar, has done service by publishing a very lucid and accurate account of a trial at Nisi Prius, with a view to showing that the complaints as to the supposed expensiveness and unfairness of litigation have been

<sup>1</sup> *Cœur de Sceptique*. Par Henri Ardel. Paris : Libraire Plon.

<sup>2</sup> *Contes d'Après Midi*. Par J. Ricard. Paris : Calmann Lévy.

<sup>3</sup> *Sunbeams of Summer*. By J. H. Pickhard. London : Digby, Long & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose Fault ? The Story of a Trial at Nisi Prius*. London : Digby, Long & Co. 1892.



grossly exaggerated. The case dealt with is an imaginary one, but it is typical of jury trials, and the facts are such as might arise any day at Nisi Prius. The author succeeds in creating the impression that for the trial of an ordinary question of fact, as, for example, the question of negligence on the part of a tramway company, a jury is a very suitable tribunal.

The name of Vernon Lee has already been favourably known amongst English writers of fiction. A new work entitled *Ottilie*,<sup>1</sup> by this author in the Pseudonym Library, has much of the quaint style and *naïveté* of the last century. It is the story of a brother and sister told by the former under the guise of a confession. It is impossible to read this little book without feeling that Vernon Lee is a true artist.

*In Summer Shade*,<sup>2</sup> by Mary E. Mann, is one of those novels which can be produced almost automatically. In spite, however, of its conventionalism, the novel has touches of pathos, and shows some knowledge of feminine human nature.

*Babette Vivian*<sup>3</sup> is a story of a fishing village. The characters are uninteresting, and the scenes in which they play their part are obviously the mere mechanical creation of the author. The "goody-goody" tone of the book, degenerating into cant, makes it almost unreadable. Such novels belong neither to the realistic or romantic order of fiction. They are "made-up stories" in the worst sense of the words.

Baron von Roberts, though not yet a celebrated novelist, is a writer far above the average. His story entitled *Lou*,<sup>4</sup> just published by Mr. William Heinemann, is an exceedingly clever production. It is written with dash and a vein of fine pathos. The scene is laid in Paris, and Lou is the Nubian boy-servant of a Marquis, whose tragic death in the first chapter at once arouses the reader's attention. There is much originality and power in the book, and the author is certainly entitled to rank amongst the foremost German novelists of the present day.

## POETRY.

"STEPHANIA,"<sup>5</sup> the latest published work under the signature of "Michael Field," is striking in design and powerful in execution. It is a highly dramatic "trialogue" between the Emperor Otho III.,

<sup>1</sup> *Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyll*. By Vernon Lee. London: Fisher Unwin. Pseudonym Library.

<sup>2</sup> *In Summer Shade*. By Mary E. Mann. In three volumes. London: Henry & Co. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *Babette Vivian*. A Novel. By Christel. London: Digby, Long & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *Lou*. A Novel. London: William Heinemann. Heinemann's International Library. Edited by Edmond Gosse. Vol. xi.

<sup>5</sup> *Stephanie*. A Trialogue. By Michael Field.

his tutor, Gerbert, and Stephania, the widow of the murdered Roman Consul, Crescentius. The poem contains much fine work, and is picturesque and of poetical accent, but it fails to maintain a sympathetic interest; for it would be beyond the power even of consummate art to win approval for the means of Stephania's revenge. The work of the two ladies who, we believe, write under this pseudonym, is thoroughly homogeneous and of acknowledged high quality, but lovers of the personal element in literature may deprecate a wide extension of the principles of collaboration, holding that, though the method has had its marked successes, it tends to dull the edge of fine literary work, and to destroy its subtler fragrance. The poem of *Stephania* is placed in our hands in an exceptionally congruous and artistic form, and its frontispiece, colophon and ornament for binding have been specially designed by Mr. Selwyn Image.

The keynote of the volume *Sight and Song*,<sup>1</sup> by the same author, is a reticent and almost oppressive self-subordination. The aim, we are told, is to translate into verse "what the lines and colours of certain chosen pictures sing in themselves," and the canvases are therefore called up before us, stroke by stroke, with just neat epithets, through the long intricate stanzas, the effects being interpreted through patient observation, and a gentle persistent touching and retouching. All is serious, almost laborious, yet the verses have a sober grace and harmony, and the truth and poetic delicacy of the work is only realised on a close comparison with the picture itself. It is soothing and pleasant to participate in such leisurely degustation and enjoyment, such insistent penetration, for these poems are far removed from mere description, and the renderings, though somewhat lacking in the sense of humour, show both courage and poetical imagination.

The verse of Mr. John Cameron Grant has freshness and energy, and is written with remarkable fluency. The half-dozen sonnets in his volume, *Poems in Petroleum*,<sup>2</sup> are thoughtful and interesting, and the lyrics contain much passionate and poetical feeling. But Mr. Grant is too often careless and hurried, and therein he is ill-advised, for rather more labour and finish, more restraint and severity of rejection would be well spent on such excellent poetical material.

The works of Sir John Suckling<sup>3</sup> and of Thomas Carew<sup>4</sup> have been recently added to the "Library of Old English Authors" now being issued by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. These reprints are complete, cheap and convenient, and have been carefully edited. The series is a useful one and should be widely popular.

<sup>1</sup> *Sight and Song*. Written by Michael Field. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

<sup>2</sup> *Poems in Petroleum*. By John Cameron Grant. London: E. W. Allen.

<sup>3</sup> "Library of Old English Authors." *The Poems, Plays and other Remains of Sir John Suckling*. Two vols. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt.

<sup>4</sup> *The Poems and Masque of Thomas Carew*. Edited by J. W. Ebsworth. London: Messrs. Reeves & Turner.

## ART.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS<sup>1</sup> has gathered together, from unpublished manuscript and from various reviews, a volume of essays, which appears in dainty print and in binding worthy of the "æsthete." "I have tried," he says, "to make the selection representative of the different kinds of work in which I have been principally engaged—Greek and Renaissance Literature, Description of Places, Translation, Criticism, Original Verse." The general reader will recognise the manifold handicraft of this versatile writer in the contents of this volume, which cover more than thirty years of composition. None of these essays add essentially to the author's reputation, though some of them are well worthy of preservation. An instance is the clever analysis of the idealism which underlies all the boasted realism of Zola, when treating *La Bête Humaine*. Others deal with lyrics of various origin, Norman, Elizabethan, or of the Romantic Drama, with Culture, with the Dantesque and Platonic ideals of Love, and with personal remembrances. Intrinsically, the most valuable of these very diverse essays is a criticism on the almost unknown poet, Edward Cracroft Lefroy. Its value is quite as much from the quality of the critic as from that of the poet. Mr. Symonds has been occupied for many years "with the problems of co-ordinating the Hellenic and Christian ideals, or, what is much the same thing, of adapting Christian tradition to the governing conceptions of a scientific age. Lefroy proved that it is possible to combine religious faith with frank delight in natural loveliness, to be a Christian without asceticism, and a Greek without sensuality." In spite, however, of the interest of the essay, we imagine with the author "that this will appear simple to many of my readers."

What is of artistic interest in this volume is entirely comprised in the first three essays, "In the Key of Blue," "Among the Euganean Hills," and "On an Altar-Piece by Tiepolo." Mr. Symonds has heretofore treated, in whole volumes, of many questions of art history and criticism. His merits and his defects are all exemplified in these three essays. There has never been any doubt that he is a consummate artist in words; those who have looked beyond the outward appearance have had little doubt that this artistic ability covers a serious lack of technical knowledge in both art and history. It is this alone which could have prevented so laborious a worker from reaching the first rank in his class. Examples are here ready to our hand.

"In the Key of Blue" starts up a puzzling question—"the nomenclature of colour in literature." Our author sees, none more clearly, that "not everybody is familiar with jade, cadmium, almandine, Nile-water. What the writer wants would be a variety of broad terms to express the species (tints) of each genus (hue)." . . .

<sup>1</sup> *In the Key of Blue*, and other Prose Essays, By John Addington Symonds. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane. 1903.

"It struck me that it would be amusing to try the resources of our language in a series of studies of what might be termed 'blues and blouses.'" In the versified examples which he has given, worked out at Venice, "where the problem of colour-gradations under their most subtle aspect presents itself on all sides to the artist," it is not too much to say that he has uniformly failed. This is not the fault of the somewhat prosaic verses, for they undoubtedly interest the reader. A single comparison of his own elaborate adjectives, "fretty of azure and pure gules," "those tints of fluor-spar," "electron glimmering through the gloom," "transparent skies of chrysolite," with Shelley's simple description of the Euganean hills, quoted in the second essay, will show how impossible a task is undertaken by the "stylist." Every one understands what the poet means by "the waveless plain of Lombardy—like a green sea," by "the harvest-shining plain, where the peasant heaps his grain," and by "day's azure eyes."

This is not a mere cavilling at one who has merited well of both history and art. We cannot help believing that this excessive attention to mere style has been, in large part, the cause of that general way of looking at things which, in his works, sets down *tutta quella musica* of architecture under the vague notion of "harmonious grace." This is again apparent in the present volume, in his description of the Convent of Riva, which he does not seem to have associated with the other Camaldolese dwellings of Tuscany and Rome, though they are not without their importance in the history of art; and he has not sufficiently taken into account the distinction between decorative excellence in the paintings of Tiepolo and their merit as painting. He has also, in the latter case, not analysed accurately the scale of light used by the painter, though he has described delightfully the "marvellous luminosity" of his canvas.

The director of the National Gallery of Ireland has edited a translation of the *Gothic Architecture*<sup>1</sup> of M. E. Corroyer, one of those handbooks which are more common in French than in English. It is a fair specimen of its class, and conveys much useful information on religious, monastic, military, and civil architecture. Beginning with the influence of the cupola upon so-called Gothic architecture, it proceeds to treat of the intersecting arch and the buildings vaulted on such arches, of the flying-buttress, and of the churches which used this manner of construction from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. All this, as well as the chapters relating to abbeys, ramparts, and bridges, houses and town-halls, is plentifully illustrated and accompanied by an explanatory text, of the clearness and interest which French writers alone know how to give. The printing and engraving are worthy of all praise. It is curious, in a book of this kind, to notice in the editor's preface a half humorous protest against the belief that "everything admirable in Gothic architecture

<sup>1</sup> *Gothic Architecture*. By Edouard Corroyer. London: Seeley & Co. 1893

has a Gallic origin." The author, certainly, gives no sign of sufficient historical erudition to warrant him in putting forward such a pretension; but others than Frenchmen have maintained this identical thesis. We have only to refer to an article in a former number of this REVIEW, by Mr. Barr Ferree, on this subject, in which the careful and original work of Mr. Charles Herbert Moore is brought forward in support of such a statement. We could willingly pardon the patriotism of the author if he had shown himself somewhat more accurate in dealing with that underpinning, if we may so call it, of modern architecture which is to be found only in the history of the architect. On the whole, however, the book is of easy reading, and the information given in regard to the mere obvious details of buildings is of general interest and value. Perhaps more cannot be asked of art writers in the present state of attention to the history of art.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, in a foreign art supplement to their *Magazine of Art* for 1892, have given a good number of examples of the *European Pictures of the Year*<sup>1</sup> in half-tone engravings. The examples are judiciously chosen from France, Belgium and Holland, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Germany and Austro-Hungary, Russia and America. Two pages of preface by the editor give in a few words his thought on the technical and æsthetic excellence of the different schools exemplified. The one who turns over these pages with attention, and who is already familiar with the originals from the various Salons, will be confirmed in his esteem for the technical excellence of the French, and the strength and vivacity of the Spanish; while he will conclude that the Italian school must depend on colour, which cannot be reproduced in such pages, and he will wonder at the great renown of Munich as a school of design.

We have already noticed in these pages the clever caricatures of contemporary life by the Parisian Caran d'Ache. He is the successor, but with far greater art, of Cham, of a quarter of a century ago. His latest album<sup>2</sup> is like an enormous cheque-book, and, of course, has to do with the all-absorbing question of Panama. In the first series, *le Chèque-obsession*, a deputy explains in successive scenes how he was finally forced to receive his cheque, which started up at him on every hand, through his carriage window, and at the telephone box, from his bath-tub and at the table of his *café*, and, last of all, when he yielded, from the corrupting banker, whom he unwarily found seated beside him disguised as a nursemaid in the Bois de Boulogne. The second series is taken up with the art of giving and receiving the cheque; while the third conjugates the verb *toucher le chèque*. We hope that the last picture—*je touche*—of this clever artist, which represents himself at the *caisse* of his publisher, with bags of gold before him, will be verified in the event for the innocent delight he has given us.

<sup>1</sup> *European Pictures of the Year*. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Carnet des Chèques*. Par Caran d'Ache. Paris: E. Plor, Nourrit et Cie." 1893.

## THE DRAMA.

Is Lord Tennyson a dramatist? It is certainly not the fault of Mr. Henry Irving and the management of the Lyceum Theatre if he is not; for a more sumptuous representation of what, is perhaps his most successful drama could not well have been devised. The scenic effects are more artistic, if less gorgeous, than those of Henry VIII., in the production of which it was generally held that the Lyceum had surpassed itself. Moreover, we like Mr. Irving better as he grows older. His mannerisms, which always seemed to us a trifle comic, have been of late years less and less marked. In each succeeding play he is more the character and less Irving. Becket thus gains much upon Wolsey, in the same way that Wolsey gained upon Richard III. It may seem to be speaking platitudes to say that a man improves in his profession as he becomes more experienced, but in the case of an actor it is frequently the reverse, the defects, being part of the nature, tend to develop instead of to become effaced. So we can readily join in the chorus of approval that has met the production of *Becket at the Lyceum Theatre*.

But we are wandering from the main question which always comes up again for discussion whenever any fresh piece by the Laureate is attempted on the stage. Is Lord Tennyson a dramatist? It is certainly not encouraging for such a question to be put again and again, and the poet seems to have passed from the world with the dogged determination characteristic of his countrymen to prove that he is, by posthumous representations of his works, in spite of what the world might say during his lifetime. *Tempora mutantur*; the chorus of adverse criticism waxes fainter. What is held to be undramatic in one age is considered quite the reverse in the next, not out of any disrespect for the judgment of the earlier date, but simply that the tastes and feelings of the public are different, and the writer has lived before his time. We all know that Shakespeare was spoken of in the last century in terms anything but flattering, and at the present time his works are not so popular as they were ten years ago. They are becoming a little used up, and the appetite for fresh matter, style, and ideas is now so voracious that it becomes the severest tax upon the resources at the command of the acting manager to obtain the materials for plays which will be calculated to satisfy this craze of the public for what is new and

what is original. In the present case, certainly originality in design is not wanting, and though it may appear dangerous and presumptuous for us to make any prophecy, where so many better able to judge have given an irrevocable verdict, we should be inclined to say that as an acting play, *Becket* in the future will be crowned with a far more real success than has been accorded to Shakespeare's *Lear*. The frequent plaudits in a crowded house betokened a deep-felt interest in all that was passing—an interest which implied something else besides any mere satisfaction of curiosity that could be supplied by luxurious upholstery, scenic art, or even clever acting. In a word, notwithstanding all that has been written, and all that has been said upon the Tennysonian drama, in our humble opinion *Becket* is not only a poem of beautiful versification, but is also a drama, of a special and distinctive character we admit, but nevertheless one that will make its way inevitably into the store-rooms of English dramatic literature.

Again, there are many circumstances to be considered in relation to this ever absorbing topic which are apt to be lost sight of. When one already known to fame suddenly makes a new departure, he is certain to be somewhat handicapped. Tennyson, the dramatist, is at once compared with Tennyson the poet, and his very success in the former sphere reacts destructively on his chances in the latter. The critic is inclined to feel: "Really this is too much. You really might be satisfied to continue on your own lines. Poet, you must be, but dramatic writer as well—it is too much!" and he gives precious little quarter.

Yet the poetic side of this play is undoubtedly greatest. The scenes between King Henry and Rosamund are idylls of exquisite beauty, as also are those in which the child Geoffrey takes part. Even the character of Becket partakes of a romantic nature, and it is an age of romance and legend in which the scenes are laid, when life was viewed from all points through different spectacles. So Lord Tennyson did wisely in choosing his subject, which was admirably suited to his genius, and one well adapted to the growing tastes of the present day for the dramatic poem illustrated by music.

The British public is becoming less and less materially minded, more artistic. That which is beautiful to the eye, and especially to the ear, never fails to give pleasure to a greater and greater mass of people. Good incidental music is indispensable to this style of play, and we can congratulate ourselves that we have in Dr. Stanford a musician who has proved himself, by his setting of Tennyson's poem, *The Revenge*, so well able to enter into the spirit of the poet, to write the illustrative harmonies without which *Becket* could never have been given with anything like so good a result. Professor Stanford, after some faltering and renewed efforts, has at length, we believe, hit upon the right vein which, if courageously persisted

in, will in due course elevate him to the first rank among musicians. If we were to offer any general criticism to his writings, it would be to say that they are not sufficiently Professor Stanford. He paralyses his genius by his musical erudition. He makes too much point of writing up to date; he is over anxious to show the world a too marked influence of Wagner, Schumann and Brahms throughout his works. We do not for a moment wish to imply that there is upon him anything more than a perfectly natural influence of the composers already known to fame, and by whose writings the musical taste of the day must be directed, and it is certainly to err on the right side to be over erudite, but there is always a point beyond which it is not wise to travel. There is an overcrowding of matter, so to speak, in Professor Stanford's works, a rapidity of modulation, and an abruptness in changes of time that are positively irritating to the ordinary not highly cultured public. One idea is barely digested when another is thrust upon one. As the influences of the German school become vaguer, we think that these defects will pass away. The overture and entr'actes for *Becket* are written in the most exalted style, and show a rich appreciation by the composer of what is to follow, suitable forerunners of the episodes in the coming scenes. So far as could be heard, the composer has curbed his fancy in underwriting the speeches. Perhaps the fate of so much of Mr. Parry's incidental harmonies to *Hypatia* deterred him from any prolonged efforts in that direction. There was, however, not too much but just enough, and we may instance the fall of the curtain at the close of the scene of Rosamund's bower in which the disconsolate woman utters the plaint :

"Gleam upon gloom,  
Bright as my dream,  
Rainbow stay!  
But it passes away,  
Gloom upon gleam,  
Dark as my doom,  
O rainbow stay."

Practically speaking, the interest of the play is double. Foremost stands the contest between Becket and the king for the supremacy of the Church or State and the liberties of the people. Second to this in interest is the rivalry between Eleanor of Aquitaine and Rosamund for the king's heart. To bring about a fusion of these diverse plots in order to secure a unity of purpose in the whole is a matter of no little difficulty, and necessitates great skill, technically speaking, as opposed to mere good writing, as well as clever interpretation of the parts. How far the success of the play on this score is due to the rendering of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving can really only be judged after it has passed into other hands. In our opinion, the result at the Lyceum is fairly satis-



factory. The character of the king is that of a rather capricious and irascible potentate, not impervious to flattery but of best meaning at bottom. He loves Becket, has elevated him to the position of Primate of Canterbury, supposing that the archbishop would remain the courtier, as of old, and do his bidding. He is extremely disgusted to discover he has mistaken his man. He has married Eleanor for political reasons, but only loves Rosamund whose acquaintance he cannot bring himself to end. Hence the surreptitious visits to the bower, at length discovered by the jealous Frenchwoman. The lords and the queen side against the primate, who seeks to consolidate his influence over the king by means of the mistress. It will be seen that the two plots fall easily together, only that the play is a little disjointed, and leaves perhaps too much to the imagination of the audience to supply. Many are disposed to think the additions to be supplied between the scenes are not sufficiently obvious. This, indeed, seems to be the unanimous verdict of the press, and it is with this verdict that we humbly beg leave to differ. Far be it from us to write a pure panegyric on a work which is by no means faultless; but it is always our desire to dilate on the good points of a drama rather than on the bad when there are both, and if one were really disposed to hunt for defects, then what upon the stage would be justified. We can but give our impressions, and these in the case of *Becket* were distinctly good, both in regard to *ensemble* and as to detail.

We have been favoured by the return of Mrs. Kendal to London. She is now attracting large audiences at the Avenue Theatre to her inimitable performance in *A White Lie*. Of the good points of this play it is almost too late to speak, it has now become so familiar to the public.

The production of *Robin Goodfellow* has also enjoyed a wide popularity at the Garrick, chiefly owing to the clever acting of Mr. John Hare. We must put off entering into any discussion as regards this play until a later issue, save to remark that it is a good all-round dramatic work of a similar style to the average run at that theatre.



## FEDERATION: THE POLITY OF THE FUTURE.

IN an article on this subject by the present writer,<sup>1</sup> he urged the necessity of remodelling the State system of Europe on rational principles, so as to avoid the evils resulting from\* the excessive competition in military preparations and consequent heavy expenditure of all European States. Since then the competition has gone on increasing, and promises to do so indefinitely. In the meantime the weaker States are feeling the effects in their finances in the shape of annual deficits, and several of them are practically on the verge of bankruptcy. This will not for ever be limited to the weaker States, and when the crisis comes, as come it must, in the case of some first-class Power, the effect may be what it was in the case of France in 1789, and great will be the ruin to its neighbours whoever wips in the war or wars that are sure to be the result. Consider, I pray, the outlook in Germany. In 1871 its army on the peace footing was 101,659 men; in 1880, it was 427,274; in 1887 it had become 468,119; and in 1890 it was again increased to 486,983. During twenty years Germany has spent 131½ millions sterling in extraordinary expenses, and altogether more than 550 millions sterling on its army and navy. All this is so much wealth annihilated; and yet people express astonishment at seasons of bad trade, while the condition of working men on the Continent is such that the ranks of the Socialists and Anarchists are increasing as fast as the armies.<sup>2</sup> Protection, too, is advancing with such celerity everywhere, that in a very few years international trade will be as difficult to carry on as if steam and electricity had never been applied to its service. It is melancholy to find that the chief offender in this direction is none other than the United States of America. They have long been looked to, whether rightly or wrongly, as the light of the world in the matter of progress; but if the light be darkness, how great is that darkness?

I have already touched on the progressive increase in recent years of the German army, showing that in twenty years it has added to

<sup>1</sup> See the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, December 1891.

<sup>2</sup> The Socialists polled in Germany in 1871, 120,000 votes; in 1874, 339,000; in 1877, nearly half a million; in 1887, 768,000; and in 1890, 1,427,000—equal to 20 per cent. of total poll.

its standing army 85,324 men—a number probably somewhat greater than our “first line,” which is commonly reckoned at two army corps and a division of cavalry. It might be supposed that such an advance in military strength would have some appearance of finality about it, but this is by no means the case, as recent government proposals show. Consider the short time in which all this has taken place. We thought the military strength of Germany overwhelming in 1870, and its burdens on the country excessive. Recollect further that the pressure on all Continental States increases like the pressure of water in the hydraulic cylinder if increased in one part, and, therefore, that the weight of war preparations in Europe has grown more than 21 per cent. in twenty years. It is quite certain that this cannot go on much longer without something giving way. There may be wars brought about for the mere reason that war may come to be regarded as more tolerable than such a peace, and so put an end to the nuisance by destroying other armies. On the other hand, internal distress may lead to revolution—perhaps, as in the case of France in its great revolution, both may be combined. It is not even as if the cost remained the same per man, for war preparation is notoriously getting more expensive every day by the advances made by science, so that, while the increase in twenty years in Germany has been 20 per cent. in men, it has been upwards of 30 per cent. in money. All this vast expenditure going on throughout Europe must, however, be doubled if we are to come anything near an estimate of the economic waste that is required for war preparation, because it is paid to so many men who are debarred from adding to the general wealth by their labour, and drawn from those engaged in production and distribution.

These considerations make up rather a formidable bill on the world's capital and industry; but it is by no means all the cost, for continental armies are recruited by conscription, and the cost of that appears only indirectly, if it all, in Budgets, though the more oppressive tax of the two. Hence, I believe, the very great number of emigrants to the colonies and the United States from the Continent—to get away from this oppression. This question of excessive emigration is mooted in Germany from time to time, and yet no people are naturally such lovers of their fatherland. It will thus give some idea of the pressure on the German people of this system, when it is seen to snap all the ties of home and kindred among a people so bound up in such affections. Twenty years, however, though a considerable time in the life of an individual, is a very short time indeed in the life of a State, and I want to know how the advocates of the present system contemplate the indefinite prolongation of such a state of things. This demon of war is in a fair way to swallow up all the comforts of life in Europe—and for what?

Down to the year 1818 there was in our common law a usage in civil, criminal, and military matters, whereby the accused had a legal right to challenge his accuser to mortal combat in order to decide the case. This was called the *Wager of Battle*, and the procedure would appear to have been that the accused threw down the glove to the accuser, who took it up, when, after the parties had solemnly sworn not to employ sorcery or witchcraft, the issue was literally fought out before the Court. Though this barbarous law had to be sure fallen into desuetude, yet in 1818 the Court of King's Bench in a murder trial gave their decision that the accused had a legal right to challenge his accuser to mortal combat, the law never having been repealed by Act of Parliament. The accused accordingly threw down the glove, but the accuser declined to take it up. Thereupon the Act 59 Geo. III. was passed to repeal this ridiculous law. In looking back on such a state of things, one can hardly come to any other conclusion than that it must have been the product of lunacy pure and simple. It is, however, the principle on which international disputes are adjusted to-day, and for any person to suggest a doubt of its superior wisdom in this field will, I venture to say, subject the doubter to the epithets of visionary, crackbrained fellow, utopian, lunatic, and I know not what besides, for our vocabulary is very copious in that direction. The principle, as I have said, is the same as the *Wager of Battle*, or "*judicia Dei*," above described, and there never was, I suppose, a declaration of war between States without Heaven being called upon to defend the right, just as our fathers used to do when they drew upon each other in court for the settlement of their law-suits. This and Protection are the principles for which all those European armaments are kept up to such a pitch, and are constantly being increased, for in such a trial it is felt that Heaven will favour the strongest battalions. What a mass of unjust judgments have issued from this absurd court in defiance of Heaven and common-sense, history shows but too well. As the world has in ordinary disputes between man and man got beyond ordeals, whether of fire, water, or even "*consecrated bread and cheese*" and the "*Wager of Battle*," so it is sincerely to be wished that the same common-sense may abolish the international wager of battle as a mode of settling differences among aggregates of rational beings. To provide for the settlement of international disputes, courts must naturally be provided. To furnish laws for the guidance of these courts, a legislature or congress must be instituted, and a federal army kept on foot—the only standing army allowed—to support the decisions of the court. As these things cannot be obtained without money, the congress must have the right to tax their constituents for the same. But as taxation without representation is inadmissible, the electoral power must be equitably divided among the

several States in proportion to their population, determined by census at specific intervals. All this is in practice among the forty-six States on the American continent, and works with very little trouble, while an army not exceeding 25,000 men is found sufficient to keep the peace. No member of Congress, indeed, cares to venture his reputation in advising an increase of this tiny force, for fear of being accused of designs against civil liberty. The number of citizens, however, who might be enrolled in defence of their confederation is estimated at upwards of 6,700,000, and the enormous levies made in the Northern States alone in the Civil War, amounting to 2,653,062 men, will show that the estimate is by no means excessive, though it is a force that the world is not likely to see embodied and is as little in danger from as if the United States were in the Moon. The armies of some of our Continental neighbours, however, are a constant menace to us and to each other.<sup>1</sup> Some of them on the war footing fall not so very far short of the field strength of the United States Militia. Connecting this fact with the information furnished by some of the most eminent naval officers in Her Majesty's service eleven years ago, when the Channel Tunnel Scheme was being hotly debated (*vide Nineteenth Century* of 1882), it is clear that we may, in case of war, find ourselves obliged to throw down the glove here to a very formidable plaintiff indeed, for our naval men scouted the idea of the fleet being able to prevent an invasion. The story goes that the late Count von Moltke said there were plenty of ways to get into this country, but none to get out again, and one hears the remark quoted as if it settled the question. I do not in the least undervalue the bravery of our people: it is notorious. But if, unfortunately, a war had broken out with Germany while that gallant nobleman was Commander-in-Chief, he would certainly have tried to take one of the ways in, and left the way out to the providence of God, in as far as men might be unable to control the issue. It is not agreeable, certainly, to be a croaker, but let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Count von Moltke and an army had managed to get in at that fine estuary the Humber, the wager of battle would have been odds in his favour, depending, indeed, on a mere trial of strength and strategic skill. No; I think if Moltke ever said what is attributed to him, it must have been intended as a courtesy to England, whose institutions are, if possible, more admired in Germany than here. It may be said: "If they admire our institutions so much, why don't they imitate them more closely?" Such a question ignores the essentially different position and circumstances of Germany, which has Russia on one side and France on the other, with a strong presumption that both of these Powers may some day have to be fought simultaneously as

<sup>1</sup> For particulars of forces on the German-French and German-Russian frontiers, with sketch-maps showing positions, see *Illustrirte Zeitung* of March 11.

Prussia has had to do before. Such a situation compels a country on the present system to be a vast camp governed by strict discipline. Now, the essence of discipline, as MM. Erckmann-Chatrian put it, is that the corporal is always right when he talks to the private; the sergeant when he talks to the corporal; and so on, up to the Emperor. Therein lies the safety of an army, and the whole country being in this case almost literally an army, the attitude of mind so begotten and the supreme necessity of defence naturally produce a more absolute government than ours. What Continental State has not at some time or other felt the effects of being inferior in military preparation and discipline to its neighbours? We have seen the effects in France in 1870, in Austria in 1866 and 1859, and it was so with Germany, Spain, and Italy during the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon's continuations of the same. Therefore, to give up the competition in military preparations is mere imbecility as long as the present system lasts.

This conclusion will be objected to by the arbitration people in general, and the Peace Society in particular. For both of these I have the highest respect. Still, there is no use of attributing to arbitration virtues which only make it appear ridiculous. To claim for it the peaceful solution of all international questions can have no other effect than to make people suspicious and sceptical about what it can undoubtedly accomplish. As has been said on a former occasion, it is of great service in secondary matters; but in such questions as that between France and Germany, the Eastern Question, and others of that nature it is of no use. Perhaps the nearest matter to that class of questions that has been arbitrated upon is the *Alabama* case, and certainly that arbitration does not give much hope when burning questions are at issue between States. I have often thought that in general it takes quite fifty years to get at the real truth in a matter of international disagreement. In the *Alabama* case, however, the truth seems to have emerged much sooner than usual. To begin with, it is explicitly stated in the Treaty of Washington itself, which provided for the submission of the case to arbitration, that "Her Majesty's Government cannot consent to the foregoing rules as a statement of the principles of International Law which were in force at the time when the claims mentioned in Art. I. arose, but that Her Majesty's Government, in order to evince its desire of strengthening the friendly relations between the two countries, and of making satisfactory provision for the future, agrees that, in deciding the questions between the two countries arising out of the claims, the arbitrators should assume that Her Majesty's Government had undertaken to act on the principles set forth in those rules." Secondly, the famous three rules alluded to were expressly agreed to in the Treaty as a statement of international law to be observed between England and

America in all time coming, the parties engaging to bring them to the notice of other nations for general adoption. As a matter of fact, neither of these provisions took effect. The arbitrators judged this country, as they were bound to do by the terms of the Treaty, according to this *ex post facto* law, and we were cast in damages of £3,000,000. But Mr. Secretary Fish maintained in letters to Sir Edward Thornton of May 8 and September 18, 1876, that the rules were only temporary and exceptional, and were only to be effective in case of ratification by the Great Powers, which ratification was never given. This was communicated by President Hayes in his Message to the Senate of January 13, 1879, and the same position was taken in the House of Commons. The very signing of such a treaty shows distinctly that the matter in dispute belonged to the category of questions of first rate importance, for the only shadow of justification of agreeing to such an instrument is that there was imminent danger of hostilities in the event of a settlement not being arrived at. I can arrive at no other conclusion, therefore, than that it proves the inapplicability of arbitration to matters of international importance of the highest order. It is lamentable that Americans, whose own constitution forbids *ex post facto* laws within the Union, should all through these negotiations have tenaciously insisted on one against a neighbour. That the "three rules" were subsequently repudiated by both parties as a statement of what the law requires of neutrals was fortunate, for it was everywhere agreed that the position of neutrals under them would have been intolerable. If arbitration is not to be a synonym for arbitrariness, it would be as well to drop all mention of the Geneva Arbitration as a precedent. Rather than that such an injustice should be repeated it would be even preferable to let things take their course. For, as a general rule, things must be transacted with transparent fairness in international settlements, or greater mischief will accrue than if there had been no negotiation. In the *Alabama* case what primarily vitiated the course of justice was no doubt the public opinion, the public passion if you like, of America, which made of a mere court of inquiry into British responsibility for the escape of this vessel a tribunal specially constituted to humiliate England. It is assuredly not by appealing to such a precedent that nations will acquire confidence in arbitration in any case whatever.

It is singular that in this practical age the burdens of military and naval expenditure and service, which are weighing down all Europe, should not have set people upon the only plan whereby the peace may be kept between States and justice rendered as pure in their disputes as it is everywhere among them in private affairs. We have conferences and bureaux for the regulation of international posts and telegraphs, trade-marks, as well as the "Red Cross" work, and associations for assimilating the commercial laws of the civilised

world. Would it therefore be a work of superhuman magnitude to get a conference together to draw up a constitution for the federation of Europe? It would merely require the appointment of able and honest commissioners by each State, and I am convinced that if such men came together with hearty goodwill, they would soon put on paper a rough draft which, by the aid of public debates and criticism in the various Parliaments, might be made workable. That it would be perfect is too much to expect, perhaps; but if it contained rules for the enactment of amendments, it would have more chance of being nearer perfection than an ordinary Act of Parliament dealing with matters that, after all, more nearly concern a man's life or estate. This would result from the higher attainments of the commissioners compared with those of the ordinary members of Parliament, and the larger field for the examination of the instrument, in that it would have to be passed by all the Parliaments of Europe. If the general principles of a federal government could not be arrived at by such a process, then the Europe of to-day is behind the America of a century ago, which is absurd. The very jealousies, suspicions, and hatreds at present existing would secure a thorough examination of the provisions. Democratic governments would take care that there should be nothing in the instrument against freedom, while governments of a more absolute character would have the very same interest, since, however much they might desire to be masters in their own dominions, they would have a horror of being subject to an unduly hard federal constitution, any meddlesome interference of which with State affairs would necessarily be an abridgment of State authority in whomsoever vested. Hence there is not the remotest chance of a federal constitution being framed to the injury of State rights. Curiously enough, it is found in America that when a new State constitution is drawn, so far from the conventions having any dread of a "cast-iron constitution," so much harped upon here, they endeavour to put as much as possible into the constitution. This arises from a rooted distrust of their State legislators, and in such cases it is a thoroughly good thing that the broad and equitable constitution of the United States is in the background, for any provisions made contrary to that instrument are null and void, whether in Federal acts, State constitutions, or State acts.

An illustration of the very different nature of the British Constitution is to be found in Macaulay's second essay on the Earl of Chatham. It is well worth quoting, and is as follows: "The opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was that the British Constitution had set no limit whatever to the legislative power of the British King, Lords, and Commons over the whole British empire. Parliament, they held, was legally competent to tax America, as Parliament was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the pro-



perty of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attain any man in the kingdom of high treason, without examining witnesses against him, or hearing him in his own defence. The most atrocious act of confiscation or of attainder is just as valid an act as the Toleration Act or the Habeas Corpus Act. But from acts of confiscation and acts of attainder lawgivers are bound, by every obligation of morality, systematically to refrain. In the same manner ought the British legislature to refrain from taxing the American colonies. The Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue, and fertile of discontents. These sound doctrines were adopted by Lord Rockingham and his colleagues, and were, during a long course of years, inculcated by Burke, in orations, some of which will last as long as the English language." This is, I believe, a correct statement of the theory of the British Constitution, and it will be seen that the action of those tremendous powers depends on the views of the "obligation of morality" of the government of the day. The government of the day, however, is the creature of the majority for the time being of the House of Commons. Supposing, therefore, this majority to consist of Socialists, for example, their views of the "obligation of morality" in respect of property will by no means coincide with the views on that subject held by those who have any possessions, real or personal, and mental, I apprehend. On the other hand, George III. and George Grenville, both moral men in their way, however much they differed on other questions, were quite clear that the Stamp Act should be enforced in America by the sword. What men of the high character and education of these two worthies did on that occasion in regard to colonial legislation, it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that men their inferiors in both respects will do some time or other in matters quite as important. The great French Revolution ran its course in what is at present the legal period of one of our Parliaments. There is also nothing overstrained in Mr. Henry George's remarks about the "fiercer Huns" that are amongst us in various quarters, and it is far from inconceivable that the powers of the British Constitution, as above described, may in some Parliament be placed at their disposal to carry out, say, Mr. George's doctrine of the single tax in respect of rent, or the late Carl Marx's theories in respect of capital and labour. The members of the House of Commons are generally said to be a fair reflection of the views of the average elector. Men of different parties say so, and at times with extreme bitterness, either from legislation not going so fast as their own principles would dictate, or because it is too rapid and drastic—according to the standpoint of the critic. Hence the estimate may be taken as being just. But the average elector is a long way behind the authors of *Progress*

*and Poverty and Kapital*, both in parts and education. The views of the "obligation of morality" held by the disciples of these two masters are pretty well known, and without discussing the merits of their theories here, it is sufficient to point out that there is nothing absurd in supposing it possible that either of these systems may obtain possession of this absolute power described by Macaulay. All that can be done by way of remedy, when the franchise is on the basis of manhood suffrage or nearly so, is to produce as much delay as possible in order that time may be afforded for argument and consideration before the Statute Book is altered. The check which a written constitution alone can put upon really vicious legislation, by laying down broad principles on which all legislation must be framed to be valid in a court of justice, may thus be clearly seen to be not only no abridgment of our liberties, but their most efficient guarantee. It will therefore be seen that, if the federation of Europe proceeded on lines similar to those of the United States, not only could no harm occur to our institutions therefrom, but on the contrary, by a wisely drawn federal constitution, those principles of justice and liberty which are the end of all political machinery worthy of maintenance might be for ever established on a basis as firm as the nature of things would permit.

Looking now to international affairs pure and simple, we have an object lesson in the matter of Morocco. We have there probably the worst government on the face of the earth, dependent for its existence upon the divisions and jealousies of the nations of Europe. It is but a type of the greater problem known as the Eastern Question. Thus almost within sight of the great fortress of Gibraltar you have the spectacle of human beings put up to auction like so many cattle, and other enormities too numerous to mention. Neither by Spain, France, or England singly would such a state of things be permitted for a moment; and yet so mutually jealous are these Powers that probably none of them could interfere to put a stop to these horrors without having the other two to reckon with. This is a very serious matter as Europe is at present constituted, for a great matter may be kindled by a very little thing. A very little thing it would be for a federated Europe to settle, and there are a good many large questions which would be similarly reduced by the same means.

What are our interests in the East? We are governing one way or other the whole of Hindostan. The citizens and subjects of all nations have as full liberty to send their goods there and reside anywhere in it as we. This would, of course, come to an end were Hindostan, for example, overrun by the Russians; and although we might be the principal losers we should undoubtedly not be the only losers. Not only is there danger in India from the North-West, there is also risk of collision with France from the South-East. A

war which should range France and Russia on one side would thus be very likely to bring about a very ugly conjunction for this country in its Indian affairs, were we drawn into the struggle. Without imagining such a deplorable position of affairs, however, the simple construction of railways among the Shan States has every chance to bring us into collision with French interests. Political power in that part of the world has in the past oscillated between Burmah, Siam, and Annam. Leave things as they are in Europe, but advance English interests in further India from the North-West and French interests from the South-East until they meet or interfere with each other, and you have as formidable a question as those in Afghanistan and Persia on the other side of the Indian Empire. Who is benefited by such quarrels, or, short of quarrels, those divergent interests? Under a federated Europe all Europeans, whether English, French, German, or Russian, could go into those regions and trade or make railways peacefully without setting the world by the ears.

There are two main obstacles in the way of a friendly federation of Europe. They are both indeed of a kind that statesmen affect to despise or ignore in what is called high policy—viz., the question of Protection and the Malthusian doctrine. Of the former I have shown on a former occasion the unreasonableness, in that Free Trade is in principle a result of the doctrine of the division of labour, and partakes also of the nature of labour-saving machinery—both of which are universally acknowledged and acted upon because of their effect on the promotion of wealth wherever they are introduced. Something may lurk in the minds of Protectionists abroad that arguments for Free Trade coming from this country are suspicious; but one must argue the subject, if at all, either as a country upholding Free Trade or Protection—the position we now hold or that which this country held fifty years ago. In the case of the latter position, when we were in possession of that wonderful weapon which our Fair-traders never tire of telling us we ought never to have given up, we represented to other nations how desirable it would be to have favourable tariff arrangements. Those nations replied, and with perfect truth, that we were the greatest offenders in the matter of fiscal trammels on trade ourselves! We are not open to such a home thrust as that to-day, and there is nothing to hinder us from re-enacting a protective tariff, either, if we thought there was any advantage to be obtained from it. It is merely from a conviction of its absurdity as a means of advancing the interests of a nation that we refrain from such a step. Political economy is often called the dismal science, but it nevertheless shows to demonstration that the golden rule of doing to others as we should wish others to do to us is the most advantageous course for a nation to follow. It shows that no reason can be given for erecting barriers

to trade between nations that is not as valid for dividing up each nation in the same way into provinces for the purpose of increasing the wealth of that nation as a whole. How many witnesses there are among protectionist nations to the folly of such internal nuisances ! Witnesses who have suffered from them and abandoned them, like Germany. Witnesses, whose boasted constitution, the greatest triumph of a "triumphant democracy," prohibited them *ab initio*, like the United States. Witnesses, who have still an inkling of them in the shape of municipal *octroi* duties, like the French cities, where French products are thereby made dearer to the consumer than they are to us here. Republics generally assume a superiority over monarchies in their care for the interests of the poor ; but what taxes strike the poor more severely, more exclusively than protective tariffs ? The poor are necessarily the largest contributors to the exchequer in protected countries, though their expenditure is mostly confined to the necessities of life, with the exception of the dissipated among them, who are everywhere in a minority. It is quite right to tax heavily drink, tobacco, and things of that kind, that are so harmful to the people as to be harmful to the State. We raise a vast revenue from this source, it is true, but as there are excise duties to place all on an equal footing, there is no protection. It is part of my case that our revenue is enormous, and not only so, but that every budget in Europe is enormous, owing to the requirements of competitive armaments, on which most of the money is spent. That only touches the question we are considering in this way, that when you have exhausted the taxes which are esteemed proper by the economist, you may be forced to go to those which are improper, even to the extent of being ruinous. Political economy is certainly *par excellence* the dismal science to those who are placed in such a position as to be forced to transgress its laws, whatever the necessity. In this case the pressure comes from nobody, or very few, attending to the cause. The bulk of Europeans appear to consider reason altogether out of the question in matters of this kind—the most important to them of any question of merely human interest. But if they will not attend to reason, they must not complain about the lessons of experience being severe. They elect to carry on the competition in arms, and must therefore pay, or march—perhaps both—and look pleasant.

The second obstacle is connected with the Malthusian theory, and its relative, the Darwinian theory. Now the Malthusian theory can only be considered an obstacle to European federation on the supposition that the proneness of nations to war is in proportion to the density of population, either at different periods of the growth of a country, or compared with other countries. So many people talk of "the struggle for existence," "the survival of the fittest," and so forth, that it seems useful to draw attention to the subject. The

prevalence of speculation on the Darwinian theory has given many people an unwarrantably narrow view of the earth's resources when considering the problem of the struggle for existence. People talk as if Providence had brought man upon the scene as Peter the Great is said to have invited his guests to his banquets—sending out more invitations than he laid covers for, in order to enjoy the fight for places! As has often been said of the Malthusian theory, it is a postulate similar to that in dynamics of a body moving for ever in the straight line in which the force acts, which, however necessary to the elucidation of the subject ultimately, would not warrant the Wise Men of Gotham in pushing their cheeses off on the high road in the direction of the market to save carrying them thither. A glance at a table showing the comparative density of population in different countries, or at the history of all countries coupled with their readiness to engage in war, will show the utter nonsense of bringing in the theories of Malthus and Darwin as reasons for the continuance of war. But Protection has a tendency to keep it up, though on theory Protection is advanced as a preventative or palliation of the struggle for existence. If it should occur to any one to suppose that there is anything in Protection which could have this effect, and that the objections to it come only from theorists who know nothing of affairs, let him carefully consider the effects of mutual Protection between Scotland and England as they appeared at the time of the Parliamentary Union in 1707. To be sure, only nineteen years had elapsed since the Revolution had put a stop to the hideous misgovernment of the Stewarts by placing William III. on the throne. Allow for all this, and still the revenue of England (£5,691,803) and of Scotland (£160,000) will seem excessively small. The two sums together would not be more than a respectable revenue for a railway to-day, whatever the difference in the purchasing power of money between 1707 and 1893 might be assumed within reason. Adam Smith describes the effect of Protection upon Scotch farming very graphically. It is the cause of industry and wealth being retarded to-day, and in its nature it is always very much the same everywhere. Starting from the sound proposition that the increase of live stock and the improvement of land go hand in hand, he points out that Protection between England and Scotland from the Restoration to the Union kept down the price of cattle in Scotland, and hence it was quite a general thing throughout even the Lowlands of Scotland, containing some of the best land in Europe, for farmers not to be able to cultivate properly, even as proper cultivation was then understood, more than a fourth, or it might be a sixth, of their farms—the remainder being left unmanured, but now and then broken up and cropped for a couple of years with bad oats or some other coarse grain, which left these out-fields exhausted, necessitating several years' rest as before. Such was the detrimental effect of this state

of things that amendment was extremely slow, largely from the poverty prevailing, but partly from ignorance. Smith accordingly supposed that half a century or a century might be required to get Scotch farming into a sound condition, though he was writing sixty years after the trade had been thrown open by the Union. The consequences on all branches of the home trade, and quite as much if not more on the foreign trade of Scotland—particularly in connection with the Darien Scheme and other projects of “The Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies”—were that, had not the Union been proposed, there would most certainly have been war, and entire separation. King William’s reply to an address of the House of Lords condemning the Scotch colony, and approving the proclamations of the governors of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Massachusetts Bay to refuse help to the Scotch ships after the disasters at Darien, earnestly recommended their lordships to take up the question of Union as the only means of saving the two nations from endless and irreconcilable discord. This, of course, was an incorporating union, which is quite out of the question for such a number of large and populous States as the Europe of to-day consists of. Federation, however, is a method within reach for bringing about like ameliorations in Europe to those that have accrued to Great Britain from the Union of 1707, by bringing hostile tariffs and armaments to an end. Even the bitterness of France against Germany, in 1870, or since, by no means exceeds the frantic hostility of the Scotch Parliament and nation in 1700 to England. Therefore the constitutional remedy of extending representative institutions, by regular organic arrangements, to international affairs, is the proper cure for such a state of things—arbitration, good as it is in its way, being ridiculously inadequate for that purpose. A conference, it is said, will shortly be held to consider the question of dealing with cholera, which last year swept away thousands of people in different parts of Europe. We want a conference to abolish a worse scourge than cholera. Compared with the Franco-German war the loss of life from cholera is not of much account. Add to the loss of life in war its enormous cost direct and indirect, its cost in sending armies into the field—the flower of the manhood of the time, and thus setting up a tendency to the survival of the unfittest; its destruction of all sorts of property during active operations; the excessive burdens of the incessant preparations in time of peace, both in money and services lost to production and distribution, and the high tariffs, with their waste as described above, whose best excuse is the expenditure on bloated armaments, and the case against the separate system in vogue becomes positively overwhelming. A barren soil, an inclement climate, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness are together incapable of producing such havoc among men—let alone the moral side of the question.

CHARLES DONALD FARQUHARSON.

## OLD AGE PAY FOR THE MILLION.

ACCORDING to Mr. Chamberlain's view, one-seventh of the population over sixty years of age is in receipt of poor-law relief; and if we may take the number of Bills introduced by private members into the present Parliament as any criterion, the question of old age pensions is rapidly forcing its way to the front, and is becoming one of those subjects which the House of Commons, if it had its time at its own disposal, would be asked speedily to legislate upon. It is not the purpose of the present writer to discuss the merits of the different schemes which have been before the country, or those which have still to be examined in detail, but to inquire into the State machinery which already exists for giving effect to a voluntary provision for old age allowances. I refer to the Post Office Annuities and Insurances. No one can look, however superficially, into this matter without being struck with the extraordinary apathy which the public have hitherto displayed in making profitable use of the facilities which have been afforded by the Government to meet the wants of advanced age. I propose to show, upon the basis of information derived from official sources, the nature and extent of the operations which are carried on, and to suggest some reasons why they should not be more largely extended. It is not necessary now to determine whether the five shillings a week payable at the age of sixty-five is the ideal State pension, or whether such a sum would suffice any superannuated man to pass the remainder of his days without having recourse to the workhouse or to charitable relief by way of supplementing his income. But inasmuch as five shillings per week have figured in the calculations of the authors of more than one pension scheme, I take it as a convenient base of comparison, or arithmetical unit. I place the age at which it should become payable at sixty instead of sixty-five.

It is unnecessary to trace the history of the Government annuity and insurance business to an earlier date than 1864, when Mr. Gladstone decided to utilise the conveniences of the Post Office for the sale of immediate or deferred annuities not exceeding £50, and for insuring approved lives for not less than £20, or more than £100. Some earlier measures had been proposed, one at the beginning of the century by Mr. Whitbread in 1807, and another by Lord Althorp, in 1838, but they had no results of any importance. The

actual commencement of Post Office annuity and insurance business under the Government Annuities Act of 1861, was on April 17, 1865. For twenty years it was carried on as an entirely distinct department of the Post Office; but Mr. Fawcett, when he took office in 1880, was very anxious that this kind of business should be developed, and he threw his whole energy into the consideration of the question. A Special Committee of the House of Commons was obtained by him to investigate the whole subject, and the inquiry embraced the examination of a scheme which was suggested by Mr. James J. Cardin, the present Receiver and Accountant-General, his office practically constituting a Clearing House for the whole of the Post Office service.

Mr. Cardin's proposal, which Mr. Fawcett accepted, was that the Post Office Savings Bank should be used as a medium for the issue of annuities and insurances, and that the cumbrous and troublesome formalities which had up to that period been necessary should be abolished. For instance, each time that a payment for an annuity or for a policy of life insurance had to be made, it was necessary to go to a particular post office, and no annuity of less than £5, or policy of insurance of less than £20, could be purchased. Under the recommendations of the Special Committee the Government Annuities Act of 1882 was passed to give effect to Mr. Cardin's scheme.

Mr. Fawcett was well aware that time would have to elapse before advantage would be taken of the Act by the classes he intended to benefit, but as he used to say: "Let us create the machinery; the use of it will certainly follow." But his forecast has not been realised so completely as he had wished.

It was on June 3, 1884, that the amalgamation of the Annuity and Insurance business with the Post Office Savings Bank took place. At that time there were 7400 Post Office Savings Bank offices in the United Kingdom, the number of depositors being 3,100,000, and the aggregate amount of their deposits £14,500,000. The number of such offices on December 31, 1891, reached in round numbers 11,000; the depositors now number about 5,000,000, and the value of their deposits exceeds £70,000,000. Now, having regard to the immensity of these figures, it cannot be denied that the volume of the transactions in the annuities and insurances which have been registered since the adoption of the new scheme in 1884 is very insignificant. The figures are not materially increased by the addition of the totals of the years between 1865 and 1884, and it may be convenient to give them for the whole period rather than for a part. From 1865 to December 31, 1891, at the 11,000 offices opened for such business, 22,212 annuities amounting to £380,714 and 11,158 insurances amounting to £803,062 were issued. What is worse is the fact that the business does not tend to increase



proportion to the prolongation of its existence. The statistics for the decade 1881–1890 demonstrate wide fluctuations, and the introduction of the new system in 1884 has not produced the expansion which might reasonably have been expected. Indeed, its first effects were seen in a fall in the number of contracts annually entered into for annuities, deferred as well as immediate, although there was a decided rise in the number of life insurances issued. It remains, however, the fact that in 1890 under the new system fewer contracts for immediate annuities were made than in 1881, when the facilities were much less liberal. The sums dealt with were, however, larger.

When one discovers what these facilities are the anomaly that they should have led, if not to a reduction in the turnover, to a very small increase, is very striking; and the only explanation for the present apathy is that the advantages offered to the public by the State are not fully understood. They may here be briefly explained.

Under the scheme a man, woman, or child, may secure old age pay, or the payment of a sum of money at death, through the Post Office Savings Bank upon very easy terms. An annuity payable at any age, or the discharge of an insurance policy at death, can be obtained by the payment of premiums in such instalments as may be found most convenient. The plan adopted is very simple. The regulations require the annuitant or insured person to open a deposit account at the Post Office Savings Bank. It would be out of place to enter into an explanation of the steps which are necessary to be taken in order to obtain a deposit book, seeing that so large a percentage of the population have already opened an account with the Post Office, and are fully aware that money can be paid in or withdrawn at any office appointed for such business, whether the depositor himself is a resident or not of the town in which he desires to cash his warrants. No bank in the world has so many branches as the Post Office Savings Bank, and the facilities which apply to ordinary savings banks operations are extended to the receipt of annuity or life insurance premiums. Thus the annuity or policy holder, during the term of years that he is required to pay annual premiums to the State, may do so in either of the following modes: (1) If he choose, of course he can pay the amount in one lump sum, and all that he has to do is to take care that his balance or deposit is large enough to meet the premium when it becomes due. (2) Supposing that he is not in a position to pay into his deposit account the full premium in one sum, he can deposit it in instalments when and where it may suit him to do so. If a man living in London is away from home in Liverpool for some months, and is there in receipt of funds, all that he need do is to pay his savings, large or small, into the local post office, to be carried to the credit of his deposit account. As small a

sum as a shilling can be put by in this way, and should it be temporarily needed before the premium is payable, it can be withdrawn. Further, by means of the stamp slips, the money can be saved a penny at a time. All that the depositor is asked to do is to authorise the Department to transfer from his account once a year the premium payable on his policy, and he is spared all further trouble; he is not in daily dread of having forgotten to pay the premium, the Post Office saves him the trouble, and simply deducts it from the balance to his credit. The only thing the depositor has to do is to take care that his balance is large enough to meet the demand, otherwise the system is perfectly automatic, and within the comprehension of a child.

Yet a remarkable instance can be quoted showing how difficult it is to induce those classes, for whose benefit the system was intended, to take advantage of it. A year or two ago a benevolent project led to the granting of 120 policies on the lives of the children at a single school. Of these 120 policies, only forty-four were continued after the first year, when the premiums were paid out of the school funds. It is said that the parents showed a distinct preference for insurance in local benefit societies, and especially for those societies which employed disabled working men as agents and collectors.

It is difficult to believe that sympathy with the collectors alone was accountable for the patronage accorded to the societies which they represented, and it will be well to inquire whether there are not other reasons for the prejudice which apparently exists in the minds of the working classes against the Post Office system of annuities and life insurance.

In selecting the terms offered by all the Industrial Offices, the poor choose the dearer article. It cannot be too clearly understood that the Post Office annuity is cheaper than that offered by its competitors, even at the present rates, and there is every reason to believe that Parliament will shortly be asked to revise them in favour of the public.

It may be worth while here to recapitulate the advantages of Post Office Life Insurance. They are:

(1) Insurants have direct Government security for the payment of their policies.

(2) Premiums are not necessarily payable in one sum annually, but by the use of the deposit book, on the plan already explained.

(3) The cost of a certificate of birth—3s. 7d.—may be avoided by furnishing a statement giving such particulars of age as can be verified by the Registrar-General.

(4) The insurant, if not under the age of sixteen years, may nominate a person to whom the money due at death is to be paid, and by this means the amount of the insurance can be obtained by the representative directly after the death of the insured, without

incurring loss of time, trouble, and expense of proving the will, or taking out letters of administration.

(5) Insurances for sums not exceeding £25 are granted without medical examination on the following conditions :

(a) If the insurant die before the second premium becomes payable, the amount of the first premium will be repaid to his representative.

(b) If he die after the payment of the second premium, and before the third becomes payable, half the amount insured will be paid to his representative.

In either of these cases, however, if it can be proved to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General that the death of the insurant was caused by accident, the full amount insured will be paid.

(6) If the insurer cannot continue to pay the annual premiums, what he has paid is not confiscated, but the surrender value is returned.

One would think that there was scarcely any need to lay stress upon the importance to the poor man of absolute security. The poor man has been, of late, hardly "hit" in his investments, and it may be expected that he will, in future, better appreciate the State's guarantees of safety than he has hitherto done. Again, when it is borne in mind how large a percentage of their income is derived by industrial assurance offices from lapsed policies, the boon offered in the last paragraph of the above table, which secures a surrender value for a policy which is not kept up, will be at once understood as a very real concession.

It must be admitted, however, that the Post Office authorities are not so clever as their competitors in putting forth attractive prospectuses, nor do they employ canvassers. The advantage in not doing so is the escape of the heavy commissions which have to be paid, not by the office, as the public might at first sight imagine, but by the policy holder. Cost of agents' fees, and that of collecting premiums, which form so huge an item in the expenses of any ordinary society, are entirely got rid of by the Post Office. The persuasiveness of the plausible canvasser being dispensed with, it would appear to be the more necessary that the printed documents of the Government Department should be of exceptional clearness. It is not an easy matter to make columns of rates cheerful reading, or to make conditions, which are phrased in more or less legal language, attractive to the eye or mind. The Post Office, as a Department of State, is pledged to exactitude, and its tables of premiums to be charged under contracts for the insurance of lives or the grant of Government annuities are a model of comprehensiveness, clearness, and accuracy—to the statistician. But, unfortunately, it is not with the man of figures that we have to deal, but with the ordinary, and frequently ill-informed, public, which is inclined to get lamentably

befogged by the array of sixty or seventy closely printed pages of figures arranged in columns. To find a way through the maze is an easy task to the expert, or clerk, but to ask a working-man to flounder among the figures to light upon his own particular item—the only one in the whole book which applies to his age and requirements—is to demand too much of him, and as the consequence he prefers to leave what he does not comprehend severely alone.

It is obvious, from the care which the assurance companies take to adapt the style of their tables to the standard of intelligence which the majority of their clients possess, that they have closely studied to put matters in their simplest form. Any child can grasp the statement that a weekly premium of a penny would assure at death the sum of £7 12s. after one year; \*£7 16s. after five years; £8 after ten years. Now, if the Post Office would only state that a penny a week invested with the State would produce £10 at death, it would be at once seen that it was cheaper to do the business with the Post Office. It is very simple. Put by a penny postage stamp every week, until you have twelve on your slip, then pay it in to your deposit account, and at death your representative receives a ten-pound note.

Mr. Fawcett put the question very clearly in 1882, in his speech upon the new scheme. He said a lad of fifteen setting aside a penny a week will gradually build up for himself an annuity of £2 10s., to commence when he is sixty. Thus, for each penny a week commenced to be saved in early life, about a shilling a week may be secured for old age. On this estimate, to obtain an old age pension of 5s. would mean that 5d. a week would have to be saved from the age when most lads are beginning to earn wages.

Supposing that the period of putting by does not begin until the man is thirty, what steps would he have to take? If the perplexing tables are beyond him he can rely upon the local postmaster, who, after writing down all the necessary particulars, will tell him that the annual premium will be £2 6s. 7d., or about 10d. a week, and that he will receive a letter from the London Post Office on the subject of his application. When this communication arrives it will inform the depositor that the amount of the first year's premium has been deducted from his account, and the policy is enclosed. The annuitant is warned that he must take care to have £2 6s. 7d. standing to his credit on each anniversary until he is sixty, and until he has nothing further to do. The same simple course is followed as regards life insurance.

There remains to be mentioned an extraordinary point in connection with the attitude of Friendly Societies on this subject. Special facilities have been accorded to them for assisting their members. A society can buy an annuity or an insurance for any of its members and pay the premiums to the Post Office. The member, on his part,

pays the premium to his society by weekly instalments and he secures the special advantage in not being required to pay a year's premium in advance. Old age pay for sums of not less than £1, or more than £100 a year, can thus be purchased, either by a payment of a lump sum once for all, or by annual premiums. The contract may be taken either in the society's name, or in the name of the member himself, and when old age pay falls due each instalment is paid either to the receipt of the member or to the trustees of the society. The extraordinary point is, that the Friendly Societies appear to have formed a perfectly erroneous belief that in availing themselves of these advantages they are subjecting themselves to the liability of Government interference or control, and therefore hold aloof. The idea is absurd, because all that the State suggests to them is that they should become agents for the sale of policies to the advantage of their own members, making use of ready-made goods, so to speak, when, owing to the difficulty of accumulating funds, they are unable to offer similar accommodation upon their own security.

Large employers of labour are offered the same facilities, and it would largely assist poor people if clergymen and others would explain the scheme to them.

Now, in conclusion, I would reiterate that the machinery for a national pension fund already exists, although it lies comparatively unworked; but there it is, awaiting the time when the poor man, voluntarily—which is the best plan—may decide to make use of it; or when his parish or the State may encourage his forethought and prudence by granting a bonus to every man who puts by for old age. The organisation is complete, the security is unimpeachable, and one thing only is wanting—the money!

J. HALL RICHARDSON.

## RELIGION, REASON AND AGNOSTICISM.

THE old questions which for centuries have exercised the human mind, which seem destined to revolve in a cycle from which there is no escape, are presenting themselves in fresh force to the thinkers of to-day. The inscrutable problem of the existence of evil has been, at least partially, explained in creeds ancient and modern by postulating spirits of good and spirits of evil; in the monotheistic Semitic religions a spirit of good, represented as all-powerful, and an inferior spirit of evil. Human reason was not to trouble itself with matters too high for it, but was to believe in an all-good and an all-powerful God, who fore-knew and allowed all the evil in existence, and punished man eternally for finite transgressions designedly placed in his way. This monstrous triumph of what theologians are pleased to call "faith" over reason culminated in the frightful Moloch of Calvinism, in comparison with whom the Moloch of Canaan and Carthage was a merciful divinity. The victim placed in the hands of the Carthaginian idol found a speedy death in its blazing bosom, but the eternally predestined victims of the Calvinistic Moloch were consigned to an eternity of torment, wherein "infants a span long" were seen in imagination "crawling on the floor of hell." But as the Moloch of Calvinism and the mediæval devil alike fade away from our ken, we are confronted as persistently as ever with the old difficulty: How is it possible to reconcile the conception of an all-good, supreme Being with the fact of the existence of evil? The humanitarian spirit of our age, acting on minds still animated by orthodox ideas of theology, tends to evolve a type of deity well satirised by Matthew Arnold as a trinity of the "three Lord Shaftesburys." All the terrible side of Nature and human life is judiciously veiled, like the vivisected dog discreetly covered with a cloth in Claude Bernard's statue. There is no more favourite ground of theological sophistries than that of the existence of pain. Pain has to be proved a good; where that ceases to be possible, even in *a priori* reasoning, refuge is taken behind "wise purposes." Now, Nature shows the same utter indifference as to the good or bad effects of pain as she does about all other things which affect sentient beings. Sometimes pain is beneficial, as when it warns us to drop a piece of hot metal. Oftener its warnings come too late to be of any benefit, or they

could under no circumstances have been of benefit. If the onset of cancer, for instance, were attended with such sharp pain as to lead to its prompt extirpation, it might be beneficial. But some cases of cancer, and of another ordinarily acutely painful disease—peritonitis—run to their fatal end almost without pain. Other examples might also be cited did space permit. The excruciating pain attending *incurable* diseases can hardly be called beneficial.

It may be said, and is said, that pain has a remarkably elevating and ennobling effect when it is borne in submission to the "will of God." In the first place, it will be found, as usual, that the diseases from which the pain arises owe their origin to natural causes. In the second place, in a case of tumour of the brain or of degeneration of the spinal cord, where raving madness or idiocy follow the progress of the malady, where is the elevating, ennobling effect of the frightful pain attending the progress of these maladies? Where is the elevating, ennobling effect of malformations in infants, *arising from arrests of development*, and leading often to a death of lingering torture? We will not have pain called a "good" in certain picked instances and not in all. Theological cruelty, unmatched by any other cruelty, adds the reproach of "sin" to the agony of sufferers. There are diseases which take their rise from the defiance of moral and physical laws of health. But an immense preponderance of diseases, and consequently of pain, comes from awkward adaptations of a lower type of animal to a higher type, and from the serene impartiality with which Nature allows all her forms, low and high, to struggle for existence.

According to the dictum of the theologians, not only pain, but every other kind of evil and suffering, is "allowed for some wise purpose," into the wisdom of which it is highly improper to inquire. Every one who escapes from an accident or recovers from disease is "providentially saved," or "spared," but nobody is "providentially" mangled in a railway accident, or buried alive in an earthquake; these latter fatalities come under the heading of "wise purposes." Away with such puerile reasoning—or rather, want of reasoning. Let us face the Frankenstein which haunts all creeds, and see if he cannot be exorcised, without leaving the only guide we *can* have—the "weak human reason" which theologians, with arrogant pride in their own blind faith, love to decry.

Reason recognises the Unknowable, or, as some philosophers would rather say, the Unknown. Science shows us secondary causes, and teaches the sequences in which natural phenomena occur, but behind all phenomena looms an impenetrable darkness which veils the *noumenon*, dark and inscrutable as men felt it to be when they erected an altar to the Unknown God, and said of the goddess of Nature: "I am Isis, and no man hath lifted my veil." That heat and light, and chemical affinity and electricity, are various forms of the same energy, we know. But what that resistless, all-pervading

Energy is, we know not, nor do we even know the medium through which it acts. We know only that certain vibrations of an unknown medium we call the ether produce on our senses the sensations of heat and light. Of the unknown medium through which gravitation exerts its force we do not know even this much; yet, as Sir Isaac Newton said, it is unthinkable that gravitation can act through a vacuum. We can have no better example of a force whose influence can be computed with the utmost exactness, yet of whose nature and mode of action we are completely ignorant. Behind the known stands ever the Unknown, and we who most fully feel and acknowledge this are accused of "pride of intellect." In the nomenclature of the theologian "pride of intellect" is a phrase meaning only that his opponents have passed the point at which he elects to stop. Each of us, as Mr. Stevenson has wittily said, in the destruction of old creeds finds for himself a ledge on which to build his private church or temple. On his special ledge of the precipice of scepticism he rests to his own satisfaction, pitying the superstition of those on the ledges above him, and condemning the "pride of intellect" of those whom the cataclysm has rolled farther down.

For my part, I have slipped from ledge to ledge, striving with all powers of heart and mind to believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Divinity of Christ; feeling one belief after another give way in my grasp, as a falling man feels boughs, and twigs, and tufts of grass yield as his whole weight hangs upon them. Religion was not to me a respectable cloak sanctioned by Mrs. Grundy, nor a ceremony to be attended to on Sunday; but either a reality which could take the place of all earthly joys and hopes, and leave them but as dust in the balance—or it was nothing. Subjected to this mortal strain, every strand of every orthodox creed gave way.

The ledges on which I endeavoured to found some remains of a creed lay ever farther and farther down the abyss, where the "higher Pantheism" has no more comfort for the human soul than rank Materialism. Glorious seems this higher Pantheism as we see it reflected from the minds of our supremest singers. Glorious too have been the sunsets I have watched reflected over a region of lake and fen girt in by snowy peaks. But the footsteps which might be tempted to wander over that enchanted land would sink in cold and utter weariness. Slowly I found one line of reasoning which did not demand the impossible leap from Reason into Faith, which rested not upon one creed, but upon all creeds, and derived strength from evolution itself. Of this I will speak more fully further on.

I would first point out the weakness of all those forms of faith which take as a postulate, "There is a God, All-Powerful and All-Good." It is the fashion in these days for theologians to declare that they intend to adopt the methods of reasoning of physical science. They see the triumphs gained by these methods of



reasoning in every department of knowledge, and they think an easy victory lies before them. I am always by such declarations forcibly reminded of that African king who, hearing of the immense revenues derived from the Post Office in European countries, determined to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice by establishing one in his own dominions. Alas! he failed. He had forgotten one simple consideration—none of his subjects could write. And theologians have never been trained to reason in the way demanded by physical science; they *cannot* begin by induction pure and simple. In every physical science the inquirer endeavours to obtain the largest possible number of facts, and then frames the hypothesis which, in his judgment, best accords with the facts. When we wish to know the evidence on which any given physical science is founded, we are not suddenly brought to a standstill by the statement: "At this point facts are utterly at variance with what *we know to be the truth* ; therefore at this point we must leave our weak human reason, and arrive at an opposite conclusion to that pointed out by the facts." We should certainly instantly conclude the teacher of science who could make such a statement had gone mad, and we should make anxious inquiries as to the probability of his restoration to sanity. But if we are so ill-advised as to enter into any discussion upon religion with a theologian, or to read the dissertations in which he triumphantly demolishes scepticism, we know only too well that his reasoning will end up in this manner; and we do not say that he is mad—we say that he reasons like a theologian, and doubt our own sanity in beginning a discussion which could only end in one way.

This "leap in the dark" from the guidance of my reason, however "weak" or "human," into "faith," I find myself utterly unable to take; and did the constitution of my mind enable me to take it, I should be only landed in a region of inextricable confusion. If I must relinquish reason as a guide, in which creed shall I have faith? Surely it is not meant that every one must have faith that the religion he is brought up in is the right one? If so, it is extremely wrong to send out missionaries. In all sober seriousness, if faith is all I am to have for a guide, I cannot see why I should not believe in Eâ, the beneficent god of the Sumiro-Accadians, and his equally beneficent son, Meri-Dug; or in the supreme Principle of Good, Ahura-Mazdâo, with the disciples of Zarathustra; or in the sublime conception of Brahma in the hymns of the Rig-Vêda; or in one who, as a self-sacrificing lover of men, is second to none—Gautama Buddha. If poor Reason is allowed a voice, I can see absurdities and contradictions in all creeds evolved by the higher races of men; I can also see sublime and heart-satisfying ideas and hopes. The Jewish conception of the Supreme Being begins with a revolting anthropomorphism; Yahveh is a Jew of the early ages of the race—cruel, passionate, and jealous;

rewarding such of his followers as contrived to remain alive, entirely with material comforts. The character and person of Christ inspire me with admiration and strong affection, yet to my reason he appears only as an excellent, often mistaken, human being, whose most explicitly declared prophecy signally failed of fulfilment. And if I must be deaf to reason and take to faith, why should I believe Christ to be divine any more than Buddha? Both seem to me eminently admirable and loveable, and both human, and therefore often mistaken; faith alone might accept either as divine, whilst reason will accept neither one nor the other.

Having then pointed out that whilst Reason is obviously unable to understand anything but phenomena, yet that it is impossible to go safely beyond its guidance, I may now proceed to show how strong the evidence is for the hypothesis that the Universe, as we know it, seems the product of impersonal, unvarying law. The thought is a sad one, yet to me at least incomparably more satisfactory than the theological Moloch who reigus as the god of much Christian theology. It is incomparably and immeasurably preferable to the hideous conception of a personal God who can condemn His sentient creatures to infinite punishment for finite offences; punishment, moreover, so hideous that its infliction for the shortest period by one human being upon another would be regarded as atrocious. The features of this frightful deity are becoming dim, but his place is being taken by another hardly more tolerable. The orthodox are asked to believe that everything which take place is by the immediate arrangement of God. This idea does not stand out in the naked simplicity of former times. It is too firmly established in civilised countries that earthquakes and tempests obey natural laws for these phenomena to be used as indicating divine anger. Nor amongst the educated can plagues and famines be considered as indicating God's anger. But even now, if two or three persons are rescued from a fire, or a shipwreck, or a railway accident, they are held to be "providentially" saved. Were the simplest laws of reasoning valid in theology, we should be told all those who were not rescued were providentially burnt, drowned, or mangled. But on this side of the question one only hears: "God has permitted this to happen for His own wise purposes." The reasons, when examined into, either in the case of those who escape or those who suffer, are of course simple examples of the action of natural laws: a child dropped a lighted match; the ship struck upon a rock; the signalman was asleep. If a child dies, it is taken for some "wise reason"; if it lives, it is "spared." The child that dies may be taken from a loving home and devoted parents; the child that lives may grow up festering in disease and crime; yet we are to suppose the one lives and the other dies through God's wise providence. Examining these facts, we again find natural laws in action. The child that died came of a consumptive stock, or a poisonous drain lurked below its dwelling; the child that lived

came of a stock strong enough to struggle through its unhealthy surroundings, like a wilted plant in an evil soil. I can understand the action of natural laws: impersonal; neither cruel nor kind; unswerving whether for good or evil. But I revolt against being ruled by caprice which allows a William the Silent, a Henry the Fourth, to fall by the assassin's hand, and lets a Louis the Fifteenth, live out a poisonous life; which could take at one fell swoop the children of Catherine Tait, and leave the children of the thief and the drunkard to grow up in wretchedness and shame; which mangles in earthquake shocks and railway accidents, and burns in fires and destroys by diseases, and tortures in famines; and capriciously saves here and there a few. Such may have been the god which commended itself to the imagination of Caliban. Setebos\* is far worse than a godless universe to me.

In natural phenomena we see unchanging laws. Deep as the microscope can fathom, far as the telescope and spectroscope can take us into the universe, we see evidence of unvarying law. Could we imagine every star ordered in its course of unimaginable speed by the personal interference of a deity, would the idea be so sublime as that of fixed laws inherent in the very nature of matter and energy? And why need we imagine either beginning or end to the universe, since everything we can know of matter and energy shows us that both exist undiminished, and vary only in their manifestations? Creation [making something out of the nothing, as has been wittily said] is an unnecessary and awkward hypothesis, since we can watch the natural processes by which worlds come into existence at this very day. In the vast nebulae of our visible universe we can see the rise of solar systems; we can watch suns at their hottest stage, and suns in their decline.

The evidence of design, once regarded as the corner-stone of natural religion, has become a thorn in the side of those who relied upon it. Animals show evidence of adaptation to their environment, but if palæontology is to be believed, it is the environment which has gradually modified the shapes and habits of animals. Every animal whose pedigree can be traced through geological periods is observed to alter by exquisitely fine gradations; teeth and limbs gradually becoming moulded to the conditions of their lives, till new species stand before the comparative anatomist. Far from death having been caused by the "sin" of man, death in hideous shapes—by convulsions of nature, by the fangs and claws of monstrous reptiles and fierce wild beasts—existed for long ages before man appeared upon the scene.

When man came we find him as a low and repulsive savage, and there has been a continual ascent instead of a fall of man. But

\* "Caliban upon Setebos" (Robert Browning). The poem should be read as a whole, as a matchless satire on certain religious views.

this rise has entailed its penalties. Instead of being a creature faultlessly planned for his high position—or, if faulty, showing signs of a fall from perfection—anatomy and physiology show innumerable signs of man's gradual evolution from lower forms. The vestiges which remain of man's descent from hermaphrodite ancestors, from creatures drawing their prenatal nutriment from a yolk-sac, from animals as simply formed as sponges, all tend to become seats of disease. The appendix vermiformis, made classical by Darwin, is one only of these vestigial relics, and not a week passes without some sad tale of agonising pain and death from the persistence of structures now utterly useless to man, but actively mischievous. Only in the pages of a medical journal would it be possible to give even a brief outline of the shapes of disease and death caused either by the vestiges of useless structures or by some arrest of the evolutionary process. The man who should now cite the example of the watch as proving the existence of the watchmaker, would have to cite the example of a watch full of awkward unnecessary structures, tending to throw it utterly out of gear, or to stop its motions altogether. In fact, the human body to a comparative anatomist does not suggest the nice adjustment of means to ends which characterises a machine, but rather that rough-and-ready adjustment to chance circumstances which characterises organic growths. "Original sin," it has been humorously said, "consisted in man's attempting to walk on his hind legs." Man does walk on his hind legs, and his skeleton has adjusted itself to that position. But his interior organs have by no means properly adjusted themselves. One of the most distressing of diseases arises chiefly from the fact that the *valves in certain veins are still adjusted to suit an animal walking on all-fours*, and are absent where they are most wanted. As the result of blind evolutionary forces man is a great success. It does not the least matter where these blind forces are concerned, what suffering is caused by their imperfect efforts. But a Creator who should make such cruel mistakes could be addressed only with the indignant words of Omar Khayyám :

"Man's Forgiveness, give—and take!" \*

\* "What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties if broke!

"What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent us, dross—allay'd  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,  
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

"Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness, give—and take!"

*Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

Paley said he took his stand on man's anatomy: he could have taken no worse stand.

If from man we cast our eye over the organic world, we are met on every side by evidences of the same imperfections, and by arrangements which we can acquiesce in as the resultant of blind evolutionary forces, but which, if looked upon as the deliberate arrangements of a Creator, could but excite one's utmost horror. Such a Setebos we might indeed fear\* for his power and his cruelty, but we could by no possibility worship him.

A whole family of wasps [Spheæ] have the diabolical cleverness to sting the caterpillars, which they destine as food for their young, so that the wretched insects are not killed but linger—a wounded, wriggling mass—as food for the young wasps. Now, in this instance we are face to face with one of the most difficult problems of zoology. How does the spheæ (which, in common with many other insects, never sees its offspring) know how many caterpillars to provide and wound in this ghastly fashion? Even this and other evolutionary problems will not make me believe in Setebos.

There is a flower grown in California (*Araujia albens*) which has a most elaborate apparatus for catching and killing the unhappy moths which approach it in hopes of getting honey. The blossoms close on the proboscis of the moth and hold it till it is starved to death. The arrangement is equally cruel and useless, since the moth cannot fly from one blossom to another to fertilise it. But evolution is a blind force which leads sometimes to the welfare and sometimes to the injury of sentient creatures; there is no cruelty in a blind force, only in the conception of a direct creation, in this and a thousand other instances. Nature is supremely indifferent as to which of her products comes off victorious in the struggle for existence; all are equally welcome to struggle for a place at the table she spreads, *where there is never enough for the guests*. She provides as ingeniously for the safety of her bacilli of disease as she does for the good of any of her higher children; her parasitic entozoa are miracles of careful adaptation to existence in various unwilling hosts. To suppose a Creator deliberately making tape-worms, chigoes, ichneumon flies existing on the entrails of living victims, and a host of other noxious horrors, all equally—to a superficial view—admirably *designed* for carrying on evil existences, would be to believe in a capricious and cruel fiend. I have long since felt that the contemplation of nature as the resultant of the action of blind forces which can sometimes be successfully pitted against one another for our good, so far as we penetrate into their working, is incomparably more endurable than the conception of a Creator deliberately forming nature as it is. I can abnegate my reason

\* Caliban in a storm "lieth low and loveth Setebos."

altogether, and say these things are inscrutable, that we know nothing of *why* nature has been so framed, that if there is a supreme self-conscious Being ruling the world, we are unable to fathom His actions or His motives. But I will not follow my reason to a certain given point (the point my orthodox opponent happens to have reached), and then say it is "weak" and so leave it. I will not say that all things which appear beneficent in the world arise from the "goodness" of God, *thus employing a term of our human consciousness, and refuse to employ terms of our human consciousness when things which appear maleficent have to be contemplated.* The victims of an earthquake fall before the action of natural laws, or they are destroyed by God; those who escape, escape through natural laws, or they are saved by God. If God caused the beautiful instinct which makes a hen guard her chickens, God also made the ichneumon fly burrow into the entrails of other insects, or both instincts are results of blind evolutionary forces. God made the bacilli of leprosy and consumption, and carefully fitted them to destroy thousands of the highest creatures he had made upon earth, or these bacilli are the resultants of the same blind forces which, acting in other directions, resulted in man.

It will be said: "Your view is one simply of Materialism; it is not Agnosticism at all." Not so; no rest for my mind is founded on a basis of Materialism. That invariability of natural laws which appears to lead straight to Materialism furnishes also the loophole of escape. As I look round and observe all the natural phenomena whose laws of action have been revealed by physical science, I see evidence of unchanging, unswerving laws, requiring no self-conscious being to set them in action. I can neither conceive a beginning nor an end to those manifestations of matter and energy which we know as the visible universe; I can imagine only such an unchanging, unchangeable whole as the fluctuations that occur in the waters of a land-locked pool.

But when we come to self-consciousness itself we come to a form of energy which confessedly baffles the psychologist and the physiologist alike. It is true that we know all manifestations of self-consciousness—passions, affections, moral feelings—depend upon the structure and condition of that mass of nervous matter known as the brain. Let some degeneration take place in the brain or its continuation, the spinal cord, and away go affections, talents, moral feelings; the being we loved is gone, whilst his miserable simulacrum still stands before us. He who has watched the progress of a case of general paralysis will recognise what I mean. But in every case—in the brain of a Napoleon, or in the brain of an idiot—the nervous matter of the brain constitutes the *machinery* of mind. It is the engine, not the steam. We know the human body is an electrical machine, having its "power house" in the

heart. But that mysterious thing we call vital force is *not* electricity. Nothing can be more probable than that we shall find that vital force, receiving its supreme expression in self-consciousness, is another form of the energy which otherwise manifests itself as heat, light, electricity, and chemical affinity. But again, the nature of that special energy may for ever elude us. What forbids us to think that here we have at last a manifestation of the divine, striving to show itself in the only way possible through the gross agency of matter? We cannot, without quitting the guidance of reason, say that the Supreme Being is all-powerful *and* all-good. But what forbids us to think that the eternal goodness, striving with the evils inherent in matter, can, "as in a glass darkly," communicate with us, has been able to evolve in human beings ideas of morality unknown to ordinary matter and energy, and possibly is able and willing to make us one with itself when the veil of flesh has been cast aside?

As an evolutionist, I do not see, nor can I imagine meeting with, a single animal possessed of an instinct useless to the species. In man I see an animal with an extraordinarily strong instinct developed *pari passu* with the development of his mental powers. It is an instinct what he does not share with any of the lower animals; it is an instinct absolutely useless to him on this planet. Nay, it is an instinct which has led to more horrors, more bloodshed, more bodily and mental agony than all the other passions combined. But it has also led to self-devotion, heroism, self-sacrifice, to exquisite beauties of thought and feeling; to joys, hopes and consolations before which all joys and hopes and consolations of earth seem as dust in the balance. In the lowest savages this instinct is hardly existent, or, if it appear, it is in the shape of an abject fear of spirits of the dead or of the Powers of Nature. Should the religious instinct mean no more than this, as is sometimes argued, then it should die out with the advance of the race. On the contrary, it tends to become deeper, wider, more complex; it survives all fear of spirits of the dead or of the Powers of Nature; and shows itself as a longing for something beyond man—beyond this planet, beyond all joys, all aspirations that this life can afford. Other animals are contented when their appetites are satisfied. But man, when he has risen above the savage state, is characterised by a strange unrest, which does not allow him to rest satisfied with the attainment of the most coveted of earthly possessions.

Where every other anchor drags this conviction alone holds firm; alone inspires the scientific agnostic with a hope which need not divorce itself from reason; the conviction that no instinct exists without a purpose, and that the very strongest instinct which has actuated humanity, which has inspired all the great religions of the

world, cannot be purposeless. If it be purposeless, it constitutes an exception to an otherwise universal law.

It may be argued that the future good and happiness of mankind offer a sufficient aim for the religious instinct. George Eliot endeavoured to believe that this prospect was satisfying, and she embodied her belief in lines of exquisite beauty :

“ Oh ! may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence ! ”

But George Eliot's mind had not developed in the atmosphere of physical science ; she could perhaps cheat herself into the thought that the prospect of self-conscious individual immortality is satisfactorily replaced by the prospect of conferring benefit upon posterity.

Zoology shows us that species are not the enduring things men once thought they were ; especially amongst the higher animals the study of palæontology shows species changing, passing into one another like dissolving views, and becoming extinct. We know that the palmy days of the mammals have long since passed away, and that only a few species (only, so far as I know, the genus *Equus* and Man) are not in their decline. Unless, then, we imagine an exception to an otherwise universal law, the zoologist recognises that a comparatively short period must see the decline and finally the extinction of both horses and men. There is therefore very little satisfaction in thinking that ephemera living a few hundreds years after us may be physically and mentally better off than we are. On the contrary, our sympathies are more likely to turn away from beings simply occupied with material comforts, to the long roll of martyrs and heroes who lived and died in the old faiths. Nor is it easy to see how so high a type of human being could be produced where all aims and efforts must be materialistic, as was produced in those who felt that “ here they had no continuing city, but who sought one to come ; a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

If we can in any way, without quitting the guidance of reason, attain to a religion from which the bloodthirsty and intolerant element has been eliminated, but in which the craving for a nobler, higher state of being can be satisfied, we shall, I think, take a position more in harmony with the most imperious instinct of our nature than by any form of Materialism. No religion will ever be trusted, no religion will ever be a stronghold of comfort, because Agnosticism offers an unendurable prospect, or because it is agreeable to believe in a God and a Saviour and the immortality of the soul—reasons often given by otherwise solid thinkers for leaving Reason and taking refuge in Faith. Religion must have a basis of truth



on which we can firmly plant our feet: as a fairy tale or an opium dream, delusive though exquisitely fair, it can give no permanent support, no real comfort.

We bear about in our bodies rudiments whose utility has long ages since passed away. There was a time, too, when our eyes existed but as specks dimly conscious of light, but not of form; our ears, specks capable only of perceiving the simple vibrations of a fluid medium. Who could have told in the early ages of the earth that these specks of protoplasm would develop into eyes that could penetrate millions of miles into the visible universe—into ears which could be ravished with the sublimest harmonies? Why may we not hope that the extraordinary, the unique instinct of religion, slowly evolved as it has been from the lowest fetish worship, may be the preparation for an existence of unimaginable glory in another world than ours? Faith may be beyond the grasp of those who will not relinquish the guidance of Reason. But Hope remains to tell us that the deathless instinct of religion bids us not despair, and that “beyond the veil, beyond the veil,” when this mortal shall have put on immortality, we may retain our self-consciousness, and become more fully cognisant of an Eternal All-Good, All-Loving, but *not-all-powerful* Being, who has striven to draw us to Himself.

A. BODINGTON.

## PROFESSIONS ACCESSIBLE TO WOMEN.

THIS book is an important and remarkable addition to the literature which treats of the woman question, inasmuch as it is one of the first works from the pen of a woman which approaches the subject from an historical and scientifically reasoned point of view, passing, as it does, in review, carefully authenticated facts regarding the position of woman in the family and in society, from pre-historic times till the close of the present century. So much that has hitherto been written on the subject, especially by women, has lost considerably in value from its want of correlation with what has preceded, and with what will (judged by the light of historical and scientific observation) probably succeed. The woman movement is now generally recognised as not an isolated movement, nor a movement that affects women only; it is but a part of the great wave of freedom which, after gathering force for several generations, broke with a roar in 1789, and has since been undermining and sweeping away year by year the rubbish and *débris* of tradition and privilege. Class after class has been enfranchised, the prejudices of race, colour, and religion, have disappeared as far as the law and political life are concerned; but the larger half of the human race still feels at every turn the disqualification of sex, and is daily, hourly engaged in the struggle towards light, towards emancipation, towards equality of rights with the other half. Since Mary Wollstonecraft, at the end of last century, sat down to consider and write of "women in the grand light of human creatures, who in common with men are placed on this earth to unfold their faculties," the woman question has made satisfactory and remarkable progress, and legislation in their favour has kept pace fairly with public opinion.

Few perhaps realise approximately what the outcome of the full emancipation of women, with the free opening up to them of the various professions, will involve. Mademoiselle Chauvin approaches the subject perhaps too much as a special pleader—scarcely enough in the spirit that should inspire the summing-up of an unbiassed judge: "It would thus appear that neither tradition nor custom,

\* *Etude Historique sur les Professions accessibles aux Femmes.* Par Jeanne Chauvin, Docteur en Droit; Licencié ès Lettres (Philosophie); Lauréat de la Faculté de Droit de Paris. Paris: A. Giard et E. Brière. 1892.

however accepted they may be, are able to furnish an argument that is worth anything in favour of those institutions which would place women in a state of social inferiority or of social exclusion. On the contrary, the world of to-day has definitely broken away from the past." And again: "Woman is a conscious and moral being, an intelligent human being, endowed with reason; an individual participating in social life, and contributing, if not to its defence, at least to the conservation of its collectivity; she has a right to the free development and to the free exercise of her faculties; she has a right to justice and to independence; she has a right to work, which is a natural right, and which includes the right to the choice of a profession suited to her capabilities. It is impossible to refuse to women free access to any career."

But there are other questions to be weighed, other "problems of the future" to be thought out, before a wholesale assent can be given to these propositions, and for this reason it is scarcely to be regretted that the emancipation of women proceeds but slowly, especially when the dead weight of average, and below the average women, whom any rapid movement might affect prejudicially, is taken into consideration.

The attainment by women of economic independence and free access to all the professions on the same footing as men, will, according to some of the best thinkers of the day, ultimately involve a revolution in all our social institutions, and the discussion of the question should never therefore be approached without an examination of the numerous sexualological as well as social problems with which it abounds. To the social problems Mademoiselle Chauvin has done full justice; her treatment of the sexualological problems is less satisfactory—indeed, they do not seem to have presented themselves to her mind as requiring equal attention and study. It is comparatively easy to trace the social conditions, which, joined to a more liberal-minded public opinion, have helped to bring the woman question to its present state of development; it is more difficult to attempt to predict from a review of the various states of society in past ages, and from logical deductions from what we see going on around us, what effect the emancipation of women, and her attainment of economic independence, will have on her special function of race-reproduction. The questions of the life-long duration of the marriage tie—of the branding as illegitimate, children born out of wedlock—of the unequal justice meted out to the two sexes towards offences which represent the breaking of the marriage vow—the question of prostitution; all these will have to be considered and pronounced on by the economically independent and enfranchised woman; and that they will be dealt with in a manner much at variance with their traditional and ecclesiastical treatment there is little reason to doubt. There is another problem which is forced

upon us when considering the woman question as a whole : will this movement, carried out to its logical conclusion, produce as it were two castes of women, the child-bearing and non-child-bearing woman? Perfect freedom is hardly possible without economic independence, but under the existing conditions of society economic independence for the child-bearing woman is almost out of the question, and we are forced to consider whether the very fact of child-bearing inevitably produces the subjection of women. Mademoiselle Chauvin dismisses the objection in these words, which to our mind hardly do justice to the subject: "On the first point, therefore (child-bearing), women might be compared to men of delicate constitution, to those who have gout every winter, or who easily catch cold; it never entered into any one's head to restrict the political and social rights of these latter." The writer traces with careful study the position of women through early semi-barbarous times, when she was little more than the prey of man through the matriarchate or mother-age, when, as priestess and inspirer of the hearth and home, her civilising influence was of such importance; up to the time of the patriarchate which forms the basis of our modern society. Much light has been thrown on this matriarchate period in Egyptian history by recent studies of Egyptian writings; and in that country, so pre-eminent in past ages for its advanced civilisation, its profound learning, and its knowledge of the sciences and arts of life, the matriarchate does not seem, as in many other countries, to have been a transition period, leading up inevitably to the patriarchate, but to have been a well-assimilated and integral part of their social and religious organisation. "In the family even, the married woman appears to be in the eye of the law the equal of the man; she has the same rights, she is treated in the same manner; the wife is the equal of the husband; the daughter the equal of the son; the sister the equal of the brother. Neither marital authority nor the authority of a guardian was known in Egypt. In religion also the woman is the recognised equal of the man; the daughter, just as much as the son, can sacrifice to the manes of the ancestors."

As the writer well shows, the Jewish authority and teaching has been always most prejudicial to the position of women: "*Le Pentateuque qui ordonne d'inculquer aux enfants la Loi de Dieu ajoute que cette prescription ne s'applique qu'aux enfants mâles. Autant vaudrait enseigner l'impiété à la femme que de lui enseigner la loi.*" She might have added that a daily form of thanksgiving in the Jewish service for a man, is to thank God that he was not made a woman! Like all the initial Jewish doctrines, this conception of the inferiority of women has had a wonderful vitality, and every religion which has been founded on the Jewish Monotheism has used it as a weapon to keep their women in subjection. It may be remarked in passing that Christ nowhere taught it, but that Paul, a

Hebrew of the Hebrews, and whose Gospel—not that of Christ's—has been the Gospel of the last nineteen centuries, was one of its most determined upholders. In Greece and Rome there were great anomalies in the position of women, which anomalies affected seriously the sexual morality of those nations, whilst in the latter empire such licence prevailed at the time of the introduction of Christianity as made the preaching of the Pauline Gospel an acceptable reaction.

Through the early part of the Middle Ages the struggle between the man and the woman continued, the woman year by year losing power and influence. This result is to be partly attributed to the preaching of Judaic Christianity, and partly to the gradual extinction of the matriarchate, an institution which died hard, as evidenced by the centuries of persecution suffered by so-called witches or wise women. This curious subject of the persecutions for witchcraft in the Middle Ages is not referred to by Mademoiselle Chauvin, but it doubtless played an important part in the subjection of women. The ordeals of fire, water, and torture were dealt out to thousands upon thousands of poor creatures who were only exercising their traditional lore, and who now-a-days would be looked upon as perfectly innocent; until the reign of terror, which lasted for centuries, succeeded in stamping out the last spark of individuality or assertive originality in the subjected sex. The worship of the Virgin also tended to narrow down the sphere of womanhood; for in order to preserve her virginity and propitiate the Christian goddess, women were induced to take refuge in convents, under a perpetual vow of celibacy, so that the womankind of the Middle Ages found their only choice to lie between domestic slavery and asceticism; chastity was placed above motherhood; culture and education, except as a member of a conventual community, were denied to women:

“No public function, either spiritual or temporal, was any longer accessible to them; they could not exercise any of the professions which require scientific or technical knowledge; nearly all trades were closed to them.”

Even the Renaissance and so called Reformation, which in most other matters widened the existing horizons, and forced the Church to “put its house in order,” did little or nothing for women; and here Mademoiselle Chauvin we think has missed a point in failing to show how, in several countries of Europe, Luther's propaganda put the final touch to the degradation of women, by eliminating in his teachings the spiritual side of marriage, and reducing it to a mere matter of the senses. Chastity, according to him, was a matter of impossibility to either sex, and “the wife is to be a mere breeder of children.”<sup>1</sup> The following is his verbal teaching: “If a woman became weary and at last dead from bearing, that matters not; let her only die from bearing: she is there to do it. It is better to live

<sup>1</sup> *The Sex Relations in Germany* (Karl Pierson).

a short and sound life, than a long and sickly one." "For three centuries after the Reformation," says the author I have above quoted, "the history of women in Germany was a blank. Domestication or prostitution, subjection or social expulsion, were almost the only possibilities for her. Perhaps no modern nation has been so backward as Germany to start the work of emancipation, or has been so lukewarm in the support it has given to the higher education of women."

Mademoiselle Chauvin's summary of the position of women in modern times, and of the possibilities in the various countries of the earth of her securing economic independence by the following of different professions, which until this century were considered only open to men, is very full and perfect. America, starting to a certain extent free of old-world traditions, seems at the present moment to be doing the fullest justice to its woman population; but in every country of Europe the forward movement is well-defined, the education of public opinion on the subject making steady advances. We have only to look back to the state of public opinion on this question in the two previous centuries, as shown in Mary Wollstonecraft's book on the "Rights of Women," to see what immense strides we have made and are every day making. What would be the sufferings of poor Dr. Johnson if he should find himself suddenly alive again in 1893, when women clerks, women journalists, women artists, doctors, and even lawyers, are taken much as a matter of course. Portrait-painting was pronounced by the worthy Doctor as "an improper employment for women; public practice of any sort, and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female." When speaking of a literary lady of his times, he is also reported to have said that "she was better employed at her toilet than using a pen." We smile now at these recollections; but it is as useful to look back sometimes at the gulf from which we have ascended, as to look up to the heights towards which we are rising.

The whole of Mademoiselle Chauvin's admirable book is inspired by that spirit of moderation which has characterised the ablest and soundest works that treat of the Woman Question; and her concluding sentence is based on that feeling which permeates all the best work which is being done by woman in the cause of woman—the feeling "that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." With some of the noblest thinkers of our day, and supported by authority, we simply ask for women a little more justice and social equality. Is not progress the spread of right, the realisation of those reforms which cause equity to triumph over the abuses of power, and reason to triumph over tradition?"

## AFTER DISESTABLISHMENT.

SLOWLY, it may be, but none the less surely, the Established Church of England is approaching a crisis more momentous in itself, and more far-reaching in its consequences, than any that has confronted it since the Reformation. Though the issue may yet be delayed for a while by the exigencies of politicians and the ebb and flow of the party tide, the time is inevitably coming—and coming sooner, perhaps, than even now seems probable—when the repeal of the union of Church and State will be formally demanded by a majority of the nation's elected representatives in the House of Commons. The silent revolution that has been at work in this country during the past half-century has culminated in the complete and irrevocable triumph of democracy. But democracy has hardly yet had time to comprehend the thoroughness of its newly-acquired ascendancy, to realise to the full its irresistible strength. Once it has fully learnt its power and its possibilities—and the lesson is being rapidly acquired—the old order will give place to new with a completeness that will be tempered, no doubt, by the inherent conservatism of the national temper, but will none the less surely consign more than one time-honoured institution to the doom of peaceful extinction. In the list of great questions standing for settlement by a really democratic government and a truly representative People's Chamber, Disestablishment holds at any rate a leading, if not indeed, the foremost place. The days of privileged State churches, in those portions of the United Kingdom where they still exist, are as surely numbered as are those of hereditary legislators and of electoral coercion by landlords and employers of labour. Absolute freedom and equality for all churches, sects, and denominations is the irreducible minimum demanded by the accredited leaders of those who now hold the political balance in their hands; and of their power to enforce their demand in the not distant future it is no longer possible to doubt. Disendowment may be regarded as a fair subject for compromise, and will certainly assume a far less terrifying shape than the glowering bogey of wholesale plunder and spoliation so unsparingly exhibited by the injudicious apostles of Church Defence in the press and on the platform. But Disestablishment, for Wales and Scotland first, and finally for England, is so obviously and so irresistibly on the way, that only the veriest

ostrich of religious or secular politics can any longer doubt its coming or ignore the steady sureness of its advance.

Within the Church itself the imminence of the coming change is being more and more widely recognised; and it is a significant and a hopeful fact that in the most active centres of Church life the prospect is beginning to be anticipated without alarm, and even with acquiescence. We hear far less nowadays of the panic-stricken and irrational cry that the demand for Disestablishment involves an attack upon religion, and a design to overthrow the altar in the interests of Secularism. Indeed, it is no secret that among the most devoted and most energetic of the Anglican clergy of to-day there are not a few who would welcome without reservation the severance of Church and State, as the only effective means of restoring to the former that full and unchallenged spiritual control to which alone, in their view, she should rightly be subject. Church government by Act of Parliament, however objectionable in theory, created few practical difficulties in the days of triumphant Erastianism, before the Oxford revival had brought its miracle of resuscitation, and a Church that had forgotten alike its history, its claims, its duties, and its responsibilities, was nobly aroused from its long sleep of disastrous apathy and sloth, and was made to realise that it was an integral part of the Catholic Church of Christ, and not a mere appendage of the English Civil Service. But from the time the results of that great awakening began to manifest themselves until the present day, the yoke of the State has pressed with grievous heaviness upon those who have laboured so successfully to make the dry bones live, and to transform the forlorn phantom of the Georgian period into the active, breathing, moving reality that the Anglican Church has become in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Their struggle has been a doubly hard one, for in almost every step they have taken in the direction of restoring to the Church her spiritual activity, the beauty and dignity of her services, and the observance of her neglected rubrics, they have found the natural opposition of the drones, the sluggards, and those honest but prejudice-blinded folk to whom "Catholic" and "Romanist" are convertible terms of terror, strengthened and supported by the action of the State rulers of the Establishment. They have seen their Church—in the case of the Public Worship Regulation Act—used as a convenient vote-trap by a clever and unscrupulous statesman, whose personal relation to her controversies was that of a cynical and contemptuous Gallio; and they can still see the machinery of the secular law utilised for the persecution of some of their number, whose only offence has been that they have laboured in the very cause that has given the Church its new and wonderful life and strength. What they have achieved in the face of all these obstacles may be taken as the measure of



their devotion and zeal ; but there can be small cause for wonder that their ranks should contain an increasing number of both clergymen and laymen to whom the idea of Disestablishment is no longer repugnant, and whose experience has convinced them that a Church, like an individual, reaps little but disadvantage and discredit from an attempt to serve two masters.

There is, indeed, the strongest possible reason why Churchmen should be reconciled to the advent of Disestablishment at the present time. Had the separation come a hundred, or even fifty years ago, its results to the Church would in all human probability have been calamitous, if not fatal. In the dismal, lifeless old days of fox-hunting parsons, mouldering churches, Geneva gowns, "three-deckers," neglected parishes, and spiritual stagnation, the position of the Church of England was precisely that of the miller in the familiar ballad. It cared for nobody, and nobody cared for it. As things were, it was positively perishing of inanition, and the only feeble resemblance of life it still possessed was derived from its union with, and dependence upon, the State. Had that union been then dissolved, it is difficult to believe that the Church would have survived the separation. There would have been a huge growth in the membership of the existing sects, and doubtless an addition or two to their number : but that there would have been enough vitality in the Church, as it then was, to resist the shock of separation and to inaugurate a new career of autonomy and self-support, is very much more than doubtful. To-morrow, or next year, or within the next decade—whenever the inevitable may come—no such doubt can arise ; for the Church has grown strong enough, not merely to stand alone, but to feel the tie that binds it to the State a galling and hampering chain. In other words, the National Church is powerful to-day, not on account of, but in spite of, its existence as a State Establishment.

With its severance from the State, and the acquisition of liberty to manage its spiritual affairs without secular control, the Anglican Church will find itself in possession of a grander opportunity than has ever befallen it in any previous period of its history. Then, as never before, it will be able to prove itself the National Church in something more than name, by becoming—what it has not yet been—the Church of the people. If its rulers, under the new conditions, are faithful to their trust and true to the primitive teachings of the Catholic Church, and to the example of its Founder, it can do for the masses of this country what is already being done by its devoted priests amid the purlieus of Holborn and in the slums of London Docks. It can become to the poor all that the Roman Church has been to its humblest members, with the added advantage that it can offer them a purer Catholicism, a liturgy that they can understand, and services not veiled in the obscurity of an unknown tongue. It

can occupy a place in the lives of the people such as it has only recently striven to gain, and it can for ever free itself from the aristocratic taint and the atmosphere of class-exclusiveness that have done so much, in bygone days, to repel the people from its altars, and to create the distrust and animosity with which the present Establishment—too often with justice—is regarded by the masses both in town and country. The Church of the nation must be, above and beyond all things, the people's Church. If it is anything less than this, it has no valid reason for existence.

This commanding position the Anglican Church, with its revived strength and zeal, its impressive services and beautiful liturgy, may and should assume, when it is loosed from the thralldom of State control and becomes free, self-governing and self-reliant. But there must be, if this golden forecast of its future is to be realised, a complete break with the traditions of "respectability," so-called, that have been permitted to cling round it under the dispensation that is now passing away. The beneficed country clergyman of the future must no longer be a subservient ally of the squire and of the county families in his neighbourhood, but a genuine parish priest, whose first anxiety is the spiritual welfare of his people, and whose second care is their material prosperity. He must be in all social matters their friend, their spokesman, their confidant, and their adviser; and above all he must see to it that inside his church, which must be free and open at all times to all comers, his parishioners meet on equal terms and all social barriers are swept away. Nor will his responsibilities end there. Few things have done more to discredit the Anglican Church in the eyes of the masses than the deplorable conduct of too many of its priests—the professed disciples of the Carpenter of Nazareth—in opposing all popular aspirations and allowing themselves to become the champions and agents of the cause of wealth, privilege, and class ascendancy. If Christian ministers are to be found at all in the arena of secular controversy, where should they be met with but upon the side of the poor and lowly? This has been consistently recognised by the Church of Rome, whose greatest English leader, lately gone to his rest, stepped, and rightly stepped, into the place left vacant by the rulers of the National Church, and threw the influence of religion upon the people's side in recent struggles between the might of capital and the right of labour. In all such conflicts we may expect to see the Anglican priest of the new era similarly ranged upon the popular side, though in the conflicts of mere party politics he will be well advised to have no share. He needs to be no henchman of an electoral faction, no keeper of political consciences; but he must be known and recognised as the friend of the people, their champion and their counsellor, to whom their interests are dearer and more important than the patronage of the local landlord or the smiles and invitations of his

wife and daughters. Place such men in all the rectories and vicarages of the land, and the Church of England, released from its State fetters, would acquire a far stronger and more inalienable right to its title than it has ever enjoyed under the cramping and withering influence of the Establishment.

The full accomplishment of so sweeping a reform must necessarily be a work of time; but it is well to know that the coming change will at once bring it within the limits of the possible. For the "livings" of the disestablished Anglican Church—no longer at the disposal of private individuals, or available as consolation prizes for fashionable younger sons who have "taken up" religion as a respectable profession—will be filled by the nominees of the Bishops, whose duty it will be to see that only earnest and zealous workers are appointed, and that all drones and incompetents are rigidly excluded from preferment. The present constitution of the episcopal bench gives every guarantee that the full powers of Church government that will be restored to the Bishops after Disestablishment will be well and worthily used. Of the existing bench there are happily very few who withhold all sympathy from the great revival of Catholic tradition and practice that has effected so splendid a re-awakening of the Church's life and vigour, and so immeasurable an increase of her influence; and seeing that, under the new dispensation, all vacancies in the episcopal ranks will be filled, according to Apostolic example, by the choice of the majority of their own body, we may look forward with confidence to the eventual and not far distant guidance of the Church by a hierarchy united in opinion, in resistance to Erastianism and sloth, and in determination to make and keep the Anglo-Catholic Church worthy in all respects of its history, its responsibilities, and its duty—not to Parliament or to fashionable society, but to the masses of the nation whose inheritance it is and for whose welfare it exists.

And while the National Church of the future must be completely democratic in its sympathies, it must also hold fast to that high conception of its position and its claims which was restored to it—after two centuries of disastrous torpor and indifference—by the Tractarians of Oxford. It must be recognised that the new strength and vitality of the Church, by which it is enabled to face its coming severance from the State with equanimity and confidence, are derived entirely and absolutely from its re-presentation to its members in that Catholic aspect which has always rightfully belonged to it, but of which it was deprived by the Puritan fanaticism that wrought the unhappy excesses of the Reformation. The doctrines which it holds in common with the rest of the Universal Church, but which have only been rescued during the past half-century from long contempt and oblivion, are happily being understood and accepted by an ever-increasing majority of its members, and the

great fact of its historic continuity and identity with the British Church of the early Christian ages is fast superseding the once prevalent fallacy which dated not merely its reform but its existence from the days of Elizabeth. The beauty of its sanctuaries, the dignity and solemnity of its worship, lost and forgotten in the slipshod irreverence and studied carelessness of the Georgian epoch, and the observance of its solemn seasons—which Puritan prejudice once made it a point of honour to ignore and disregard—are already being restored on every hand; and, with the progress of the revival the stately and venerable Church of the nation has received such an accession of strength and influence as to leave no doubt of the conditions upon which its future prosperity depends. In the bygone period people went to church; to-day the Church comes to the people. It has ceased to be the mere vehicle for the weekly assertion of respectability, and has once more begun to fulfil its appointed office as the religious guide of its members at all times and all seasons. Its priests are mindful of their duties, not on one, but on seven days of the week, and day by day invite their people to observe its sacred seasons and to worship at its altars. And, in view of the steady and rapid decay of anti-Catholic prejudice among both clergy and laity, it is not too much to anticipate that, after Disestablishment, a time may come when such a bench of Bishops as has been already foreshadowed may carry priests and people with them in defining anew the broad lines of Anglican doctrine, obscured in Elizabethan days by undue concessions to Puritanism, and may lay down and enforce a law of ritual which, while scrupulously avoiding the unwisdom of a too rigid uniformity, will restore the discipline and order so long in abeyance, and render impossible such deplorable conflicts as have been fostered by the present unfortunate system of Church government.

But, essential as it is that the English Church of the future should maintain those attributes whose restoration has given it such new and vigorous life, it is still more necessary that its Catholicism shall be the pure Catholicism of the Primitive Church, unmixed with the alloy of Italian mediævalism or of the later developments of Roman dogma. And, if there be, now or in the future, any Anglicans, clerical or lay, who dream of the renewed subjection of their Church to the Papacy, it is well to remind them that they are cherishing a dangerous delusion. For any attempt to re-impose upon England the usurped authority which, after centuries of resistance, was finally thrown off at the Reformation, any movement within the Church aiming at its submission to the politico-religious autocracy of the Vatican, would work it more irreparable mischief than all the heresies of Geneva, all the doctrines of Erastus, and all the weight of eighteenth-century indifferentism have together been able to compass. Happily there is no fear of any such fatal error. That the Papacy is a

mere excrescence upon Catholicism, and not one of its essential conditions, is demonstrated not only by the history of the Eastern Church, but by that of the Church of England itself, especially during the past half-century. In the future, when Disestablishment has become an accomplished fact, the National Church of this country can only preserve its strength by maintaining a friendly independence, alike of those who deny its Catholic character and of those who would once more rivet upon it the fetters of Papal domination. And it may be worth while to remind such of its members as may be attracted by the alluring cry of "unity," that the only religious unity worth having would be that of the whole body of Christians; and that, even though it were possible to regather Greek, Roman, and Anglican Catholics into one undivided Church, millions upon millions of equally devout followers of the Founder of Christianity would still be left outside. And of what value would be a re-united Christendom which excluded from its pale the Wesleys, the Whitefields, the Spurgeons, and the countless followers whom these inspired preachers, and others, have led to the common Christian faith?

And this brings into view the last great condition of the prosperity of the Anglican Church, and of its due fulfilment of its great mission, after it has been freed from subservience to the State and left to stand alone. There is nothing that has wrought it such incalculable mischief in times past, nothing that has contributed so enormously to the distrust and dislike with which it has been so widely regarded by the unprivileged classes, particularly in rural districts, as the offensive attitude of contemptuous superiority assumed by too many of its members, both clerical and lay, in their dealings with Nonconformity. Considering that the apathy and aristocratic exclusiveness of the Church in the days of its eclipse did more to drive out the poor from its pale and to swell the Nonconformist ranks than all the zeal and eloquence of the most gifted non-episcopal preachers, the undisguised scorn of the professing Churchman for the chapel and its worshippers, is doubly outrageous and indefensible. For this kind of offence, and for the social ostracism of Nonconformists that has too often aggravated it, we are indebted to the obnoxious legend of "respectability," which a baneful State patronage has enabled to creep round and disfigure the English branch of a Church whose Founder consistently condemned privilege and "exalted the humble and meek." Disestablishment will necessarily do much to correct this attitude, which must indeed be corrected if the English Church is to win to itself the sympathy and confidence of the people. And together with the social contempt for Christian communities outside the Anglican pale must go the religious hatred that is a still more fruitful source of bitterness and insult. The clergy must see to this, and it rests with them to

prove that the blind bigots in their midst, who have laboured to show that Catholicism and spiteful intolerance are convertible terms, are merely the few black sheep among the flock. We must have no more clerical "catechisms" threatening eternal perdition to all Christians whose conscience debars them from the acceptance of Catholic tenets; no imitation of that pitifully narrow exclusiveness that is one of the worst vices of Romanism. Strange as it may appear to the fanatics who scent "mortal sin" in all other forms of Christian worship than their own, it will be perfectly possible for the Church of England to maintain to the full its position as a true branch of the Catholic Church, and to teach the doctrines and retain the restored observances and ritual which are its rightful inheritance, and at the same time to regard Nonconformists with respect and sympathy as the volunteers of the Christian army, fighting with different weapons and under different officers, but to the same end and for the same cause—the cause of that belief in the great central fact of Christianity which, behind all the differences and all the controversies, is the golden chain that binds and will ever bind all Christendom together.

Such may be the future which destiny has in store for the Church of England when the inevitable is accomplished and its unhappy connection with the State is dissolved; and such will be its future, if its fate is entrusted to leaders imbued with the spirit of those who have given it new life and a new mission during the past generation. Free, liberal, Catholic, and democratic, its priests in every parish the true ministers and self-denying friends of the people, its venerable traditions no longer obscured by mists of prejudice, and its services and sanctuaries restored to their ancient dignity and beauty, the time may yet come when its members and the whole English race may bless the day of Disestablishment as the day that opened for the National Church the best and brightest era of its history.

ALFRED BERLYN.

## THE MARRIAGE RELATIONS: DIVORCE.

THE rights and wrongs of women are now debated with a vigour and virulence which increase every day. Those who demand for women, not only all the privileges which men possess, but also continued exemption from their responsibilities, would carry the principle of female emancipation to a point which has aroused opposition on the part of many who in every great question of the day are admittedly leaders of the party of progress. While the contest rages as to whether women are to know, say, and do everything that the coarsest of men can; or, on the other hand, be kept completely in the background, people are apt to forget what is really the crucial point of the whole question. They forget that the position of women, and of men too for that matter, is inseparably bound up with the relationships between the sexes known as marriage; are apt to forget the importance of that relationship, not only to individuals, but to the State—are apt to forget that too rigorous a subjection of women may bring us near to barbarism; too great an emancipation may lead to that corruption which has so often in the world's history been the outcome of a civilisation which has not placed due restraint on the passions and impulses.

The prosperity of a country depends on the proper maintenance of the relations between husband and wife quite as much as on its outer strength, and however great and powerful a country may seem to be, if these domestic relations are unhealthy—if the wife has not her place in the social polity—that country is rotten to the core, and its complete decay and demoralisation are inevitable.

Speaking generally, there are four aspects or ideals of the status of the wife—four ways in which her position is regarded by men.

There is the method of the Barbarian, that of the Oriental, that of Western civilisation, that of corrupt civilisation, which last is practically the degraded form of the third. The Barbarian regards his wife as a mere slave; a squaw to cook his food, carry his burdens, submit to his ill-usage. The Oriental sees in his wife a plaything to gratify his passions, to be kept in the strictest seclusion, and to be treated altogether as a brainless being; regarded by him in fact, so far as any respect is concerned, much as the squaw is regarded by the savage. From the third point of view the wife's position is very different. True, she is the mother of her husband's children;

true, she has duties to perform which her husband would disdain ; true, her husband is the head of the family, and she bears his name. But with all this she is looked upon as her husband's equal, is the sharer of his counsels, his intelligent partner, and has a right to expect from him the fidelity which in the case of the savage or the Oriental is so one-sided.

The credit of placing this view of married life before mankind has been claimed by Christian writers for their religion. But although we must admit that Christianity has done much to improve the position of woman, yet the high ideal which we have termed that of Western civilisation existed in a very strong degree in Ancient Greece, still more strongly among the Romans and the nations of Western Europe, whom they conquered and civilised long before Christianity was preached ; and the noble qualities which we admire in those races may often be directly traced to the influence of wives and mothers. Again, it must be remembered that it is under the auspices of the Christian religion that the degraded or fourth ideal, which we shall next consider, has often prevailed, and that many attribute its existence to a teaching of a section of the Church.

But high as is this ideal, history shows that there are dangers which threaten those societies where it prevails ; danger the outcome of that very civilisation which it has done so much to perfect. Luxury, prosperity, too great liberty, want of mutual respect and continual striving after new sensations are too apt to destroy that wholesome state of things, which has been the palladium of every great nation, and we too often have examples of the fourth ideal which, though springing from the third, is so distinct from it that it deserves to be classed by itself. Where a wife is no longer content with taking her share in the battle of life, no longer content to recognise the fact that there are things which it better becomes the woman to do than the man, and *vice versâ* ; when she insists on aping and sharing the follies and vices of the man ; on casting from her that modesty and reserve which are woman's greatest charms ; when she spurns maternity and domestic duties as trivial or monotonous, then, indeed, the marriage state must fall into disrepute ; then the fatherland must surely suffer. It was this which led to the unspeakable horrors of Imperial Rome ; it was the unsexed women, their profligacy only equalled by their audacity, who were responsible as much as Nero and Domitian themselves for the downfall of Roman civilisation. Otho and Silius would have been impossible but for Poppœa and Messalina. In later times, too, and even in Christian countries where the marriage tie was in theory held so sacred that if duly celebrated it could only be dissolved by death, we have seen a state of things as bad. Wife and husband have each gone their own way—the husband with his mistress, the



wife with her lovers, and yet have been looked upon as good sons and daughters of a Catholic Church ; and even the priests of that Church, aye, and the highest of those priests, have been art and part in immorality—as contrary to the teachings of Christ as was the wickedness of ancient Rome.

Though these ideals regarding the marriage condition are each representative of a stage in civilisation or in barbarism, types of them all may yet be seen existing side by side in every community. Nothing shows more clearly the varied nature of the elements composing our modern civilisation, and the variety of the sources from which it is derived, than the fact that this important social relation is regarded in practice, if not in theory, by different persons in the same country as desiring to be governed by laws differing so much from each other as those of the four ideals already described. For our acquaintance must be small indeed if we cannot call to mind couples who regulate their married lives on the lines of each of these four ideals. However scrupulously the outward laws of propriety are observed, however little opportunity is given to the voice of open scandal, there are in every rank of life husbands who treat their wives as squaws, or consider themselves entitled to the privileges of sultans, couples to whom the marriage tie is a mockery, as well as couples who are one in fact as well as in name.

Of course there can be no doubt, at least in a civilised country, that the third view of married life is the one which should prevail, whether we regard the good of the parties immediately concerned, or that of the community in which they live. The proper maintenance of the marriage condition, the giving to the wife her proper place in the family, is the great safeguard of the liberty of women ; is one of the chief things which distinguish true civilisation from barbarism or imperfect civilisation ; a state of society which is healthy from one in which corruption and decay have already set in. It is impossible to conceive a higher life for the individual, than that perfect union between husband and wife in which the two are one not only in name but in heart and soul, where the wife is the intelligent sharer of her husband's joys and sorrows alike, takes an intelligent and sympathetic interest in all his occupations, feels herself truly identified with his successes, and regards him as being really one with herself rather than a mere money-producing machine which has to provide her with food, clothing, and amusement in return for such domestic duties as she thinks proper to perform. The most ardent advocate of women's rights could not ask for a higher position than to be such a wife. The most obstinate defender of the good old plan of keeping women in their place could not but prefer such a consort to the flavourless, patient Griseldas, whom some benighted beings, even in this nineteenth century, look upon as perfection.

Husbands and wives who are truly one make good citizens and

have good citizens for their children, and a State in which the marriage relations are as above indicated cannot fail to be strong and prosperous, and the standard of morality prevailing therein cannot fail to be a high one. But if unions like these are good for the State—leaving out for the moment the convenience of the individual—if the sacredness of such unions is essential to its well-being, as most people will agree is the case, what are we to say where these ideal conditions do not exist? Very few men would now, it may be observed parenthetically, be satisfied with the woman content with “marriage, maternity, and domestic life alone,” whose rarity certain writers lament. These qualities may be enough for a savage who wants a squaw to cook his dinner, for a Mussulman who wishes an ornament for his harem, or even a Napoleon needing a wife to produce him an heir who can perpetuate his name and race; but they hardly satisfy the aspirations of a man who seeks in a wife a true partner rather than a mere mother to his children.

If all wives were of this flavourless stamp the maintenance of the sanctity of marriage would be a very simple matter. The wife would have nothing to do but sit at home in patience while the husband could amuse himself in whatever company he pleased. He, in the enjoyment of perfect liberty, would have no temptation to sever the tie; she, claiming nothing more than she receives, would have no right to feel aggrieved, no excuse for feeling so. This is, in one sense, to protect the sanctity of the marriage tie, but in a way too much tainted with the spirit of mediævalism and barbarism to suit the latter half of this century.

In this country a vast change for the better has been made of late years in the recognised position of the wife, both as regards the positive law and the much stronger though unwritten social law of public opinion and habit. Side by side and in intimate connection with it has gone on a great improvement in the condition of women generally. Whether regarded as women or wives the tendency of the movement has been to bring their position more into accord with what we have already termed the ideal of western civilisation.

The improvement has been two-fold. Not only have wives and women obtained privileges which were once denied them, but privileges which belonged two centuries ago to those of the upper classes alone have gradually been extended to their poorer sisters. For we know that at a time when the wives of our nobles and men of high degree were treated as their equals, and held in that honour in which wives in a well-directed State ought to be held, the wives of the lower classes were too often regarded as little better than cleaning and cooking machines for their menfolk's use. Women still have their grievances, it is true, but let us look at the enormous benefits which have lately been given to them both by legislation and public opinion. Wives have their

earnings and property preserved to them by law; a poor wife can obtain protection from a brutal husband without the expensive aid of the Divorce Court; countless opportunities are given to women of earning their own living; public opinion no longer looks askance on a woman who boldly strikes out a line of her own, and prefers an honest independence to the position of a poor relation or marriage for the sake of maintenance.

Of course this progress is satisfactory; but it would be well to ask if there is not some justification for the fears of those of the old school who see evil in the emancipation of woman, if there is not danger that the liberty which the spirit of the age has given to women may degenerate into contempt for all restraint whatsoever, and bring into disrepute the hitherto honoured state of wife and mother. Already there are signs of a tendency to disregard the marriage tie, to treat the marriage relation with contempt, which may well be looked upon as danger-signals by those who have the common weal at heart. There is danger in two quarters. Those persons who are prone to make an unworthy use of the advantages which the spirit of the age has given them, and those enthusiastic champions of women's rights who in their zeal for their cause and in the heat of their opposition to what they consider the inequalities of married life, are apt to forget that married life is essential to the highest type of womankind; that it is no more good for a woman than for a man to be alone; that the proper observance of the marriage relation is the foundation on which all society must rest.

But if a high matrimonial standard is to be maintained, the laws which govern the marriage relation must be fair and just, and it cannot be said that in England the laws which affect one most important point in connection with the marriage tie—namely, its dissolution—are by any means perfect. Marriage is, it is true, in theory regarded as sacred whenever and by whomsoever contracted, and to hear the congratulations given at an ordinary wedding one would think that every English bride and bridegroom had a career of uninterrupted happiness before them. This is the theory—what is the practice?

What is to be said of those marriages in which, to say the least of it, a high standard of union is only recognised by one or by neither contracting party? There are numberless instances in which the life of husband and wife, far from being a blessing to themselves and a benefit to the community, has proved a curse to themselves and a scandal to their neighbours. What is to be said of those ill-matched couples who—united perhaps in very early life, without knowledge of each other or experience of the world—find only too soon what a mistake they have made, and live a life of misery, release from which can only be given by disgrace to one or

the other? Sometimes they go their own way, each knowing well the misdeeds of the other, and apparently ignoring them. Sometimes they try to endure the consequences in silence, and inflict on each other, by the mere jarring of unsympathetic natures, tortures more exquisite than any cruelty provable in the Divorce Court. Is it better for the State, it may be asked, for such ill-mated couples to be allowed to repair their errors and go free, than for them to remain nominally one, while all the time they are chafing against the chain which binds them; are far more apart in heart and soul than perfect strangers, and even feel a hostility to each other, which is caused entirely by the fact that they are tied together? Which is better for the State, divorce by mutual consent—of course with all due safeguards where children are concerned—or the husband with his mistresses, the wife with her lovers, which in Catholic countries is accepted as the recognised order of things, with the alternative, where religious principles are strong, or passions weak, of ceaseless bickerings, making of the sacred home a hell upon earth?

Besides mere incompatibility of temper, there are of course numbers of faults on one side or the other which make married life a scandal and a misery. Uncontrollable temper, unrestrainable extravagance, hopeless apathy or idleness, besides drunkenness, insanity, and crime, are instances which will occur to the mind of every one as justifying the interposition of the law.

Some say we must "dree our weird" as best we can. Now, for one thing, if it is a question of patient endurance, the "weird" should be "dreed" in every case, and to be consistent we should hold that none, however wrong, ought to seek the remedy which even now the law gives. Is it, however, necessary or expedient to punish a mistake of youth by a life-long torture? Is it for the good of the community that two people should be compelled to drag out aimless or scandalous existences together who, if free, might either alone, or with some more suitable mate, be able to lead useful and creditable lives? In England the religious question of the indissolubility of marriage has been disposed of. Whatever may be the opinion of ecclesiastics and High Churchmen, the law of this country says that the chain welded at the altar may be broken in Court, and the only practical question to be discussed is how far the reasons allowed by the law are sufficient for the welfare alike of the individual and the community. Great complaint has been made that the interference of the Divorce Court does not go far enough, and that while people are allowed to expose their domestic scandals and obtain a measure of relief for a variety of causes, complete freedom can only be given if the element of infidelity is present. It may be admitted that as regards giving a divorce for simple infidelity, the inequality between man and woman is not so unjust as the advocates

of women's rights would make out. The consequences of an isolated act of infidelity on the part of a woman are so much more serious than in the case of a man that there is sufficient reason for the law being more stringent in the one case than in the other. But if a husband is persistently and ostentatiously unfaithful; if he treats his wife but as the most respected of his harem, giving the best of his society to others, it is very hard that his wife should be deprived of her remedy simply because he is not coward enough to strike her and does not find it convenient openly to abandon her. Surely, too, cruelty and desertion on either side—for the tongue of a nagging shrew can wound as deeply as any blow—might be treated in themselves as being even more crying wrongs than infidelity.

Our divorce law is at fault in one important point in that it entirely overlooks the public reasons for allowing dissolution of marriage, and regards it merely as a private privilege. It is forgotten that conjugal offences concern the community as well as the individual, and that public morality is as much injured by the continuance of ill-assorted marriages, as an aggrieved wife or husband. If one of a couple has shown him or herself unfit for the dignity of the marriage state, the law punishes the offender by pronouncing a divorce, and giving him or her the chance of making a fresh start under better auspices. If both, however, have shown themselves unfit for the dignity of the marriage state, the law pronounces no punishment (?), but compels them to remain tied together in a condition the sanctity of which they openly violate.

Yet it cannot be for the public good to keep them in a position where they cannot but continue to offend against public decency and morality. What would be said if in a case of theft there could be no punishment for the convicted thief if the prosecutor were proved to have been guilty of certain offences? Or, if it were a sufficient answer to a petition in bankruptcy to say that the petitioning creditor had at one time failed to pay his debts with proper regularity? The truth is that the proper function of the law in matters of divorce is simply to declare that, whether one or both be in fault, the continuance of the relation of husband and wife between two people is contrary to the common weal and to put an end to that relation accordingly, leaving it to public opinion to punish the guilty parties in its own way, just as a bankrupt is punished by loss of credit and position.

The time has now come when the duty of all enlightened men and women, whether directly sufferers or not from the present system, is clear; it is to ask for the re-adjustment of our divorce laws on common-sense principles. In every instance where the law now grants judicial separation, let it give the judge discretion to grant divorce. Let it be clearly and more generally understood that cruelty implies mental as well as physical ill-usage. Let, at least,

the following be made causes for divorce—sentences for long periods of imprisonment, continual drunkenness, insanity, hopeless inability to agree (where, at least, there are no children), and the sacredness of the marriage tie will be more respected, public sense of morality stronger, and thousands of people will lead happy, contented lives, who are now chafing under a burden almost too heavy to bear, but who do not care to free themselves at the expense of disgrace.

H. L. POSTLETHWAITE.

## WHAT HINDERS EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALASIA?

PERHAPS the fact has not received the attention it deserves, that while there has been a gradual increase in the numbers emigrating from the United Kingdom, in each of the last four decades, the proportion of the total whose destination is Australasia has steadily declined in these periods, successively. This is notably the case as regards the whole space of time from 1856—when the Victorian annual yield of gold reached the highest point—to the present date. The significance of the comparison is intensified when it is remembered that the proportion going to the United States, Canada, and other countries, shows, on an average, an upward tendency during the same period. If the scope of the proposed inquiry were limited to the last four years—during which there has been exceptional trade depression in the majority of the Australasian Colonies—there would seem nothing remarkable in the stream of immigration being temporarily checked in that interval, notably to Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, and New Zealand. But the present paper takes account of population proceeding from this country to Australasia compared with other destinations of British emigrants during about forty years. The natural inference from the shrinkage about to be indicated is that there is some chronic peculiarity in the immigration policy of the Australasian Colonies, or some adverse feature in the Colonies themselves, to explain the decrease as affecting them in the face of the increase which has taken place in other directions.

The total number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to all countries abroad, in the eight years 1853–60 was 1,582,475; in the ten years 1861–70, 1,967,570; in the ten years 1871–80, 2,228,396, and in the ten years 1881–90, 3,555,655. The proportion destined for Australasia in each of these intervals respectively, was 25·11 per cent., 14·24 per cent., 14·05 per cent., and 10·79 per cent. The records for the last two years, show relatively, an increased declining ratio. At the same time, the proportions to British North America mark a distinct advance in the periods above named, taken as a whole. These proportions were 10·10 per cent. 9·92 per cent., 10·42 per cent. 11·11 per cent. respectively. The United States, as usual, received by far the largest share, the

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proportions being 62·16 per cent., 72·40 per cent., 68·74 per cent., and 71·61 per cent. To other countries collectively, the several percentages for the same periods are 2·63, 3·44, 6·79, and 6·49 per cent. of the total emigration from the United Kingdom. The persistent fall in the proportion to Australasia, however, from 25·11 to 10·79 per cent. in thirty-eight years, as against a general upward movement in the proportions emigrating elsewhere, is the special feature in this analysis.

If we vary the method of calculation and take periods of five years, beginning with the *quinquennium* 1882-86 inclusive, we reach corresponding results. In that interval the total emigration of persons of British origin from Great Britain and Ireland to the Australasian Colonies amounted to 235,000, while in the five years 1887-91, the number was 130,000, giving a yearly average, in the first five years, of 47,000, and in the latter five years of only 26,000. But in order to arrive at the net amount of immigration gained by the Antipodean Colonies, the number of persons who have returned from them to the United Kingdom must be deducted. We thus find, during the five years, 1882-86, a balance in favour of Australasia of 194,000, while in 1887-91, the actual number of those who remained was only 82,000.<sup>1</sup> This would give an average of 38,000 per annum for the first five years, and of only 16,000 per annum for the next five. The last two years exhibit, proportionately, a still more unfavourable record. In 1890 the total number of immigrants from the United Kingdom to Australasia was only 21,000, and in 1891, 19,000. But when allowance is made for those who returned to the parent country, the net numbers of British immigrants retained in the Australasian colonies for the two years last mentioned are only 10,000 and 9,600 respectively. Judging by the emigration returns published for the first nine months of 1892, the latter year's record will be much less satisfactory than that of its predecessors. The latest official statistics available as showing the order of the Australasian colonies in respect to excess of immigrants over emigrants relate to 1891. In that year New South Wales took the lead. Next came Victoria with considerably fewer net additions to population from the same source than were received by her neighbour. Then followed in the order of their several increases from old country immigration Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia. On the other hand, emigrants from New Zealand actually exceeded immigrants. It is tolerably certain that New South Wales will continue to maintain her position in respect to immigration, at the head of the entire group, despite the financial crisis which of late has swept away so large a number of deposit banks and mortgage companies in Sydney. For some years to come, however, the rate of increase from immigration in the latter colony

<sup>1</sup> See Emigration Returns for these dates.



will most probably be reduced, as compared with many preceding years, in consequence of the late commercial disasters which have so seriously disturbed public confidence. But the silver and coal mines of New South Wales are prosperous, and her gold mines are by no means unpromising, while she has an immensely greater quantity of land to offer intending settlers, at a low price—suitable for pastoral and agricultural pursuits—than is obtainable in the neighbouring colony of Victoria. Still as will presently be shown, New South Wales, in common with every other colony in Australia, has signally failed to turn fully to account her magnificent natural advantages, from the ill-disguised dislike of the bulk of her people towards immigration.

Gold-mining, which was the greatest factor in drawing population to Victoria in the fifties and sixties, has been declining for years with but temporary improvement at wide intervals.<sup>1</sup> It cannot be doubted that large sections of territory in that colony are well adapted for orchards, vineyards, dairy-farms, sheep and cattle; but the land is held mostly by occupiers and speculative owners at prices which would be deemed almost prohibitory, compared with the cost at which land equally suitable for these and other industries could be purchased in New South Wales and some other colonies. There is one circumstance by which a sweeping reduction in land values may be effected in Victoria. She is at present suffering unparalleled distress resulting from the collapse of a false prosperity created by excessive government, municipal and private borrowings of English capital. The confidence of British investors in the financial administration of the colony has been rudely shaken and they have suddenly ceased to provide her with fresh loans. It would not be surprising, therefore, judging by the analogy of other Australasian Colonies, which have lost population under similar conditions, if, within the next few years, there should be a stampede of emigrants from Victoria, compelled to make sacrifices in order to realise their property. New Zealand, to some extent, has emerged from the trials caused by reckless government loans and wasteful expenditure ten years ago. But signs of returning vitality, as yet, are faint in that colony, and its rate of progress in the future will largely depend on what is done to induce selected immigration from Europe to settle on her productive lands. Queensland has enormously rich resources in her precious metals, her vast grazing areas, and her sugar plantations, which are henceforth to be cultivated, it appears, by Kanaka labour. She has already, in recent years, expended more on assisted passages to immigrants from this country—agricultural labourers and domestic servants—than any other Australasian colony, and she has reaped

<sup>1</sup> The improvement for 1892 has been slightly exceptional compared with one or two previous years. But between 1856 and 1890 the annually diminishing yield was continuous except in 1868, 1871, 1880, 1881, 1882, and 1888, when the annual yields in these later years were a trifle in advance of the years immediately preceding them.

substantial benefits, out of all proportion to the outlay. It was feared that her appropriation of money to such grants had reached the vanishing point; but it is eminently satisfactory to learn that in November last, the Brisbane Government decided to resume the assisting of agricultural immigrants, and to attach an immigration itinerant lectureship to the office of the Agent-General in London. In adopting this resolution, Queensland stands alone among the Australasian Colonies at the present time. South Australia would hardly be justified in expecting a speedy increase in numbers from immigration when we consider the comparatively small quantity of soil she possesses capable of yielding adequate crops, the rapid exhaustion, in many instances, of her lands hitherto brought under cultivation, and her restricted supply of valuable minerals and metals—so far as is at present known—in parts of the colony suited for the settlement of Europeans. Nevertheless, she has ample resources to support many millions more than the present number of her inhabitants. As regards Western Australia and Tasmania, the encouraging development of gold mines in the former and of silver mines in the latter, affords hope of the steady and solid progress of both these colonies if only care is taken by their Governments to inform the outside world fully of their great stores of latent wealth.

After making the fullest allowance for special circumstances affecting each colony, the fact remains that Australasia, as a whole, is capable of profitably absorbing at least 200,000 immigrants per annum, assuming that needful provision is made for their reception. As for the towns—particularly the capitals—their populations are congested beyond the possibility of employment being found within their precincts for the scores of thousands who are out of employment—in part from the general apathy of the population, in reference to even the most profitable rural pursuits—and, in part, from the prevailing stagnation of trade. The result is that Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and other centres are fast becoming breeding grounds for enforced idleness, poverty, want and crime. These social mischiefs are materially aggravated by the system of Protective duties which is unfortunately established in Victoria and New South Wales, and within measurable distance of being openly adopted in all the other Australasian Colonies. The practical effect of Protection is to foster, artificially, factory industries in the chief centres. To these the agricultural population, impatient of the monotony of rural life, are only too readily attracted in the hope of finding work at some trade, as well as an unlimited choice of amusements. The extension of public works with borrowed money—while Government loans flowed in freely from the London market—added to the chances of a floating population getting remunerative employment in the capitals. One section of disappointed persons who drift into the towns take to gambling

on the turf—without exception the most prominent institution in the country—or sink down to the level of habitual drinking. Another section swells the crowd of unsuccessful office-seekers under the *régime* of State Socialism which exists. Included among the functions of government throughout Australasia are the construction and administration of railways and the subsidising of municipalities, and the support of hospitals and other benevolent institutions, which, in the parent country, are supported by voluntary contributions.

The sole hope for one of the richest and, in respect to climate, one of the most pleasant countries in the Empire, would seem to lie in the systematic immigration of small orchardists, dairymen and cultivators of cereals and root-crops from England; of growers of wine and olives from France and Italy; and of experts in the productions of South Germany and Spain. It is from the soil alone and by the export of its manifold products, in addition to the existing staple of wool and the precious metals, that real and progressive wealth can be created in Australasia, and not—as too many colonists have believed to their ruin—by fiscal extortion, “land-booms,” and bank-mongerings. The scope for trade-profit, also, flowing into the Australasian Colonies in exchange for exports—if only the energies of the people were mainly directed to their cultivation—is virtually unlimited. England alone imports from abroad dairy produce, fruit and frozen meat to the aggregate value of £60,000,000 a year; and all these commodities—to say nothing of wine, raisins, tobacco, timber, oil, &c.—Australasia is able to supply at a profit. Such of these articles as are edible would mostly arrive in this country at a season of the year when they could not be produced here owing to Australasia and the mother-country being situated in opposite hemispheres. Yet, for years the exports of Victoria, until the last twelve months, have been decreasing.<sup>1</sup> How can the Colonial exports enumerated become commensurate with the extensive demands of English and foreign markets for them without selected immigration? It is not the introduction of multitudes from over-populated Europe, regardless of their fitness for colonial spheres of labour, that is advocated. Nor is it suggested that the Colonial Governments should devote public money to assisted passages, except, perhaps, for bringing out farm labourers and their families. What is mainly wanted is that farmers with small capital in Europe should have an opportunity of learning from resident agents and travelling lecturers about the resources and prospects of the Colonies. Let that class only be convinced of the suitability of Australasia for settlement, and many of them would gladly emigrate at their own expense. Skilled workmen, on the other hand, should

<sup>1</sup> Under a doubtful system of government bonuses, the export of butter has lately been stimulated. A P. & O. steamer recently brought from Melbourne 500 tons of this article, and the total export of it to England for 1892 was about 2000 tons.

be positively warned against going out unless under engagements previously arranged in Europe. But if the colonial authorities fail to initiate with wisdom, and carry out with vigour the indispensable work of introducing selected immigration, there is no hope of the colonists themselves undertaking so important a scheme. Australasian communities have been trained from the outset, to look to their Government to do what in the United States and Canada the people have always been taught to do for themselves. The sole instance in recent times, throughout the whole of Australasia, of private enterprise being systematically directed to the settlement of land on a considerable scale, is that of the Messrs. Chaffey, of Mildura and Renmark. Yet these gentlemen are not Australians in any sense. They are natives of Canada, who came to Victoria and South Australia but a few years ago, as irrigationists with valuable experience obtained in California. The striking object-lesson they have been able to teach the governments and the people, in the art of bringing population to their own settlements, has incited neither the former nor the latter to any appreciable extent, to emulate their example. It is true that a few irrigation-works of trifling importance have been executed in Australia, outside of the Chaffey settlements, principally by the aid of government loans, and under the control of local trusts; but these works have too often proved unsatisfactory from mismanagement. In many cases the public money lent has been wasted and neither principal nor interest can ever be refunded by the local bodies; while in no instance, up to the present, have any irrigation settlements or settlements of any other description in Australasia except those of the Messrs. Chaffey, been associated with agencies planted in Europe for drawing population to the country. The large tract of land obtained by these indomitable irrigationists from the Victorian Government for giving effect to their project, was deemed so hopelessly barren when they entered upon it, that it was entirely withdrawn from the official list of lands fit for settlement as incapable of supporting man or beast. Under their skilful administration, however, the desert has become a garden and the settlers that have made their homes in Mildura alone, already number about four thousand. Many of these have been brought, in the last four years, from the United Kingdom and the Continent by agents and lecturers employed by this enterprising company. With increased capital equally brilliant results could doubtless be produced by them at Renmark in South Australia, where they are developing a project of the same kind. It may be stated incidentally that, so far from these Canadians being welcomed as public benefactors, on their arrival in Victoria, a large section of the Victorian Legislative Assembly exhausted the forms of the House and held all-night sittings for the purpose of opposing the Bill which authorised the Chaffey enterprise.

The cardinal hindrance to Australasian immigration being

efficiently promoted is the subserviency of the popular legislative chambers in the Colonies to the prejudices of the majority in the electorates who vote under manhood suffrage. The result is—class legislation, which often proves extremely oppressive to the large and intelligent electoral minorities. Under the Australasian Democracy there has sprung up widespread jealousy, amounting to positive aversion, to anything approaching organised emigration from Europe of able-bodied workmen of good character even though they may have been brought up to handle the plough. The bulk of men composing Australasian governments and legislative assemblies are in Parliament or in office, for a living. For the most part, they are professional politicians and apparently dead to the impulse of patriotic sentiment. They are accustomed to pander to the whims of the working classes at whose mercy are their election and their salaries as the people's representatives. Speaking from years of careful observation on the spot I do not hesitate to say that the working men of Australasia are usually blinded to their true interests by the flattery of parliamentary agitators and proprietors of so-called "Radical" newspapers. It is hardly from politicians of this type that measures are to be looked for likely to attract population and settle them in productive districts in which prosperity would be assured to skill, patience, industry and thrift. If members of a colonial assembly, in the large majority of cases, were to propose the introduction of immigration they would certainly be marked out for exclusion from the House at the next triennial election. If a government should initiate such a measure they would, except perhaps, in Queensland and Western Australia, inevitably lose their parliamentary majority and be forced to resign. It would seem, at first sight, incredible that this extreme narrowness should exist in a collective population of 3,000,000 whites residing on the fringe of a continent almost as large as that of the United States of America, and capable of supporting, when fully explored and cultivated, probably a hundred times its present population. Yet an absurd cry, "Australia for the Australians," has been invented by mob-orators to inflate the vanity of those of European descent born on the soil, who now largely outnumber comers from other countries. This watchword really means that the Colonists who have a footing in the country may stay, but that additions to the population from abroad (fellow subjects from the parent country not excepted), are not welcome unless they bring with them plenty of capital to give highly-paid employment to those already in possession, or to invest in land and thus raise the value of local holdings for the benefit of old colonists or their descendants. The colonial-born are trained by politicians to believe that they are in perpetual danger of being flooded with what in the cant of demagogues, is called "the pauper labour of Europe"—a phrase indiscriminately

but purposely applied by them to all immigrant labour whatsoever. The notion of immigration formerly, was that every honest and industrious able-bodied man landed in the country was reckoned as equivalent to £200 added to its capital. The modern fallacy—the fruit of Trades Unions and payment of members of Parliament under manhood suffrage—is that every immigrant, whether artisan or farmer, is a natural enemy to local labour, whose admittance to the country must, sooner or later, result in the starvation of his fellow workers. I have been told by working men themselves after they had been some years in Australia, that although they had presented to the Trades Hall authorities in Melbourne certificates of membership with Trades Unions in England, they were treated by their *confrères* as intruders during a lengthened period of probation. Not unfrequently squatters too are found inimical to the immigration of land-culturists on the selfish ground that the extension of agriculture would tend to limit the area of their sheep runs.

Not the least cogent proof that the advent of immigrants is not generally desired, is that while there is now a total absence of organisation for bringing them out, except in a modified degree, as regards one, or perhaps two, colonies, there is neither public nor private organisation, as a rule, for the reception and guidance of new arrivals. They are, consequently, left unaided to choose districts for settlement as best they can. There could not, in general, be a more complete failure to provide for the direction of immigrants if they were arriving in the most outlandish foreign country. No contrast could be greater than that which exists between the care shown to immigrants bound for a particular destination in the Great Republic by Americans, and the neglect shown by the local authorities in most of the Australasian Colonies towards immigrants coming out from the heart of the Empire. It is well known that the Government at Washington is largely relieved from the necessity of arranging for the settlement of agricultural immigrants. The new comers are usually received in New York by the agents of the railroad companies whose lands they have chosen, from official maps, before leaving Europe. As distinguished from the Australasian Governments the American Federal Government strictly confines itself to the specific functions of executing the laws and protecting law-abiding citizens in the possession of their rights and liberties. It leaves the construction, maintenance, and ownership of railroads to private enterprise. At the same time no system could possibly work more effectively in bringing and distributing immigrants than the American railroad system, which is entirely in private hands. Those who build lines in the States are paid in land situated on either side of the railroads formed. The companies who embark in these undertakings are sufficiently alive to their interests to know that the only way in which these lands can be rendered profitable

to them is by occupants being secured for them as each section of the road is finished. For this purpose the railroad companies open offices, not only in the States and Canada, but all over European countries which are accustomed to contribute immigrants to America. Agents and lecturers, on salary or commission, are appointed to convey information as to soil, climate, and markets for produce. They are supplied with attractive maps and sketches of neighbouring scenery for free circulation. When immigrants, won by these means, reach Castle Gardens, New York, they find officials of the different railroad companies ready to make arrangements for conducting them to their proposed destinations, whether these be near or remote. Thus the States become settled without government interference or assistance and with the *minimum* of inconvenience to the settlers.

Similarly, in the Dominion of Canada the chief burden of introducing settlers to the lands devolves on the Canadian railroad companies. Early in November last, Mr. Hamilton, the Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway left the Dominion for England, with a number of farming delegates of different European nationalities, selected from the north-western provinces of Canada. These delegates were sent to Norway, Germany, Russia, and other countries, according to their nationality, in order to induce their fellow countrymen to emigrate to Canada. A section of the delegates is visiting England with the same object. Concurrently with this movement, a conference was held at Montreal, composed of the agents of steamship companies and of the Canadian Pacific Railway authorities for the purpose of organising some concerted action for inducing British and foreign subjects to settle in the Dominion.

In Australasia, on the contrary, the colonial governments are mostly owners of the railways running through their respective territories. They borrow money to build the lines. They are often fleeced by speculative holders of lands required for construction. It has sometimes happened that schemers have actually bribed members of the legislative assemblies to find out the route for a new railway that has been decided upon by the Government; and land which is privately known to be indispensable for the undertaking is bought up by speculators with the perfect knowledge that the Government must pay them a greatly advanced price for it. Plant, rolling stock and management, from kindred causes, cost much more than a private company would consent to pay, face to face with vigilant shareholders expecting dividends and constantly enforcing motives for economy. No such motives have any existence for railway-owning colonial governments. The latter, not unfrequently build lines where they are not immediately wanted and cannot yield profitable returns for generations. They are occasionally induced to

adopt this extravagant course in order to placate importunate parliamentary supporters representing the districts for which new lines are demanded. When the lines are finished the methods followed in the United States and Canada for attracting population to make them reproductive are conspicuous by their absence. The inevitable result is that there is not, at this moment, a single Australasian colony in which the net railway revenue has not to be heavily supplemented from the general colonial exchequer to meet the half-yearly interest on the borrowed capital invested. It would be enormously to the advantage of agricultural settlement in the vicinity of Australasian railways and to the advantage of the colonies generally, if from necessity, or by voluntary arrangement, the lines were relinquished by the governments and were owned by shareholding companies.

One would naturally suppose that as the distance from London to Melbourne is four times greater than from Liverpool to New York or Quebec, there would be a proportionately larger amount of zeal apparent in inducing emigrants to attempt the longer voyage. But it is no exaggeration to say that a hundred times more effort is used by American and Canadian railroad companies in getting people to take up their abode in the States and the Dominion than is made by governments or private companies in Australasia to persuade settlers to select some part of that country to live in. Queensland—making a virtue of necessity—since British capitalists have refused to lend her Government more money to construct railways, has passed an act to authorise the building of new lines by associated private capital on the land-grant principle, on the condition, however, that the lines should ultimately revert to the Government. Should this proposal be approved by investors it cannot fail when carried out to advance the best interests of the colony, and it is to be hoped that adjacent sister colonies may soon be led to imitate her example in encouraging the construction of private lines.

The Australasian Colonies are represented in London by a class of officials called "Agents-General." Each of them is provided with a suite of offices and a staff of clerks in Victoria Street, Westminster. It might naturally be supposed that a department would be placed under their control for the organised diffusion of information by lectures and pamphlets among the ruined agriculturalists of the United Kingdom suited to increase the number engaged in the remunerative cultivation of the soil in Australasia. But this one thing needful is notably excluded from the proceedings of these representatives of the colonial governments, except in the case of Queensland already referred to. One or two of them have lectured a few times in this country on the resources of their respective colonies, but chiefly before institutions in London, patronised by the upper and mercantile classes who know a great



deal about Australasia already. The salaries of these representatives range from £2,500 per annum downwards, and their governments expend on their official establishments an estimated aggregate of about £30,000 a year. They are furnished with an army of secretaries and clerks to assist them. Their chief occupation consists in ordering materials to be sent out for the construction of public works—a commonplace matter of business which could be satisfactorily attended to by any respectable firm of London commission merchants, at a great reduction of the expense now incurred. They are also entrusted with the payment of contractors' accounts out of loan moneys. But as borrowing operations in London, in behalf of Australasia, are at present indefinitely suspended, the labour of the Agents-General in this direction has practically ceased. Where applications for loans from their respective governments are in this market a fraction of their time is spent in consulting with the managers of the issuing banks. They occasionally vary their employment by waiting in a body on the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day to urge upon him the introduction of a Bill into the Imperial Parliament for placing Colonial Government Stocks in the list of legal British Trust investments, at the same time discussing with him the question of coining silver at colonial mints; but hitherto a deaf ear has been turned to their appeals on these subjects. To relieve the monotony of intervals, when time hangs heavily on their hands, they have been known to approach the Secretary of State for the Colonies with vain protests against France being allowed to have convict settlements in the South Pacific. Part of their leisure is filled up by attending ceremonies and receiving visits from wealthy colonists. The light character of their duties allows them ample time to serve in the city, as directors of colonial banks and English insurance companies. But several of the banks and companies with which the names of some of them have been connected in this capacity having lately failed, and involved in heavy losses British and colonial depositors and investors who were tempted to put their money in these concerns by the fact of Agents-General being on the board of direction, some of their governments have felt compelled to make it imperative that no Agent-General shall be a director of any company during his term of office.<sup>1</sup> Of course, pamphlets and Year Books are forwarded, by the assistants of the officials referred to, to inquirers for these publications. But if ever their office had a *raison d'être* it has now degenerated for the most part into a lucrative sinecure to which, at times, a member of a Colonial Cabinet who wants experience of London life for a few years appoints himself, with the consent of his Ministerial colleagues. But it is only fair to the majority of the Agents-General to say that they are not

<sup>1</sup> It is greatly to the credit of the South Australian Government that they have taken this course.

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altogether responsible for the seeming inactivity shown by them in the matter of immigration to Australasia. If the representatives of Victoria, New South Wales, and some other colonies, were to display zeal in personally visiting, at short intervals, British and Irish rural centres, and persuading suffering farmers to settle in their colonies, they would soon receive an emphatic caution from their governments, or be recalled under the pressure of threats from the local Trades Unions to drive Colonial Ministers from office if the obnoxious efforts of their Agents-General to promote emigration were continued. It can hardly be doubted that the prevailing attitude of Australasia towards immigration is unique, and as connected with the disposal of the increasing surplus population of the parent country the question is entitled to the serious consideration of the Imperial and Colonial Governments. The objection of the United States Government is to the immigration of paupers and of persons absolutely destitute. The objection of the bulk of Australasians and their governments is to immigration under almost any conditions whatsoever.

M.

## A QUAKER OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

At the time of the first Reform Bill Darlington was a clean, quiet little town situated in a rich agricultural district. The finest of horses, the most beautiful of short-horned cattle, countless flocks of sheep, and abundance of wool were sold in its spacious market-place. The Grammar School was founded by Queen Elizabeth but the town was much more ancient, being a borough by prescription under the Bishops of Durham, one of whom, the famous Hugh Pudsey, built its church. The bishops were still Princes Palatine of Durham until the middle of this century, and they owned the tolls of the Darlington fairs and markets, and appointed the chief magistrate of the town. Other customs and privileges, dating from feudal times, still continued, but signs of change were not wanting. In 1809 the long disused Episcopal palace on the banks of the Skerne was bought by the town, and, strangely enough, converted into the union workhouse. Ocular proof of the existence of an influence little in accordance with feudalism was given to all who trod the cobble-stone pavements of Darlington, and observed many figures, in a dress as quaint and old-fashioned as the bishop's own, issuing from the red roofed, red brick, narrow-windowed houses of North Gate, Priest Gate, and High Row. It has been observed that in towns where that Quaker garb has been long conspicuous we may look for a certain class of institutions, and we find in Darlington sixty years ago a dispensary, a savings' bank, a subscription library, a mechanics' institute, Lancastrian and Infants' schools, and branches of the Bible and Anti-Slavery Societies. From a commercial point of view, Backhouse's bank and Pease's woollen manufactory added greatly to the importance of the town, and one of the last-named family had been chosen to represent South Durham in the first Reformed Parliament. A genial and courteous person was the first Quaker M.P., whose pleasant face and cultured tones were little calculated to excite alarm, yet we can well imagine that, in 1832, his election for the district so long under the sway of bishops, deans, and chapters seemed a portent of terrible omen.

We have all heard how the Peases, of Felkirk in Yorkshire, were grievously offended with one of their family who had the audacity to turn Quaker; how, in 1744, he left his home and came to Dar-

lington, where he joined his maternal uncle in the wool-combing business; how he won the esteem of his neighbours, and how one of them predicted that "the family of Edward Pease would be such a tree as never was planted in Darlington."

The son of this steadfast man married Mary Richardson, of an old Yorkshire family. Her name is remembered in Darlington as the foundress of four almshouses for poor widows. These she left under the care of the Society of Friends, with a strict injunction that no member of the Society should ever be an inmate. In Canon Atkinson's delightful book, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, a tale is told concerning this Mrs. Pease. She was a noted housewife, and her stock of home-cured hams was carefully hung up in her husband's wool warehouse. One day the hams were missing. So keenly did the workmen employed on the premises feel the discredit cast upon the establishment by this occurrence that they despatched two of their number to Stokesley to consult a certain "Auld Wreeghtson," who was accounted the "wise man" of the district. This astute personage appeared to know all about the hams and their disappearance, and comforted his visitors by the assurance, "them that took them are tired of them; it will be awreet before you get back to Darnton." The two workmen slept at Stokesley, and started early next morning on their homeward journey. They reached the factory as the men were leaving off work for their twelve o'clock dinner, and "on crossing the bridge over the dam they saw the mistress's hams in the water."

This true story seems to link together the old times and the new, for the careful housewife whose property was thus recovered through fear of the power of the "wise man," was the mother of Edward Pease, founder of the first passenger railway. Two "wise men," each of a very different order from the old wizard of Stokesley, met at Darlington in 1823, when George Stephenson first visited Edward Pease. The want of a better mode of transit between Stockton and Darlington had been long felt, and in 1767 a canal had been proposed, and the ground surveyed by the famous Brindley. The project, however, was never carried out, and in 1821, after many delays and difficulties, an Act of Parliament was obtained for the making of a tramroad from the pits of West Auckland to Stockton, by way of Darlington. The waggons, of course, were to be drawn by horses. George Stephenson went to Edward Pease, as the chief promoter of the enterprise, to urge him to substitute steam power. "One of my engines will do more for your railroad than fifty horses," said the engine-wright from Killingworth, as he sat eating his supper at the table in Edward Pease's kitchen, while the master of the house, supporting his tall figure against the dresser, listened intently to the rugged Northumbrian speech. The long-headed, far-sighted manufacturer perceived that in the honest working man

before him he was entertaining a genius, and determined to stand by him at all risks. New powers were obtained from Parliament to convert the tramroad into a railway, and to employ locomotive engines upon it; Stephenson was appointed as engineer of the undertaking, and with Edward Pease as his partner, was enabled to commence his engine-works at Newcastle. The railway was opened, as every one knows, for passengers as well as for merchandise in 1825.

Darlington will always be known as the cradle of the English railway system, which has wrought such changes in modern life, and Edward Pease, "the Father of railways," is not likely to be forgotten. But the devoted life of his younger brother, Joseph Pease, and the Society which he founded at Darlington in 1839 "for the protection of the natives of British India" are also worthy to be remembered. This Mr. Pease (uncle to the first Quaker member of Parliament) was generally known as "Joseph Pease, of Feethams." The hospitable home which bore this name was a large white house, only just out of sight of Darlington market-place on the one side, while, on the other, it overlooked its own garden and park. Feethams was for many years a gathering place for philanthropists, and the correspondence of its owner has recently been published,<sup>1</sup> consisting chiefly of letters from Thomas Clarkson, the Abolitionist, Daniel O'Connell, the Irish "Liberator," and Richard Cobden, the Free Trader. The portrait of Joseph Pease in the book shows a bright intelligent face, with frank, fearless eyes and a kindly, smiling mouth, and might well bear as motto his favourite saying, "It is our duty to love all men but to fear no man."

Born in 1772 Joseph Pease was educated at a "Friends' " school at Leeds, and introduced early into the woollen business carried on by his father and grandfather. Much of his time in youth and early manhood was spent in travelling over the pastoral districts of Northern England and Southern Scotland, buying wool for the firm. A man of observation and reflection, he thus became very conversant with the life and habits of the people, their different employments, the improvements in machinery, and the influences affecting markets at home and abroad. A free trader in early life, he never changed his opinions on that point, and considered the Corn Law, passed in 1815, an oppressive and impolitic measure. A successful and capable business man, he seems to have been less concerned to accumulate wealth than to use it wisely, and, having acquired a competency, he retired from business in middle life. "It behoves me to remember," he was wont to say, "how difficult it is for those who are provided with the bread that perisheth to realise the living death of a perpetual struggle to keep the wolf from the door."

<sup>1</sup> *British Folks and British India: Joseph Pease and his Contemporaries.* By John Hyslop Bell. John Heywood.

Is it from inherited memories of suffering and persecution that people of Quaker descent—generally calm, reticent men, and gentle, soft-voiced women—are moved to such fierce indignation by tales of violence and wrong? In Joseph Pease this hatred of oppression was an absolute passion, and he married a wife who was like-minded with himself. Elizabeth Beaumont, though by her mother of a north country stock, was born at Battersea Rise, when that place and Clapham were noted centres of philanthropy. Her parents died in middle life, and she and her sister and brothers were left under the guardianship of Dr. Pope, of Staines, and were brought up under his care in that little Thames-side town. Dr. Pope's career is a curious bit of local history. Although he held a physician's diploma he was member of a firm of Staines apothecaries, Pope, Tothill and Chandler, who kept open shop, according to the custom of that day. Some accident brought Dr. Pope under the notice of the family of King George III., and the Princess Amelia chose him for her physician. This choice of a country practitioner did not meet with the approval of the Court physicians, but the old king, always favourable to Quakers, supported his daughter, and Dr. Pope attended her during her long illness, and during her somewhat lonely sojourns at Weymouth. Never, we may be sure, did such "flattering titles" as "Your Majesty" or "Your Royal Highness" pass the lips of so unbending a Friend as Dr. Pope, but he acknowledged his patient's rank as "Princess," and she proved by her letters, and by valuable gifts, still preserved at Staines, her gratitude for his kindness and watchful care.

Elizabeth Beaumont thus grew up in an atmosphere of rigid Quakerism, but it did not sour her sweet temper, nor chill her warm heart. These gifts, combined with high mental culture, made her a charming wife and mother, and the home at Feethams was a very happy one. When she died, in 1824, Mrs. Pease charged her son and daughter, almost with her latest breath, "ever to be the friends of the poor and the oppressed." The words were never forgotten, and they powerfully influenced the lives of her children. The son, a man of very retiring disposition, died after an honourable and useful life, some years ago. The daughter, widow of Professor Nichol, the astronomer, a man of varied and brilliant talents, is, happily, still with us, and her recollections have added to the value of her father's published correspondence. She resides in Edinburgh, and it seemed in the fitness of things that a deputation from the fifth Indian Congress, visiting that city in 1890, should be received in the house of a lady who had worked in her early days for the welfare of the natives of British India.

The Reform Bill of 1832, which at the time of its passing was considered to be little short of a revolution, seems less important in our day. It is now only "the first Reform Bill" and the classes

which it enfranchised appear to us less interesting and picturesque than the artisans and labourers who have been endowed with electoral powers by more recent enactments. It may be well for us to hear a word in favour of the despised middle classes, and to be reminded of the fact—remembered by Mrs. Nichol and recorded in Mr. Bell's book—that “intelligent foreigners who visited England during the first elections after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 were struck with admiration of a newly-enfranchised people, enthusiastically calling upon candidates at every hustings to ‘break the manacles of the negro slave,’ and to ‘clip the wings of the chartered monopolists of India,’ as among matters of primary importance. It was justly remarked upon, as a circumstance of which any nation might be proud, that the common people, enfranchised and unenfranchised, were urging their candidates, not to fulfil selfish exactions of their own, but to assuage the misery and relieve the oppression of the less favoured inhabitants of distant dependencies.” The results of this popular enthusiasm were two measures, both bearing the date of August 30, 1833. One of these was the Act which was gradually to emancipate the slaves in the West Indies and other British colonies; the other was “for affecting an arrangement with the East Indian Company, and for the better government of His Majesty's Indian territories till the 30th day of April, 1854.”

These two Acts were memorable among the first-fruits of Reform legislation, but neither of them satisfied Joseph Pease and his friends. They soon perceived that the most tangible result of the Emancipation Act was the payment of twenty millions of money to the West India planters, while to the slaves the apprenticeship system was simply slavery under another name. They therefore began to agitate for immediate emancipation, and in this agitation they found new auxiliaries. Women's Anti-Slavery Societies were formed in many towns. Miss Pease was secretary of the one formed in Darlington, and she issued an address to the women of England, calling upon them to form such societies as a duty to their sisters held in bondage and subject to nameless indignities. Her call was very generally responded to; these Abolition Societies, and the strong feeling which created them, first impelled women to take a part in public questions, and when, in 1837, the young Princess Victoria came to the throne, her female subjects presented a petition that the year of her accession might be marked by immediate freedom to the slaves. Sir Culling Eardley introduced a measure into Parliament by which all slaves in British possessions were to be freed on August 1, 1838. The division was taken on May 22 of that year, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (then Mr. Buxton) had lost his seat for Weymouth, and not being, for the time, a member of the House, was in the Strangers' Gallery that evening

with a number of his Quaker friends and relatives. He thus writes to the Hon. Mrs. Upcher from the Athenæum Club, May 23, 1838: "I must send a line to tell you that Sturge and that party, whom we thought all in the wrong, are proved to be all in the right. A resolution for the immediate abolition of the apprenticeship was carried by a majority of three last night. The intelligence was received with such a shout by the Quakers (myself among the number) that we strangers were all turned out for rioting! I am right pleased."<sup>1</sup>

Amongst these riotous persons was Mr. Pease, who was staying at the Guildhall Hotel with his daughter. She was anxiously waiting for the result of the division, and vividly remembers the joyful and triumphant mood in which her father and his friends returned after the unexpected victory, and the hearty laughter with which they told the tale of their involuntary outburst of cheering, and of their speedy expulsion from the House by its scandalised officials!

This division, which virtually settled the question of Colonial slavery, left Mr. Pease at liberty to turn his full attention to another subject. He had for some time been collecting, both at his home at Feethams and in his London chambers at the Guildhall Hotel, books and pamphlets of all kinds relating to British India, the published letters and speeches of governors, judges, agents and missionaries, the writings of Bishop Heber and of Ram Mohun Roy, blue books and official reports of every description, and the histories of James Mill and others. With the help of his daughter, Mr. Pease diligently searched these records and drew from them the conclusion that the land of India, if brought under cultivation, ought not only to support its own population but to supply Europe with tropical produce.

News which at this time reached England of a terrible famine in Upper Bengal stirred his kind heart and filled it with an earnest desire to rouse the English people to do their duty towards India. His views met with sympathy from many of his friends, and especially from the veteran Abolitionist, Thomas Clarkson. Slavery, abolished in the colonies, still existed in India. The Act of 1833, which renewed the Charter of the East India Company for twenty-one years, contained a clause requiring the Governor-General in Council "to take into consideration the means of mitigating the state of slavery and of ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and of extinguishing slavery throughout the said territories as soon as such extinction shall be practicable and safe." That time, it seemed to Joseph Pease, might be a remote one unless some external pressure were applied, and a scheme which was called the "Hill Coolies Contract" roused him to immediate action. This contract was to deport natives of North-west India to the Mauritius and

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Sir T. F. Buxton*, p. 441.



Guiana to work under agreement for a term of years, 'thereby lowering the value of the labour of the negroes about to be freed and building up a new slave system. Mr. Pease petitioned the Colonial Office, where Lord Glenelg promised his help, and the Court of Directors, who convened a meeting of the proprietors of East India Stock in the building in Leadenhall Street which was an open court at such meetings.

Mr. Pease attended as a visitor, and there heard Sir Charles Forbes, an eminent merchant, with whose writings he was familiar, pleading that help might be sent to the sufferers from the Bengal famine, and deploring the difficulty of making known to the English people the true state of things in India. Joseph Pease saw in this Anglo-Indian a man after his own heart, and he called the next day on Sir Charles Forbes. Like so many eminent Scotchmen Sir Charles was "a son of the Manse" and went to India in early life. In 1838 he was head of a firm of merchants in London and Bombay. He had represented Malmesbury in the unreformed Parliament, and was then called "the member for India." It was, in great part, due to his efforts that natives were first admitted to serve on petty juries, and native magistrates appointed to preside over some inferior courts, and in recognition of those services a statue was erected to him in Bombay Town Hall.

Sir Charles, who had a life-long knowledge of India, warmly agreed with his visitor, who knew it only from study, that India ought to be governed not only for the benefit of holders of East India stock, but for the good of its own people, that the native cultivators of the soil had a right to subsistence from it, and that English public opinion must be enlightened on the subject. Sir Charles entreated Mr. Pease to induce his own people, the Quakers, to show the same "splendid persistency" in the cause of India with which they had fought the battle of negro emancipation. He promised to assist them by every means in his power, and only wished he were younger to stir up the English people to do "justice to India." Soon after this interview, we are told, "Mr. Pease called in the pen of a ready writer to his aid and got the terrible story of the latest Bengal famine told in the form of a printed tract (long afterwards referred to as 'our first famine paper') which was widely circulated." It was also agreed between him and Sir Charles Forbes, in conjunction with other friends, that public meetings should be held throughout England at which Mr. George Thompson, a man of great eloquence, should be engaged to plead the cause of the Indian people.

Sir Charles Forbes, an ardent Indian reformer, was a Conservative in home politics. Mr. Pease's next important ally was a very different person. Having secured the aid of the man who first bore the honourable title of "member for India" he now turned to the man

often called "the member for all Ireland." At first sight it might appear that the Irish Roman Catholic and the English Quaker were as far asunder as the poles, but such was not the case in reality. O'Connell seems to have been really what he called himself, "a moral force man," and convinced of the sacredness of human life, however abject the possessor. He admired the consistency of members of the Society of Friends upon these points and had lent the aid of his eloquence to support their efforts in the cause of the abolition of slavery. He said to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, who recorded the words: "I was often visited by that good man, Mr. Pease, in London, and one day he said at parting, 'Friend O'Connell, I have for years watched thy actions closely, I have kept my eye upon thee, and I have never seen thee do aught that was not honest and useful.' Truly it was a satisfaction to my mind to be appreciated by that good man. It is consoling that an impartial and intelligent observer should do me justice. It makes me amends, if I needed any, for a life of labour, and for the vituperation of my enemies." Although the exact words of Joseph Pease quoted above may be taken with the grain of salt sometimes required by the vivid remembrances of our most trusted Irish friends it is undoubted that a warm sympathy existed between the Quaker and the Catholic.

When, therefore, in July 1838 Joseph Pease asked O'Connell to help the cause of British India, O'Connell replied, "You will be going to Birmingham on August 1? Secure a compartment for ourselves so that you and I can talk the matter over." On August 1, 1838, meetings were held in many English towns to commemorate the day when slavery was to cease in all British colonies. The meeting at Birmingham was to be a very important one, and Mr. and Miss Pease, who were still in London, were going by the new railway to attend it. Much more than the average young lady, more even than many Quaker young ladies, Miss Pease, as her father's constant companion, had been accustomed to hear public affairs discussed by people of wide interests and of warm human sympathies, apart from prejudices of creed or of party. It was, therefore, a great day for her when she was introduced to the famous Irishman, and took her seat in the compartment reserved for him and her father. She sat a silent but an absorbed listener to the conversation between two men who, upon the right of every human being to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were so thoroughly in accord. They had left London early in the morning, and the journey, which included a stoppage for luncheon and an omnibus drive of some miles over ground where the railway was not yet completed, occupied seven hours. When, exhausted by his earnest conversation, Mr. Pease leaned back in his corner to rest, O'Connell turned courteously to the young Quakeress and delighted her by talk which, although directed to the momentous subjects to which

he found her mind attuned, was yet filled with his Irish vivacity and vivid presentment of the scenes he described. We have all heard of the tragic incident in O'Connell's early manhood which made him resolve never again to accept a challenge, and he told Miss Pease of a scene which, passing before his own eyes, made him an opponent of capital punishment. He witnessed the execution of three young men who were the sons of a widow. He saw the mother take leave first of her eldest, then of her second son, and lastly of her darling, the youngest, when she fell senseless. It was afterwards discovered that all the three sons were innocent of the crime for which they suffered. Whether the knowledge consoled the lonely mother, or only added to her grief, is not known, but O'Connell never forgot her agony.

The travellers found Birmingham keeping high holiday. The streets were gay with flags, processions, and bands of music; the foundation-stone of a school, which was to perpetuate the memory of the day, was laid, with suitable addresses, and a great meeting was held in the evening. Sir Culling Eardley presided, and was duly congratulated on his majority of three. Joseph Sturge denounced all attempts to put down the slave trade by force of arms, saying of himself and his friends, "we would not take the life even of a slave-holder," and O'Connell, in a speech of surpassing eloquence, denounced upholders of slavery in such scathing terms that it was said the American Minister sent him a challenge. Most important, however, was it to Joseph Pease that both O'Connell and Dr. Lushington promised to bring the state of British India before Parliament.

The same month of August 1838 saw the first meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Pease embraced the opportunity of the gathering of so many intelligent people to hold his first public meeting, which was followed by others in the great towns of Scotland. Glasgow was then represented by that illustrious Indian ruler, Lord William Cavendish Bentinck. His honourable life was near its close; but he wrote expressing his gratification that the city which he represented should protest against what he considered to be the two great evils of India—monopoly and the ignorance of the English people.

In January 1839 a society was definitely formed at Darlington, under the name of "The South Durham Society for the Protection of the Natives of British India." Mr. Pease's nephew and namesake (the first Joseph Pease who represented South Durham in Parliament) presided, and he was supported by the leading Friends of the neighbourhood. A youth who had just come to Darlington to learn the art of woollen manufacture, William Edward Forster, became secretary of the society, as readers of his life, by Mr. Weimys Reid, may remember. The most important person at the

meeting was Mr. William Adam, afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages at Harvard University, but, in 1839, an Indian Educational Commissioner. He had just completed an official survey of education through Bengal and Behar, and on landing at Liverpool, came at once to Darlington to attend the meeting, before even reporting himself to his official superiors in London. He had been in correspondence with Mr. Pease, and his large Indian experience made him now a most welcome guest at Feethams.

The new society and its proceedings caused some stir in the newspapers, in the periodical press, and in Parliament. In commercial centres in England and in the United States its advocacy of the growth of cotton and sugar in India excited interest and, in the Southern States, some alarm.

It was now proposed to form a society in London. Mr. Pease was not hopeful of the result. He thus writes to Mr. Francis Carnac Brown, an Indian landed proprietor, who knew India well, and was a warm friend to the society.

"London has always seemed to me a great stagnant pool. Philanthropic and good men have not the power to stir its depths. The smiles of the great, aided sometimes by the influence of interested men, have paralysed therein many a noble cause." He points out how London societies agree to compromises, and how it has been by public meetings in the provinces that great reforms, such as the abolition of slavery, have been carried. "Yet," he goes on to say, "it is to a society formed in London that Ministers of State always look as speaking the voice of the nation," and he went to London in March to form such a society. A provisional committee was formed at the house of Dr. Bowring, who had just returned from a mission to Mehemet Ali, on the subject of slavery in Egypt. Of this committee Mr. Pease's correspondent, Mr. Carnac Brown, was appointed secretary, and General Briggs, treasurer. At meetings held at the rooms of the Asiatic Society and at the Friends' Meeting House in Bishopsgate Street, the latter gentleman spoke with full information on the system of village communities, once existing in Hindustan, in which the property in the land had been vested.

The London society was inaugurated by a great meeting in Freemasons' Hall in July 1839. The Hall was crowded in every part. On the platform was a gathering of Indian magnates, native Princes and their agents, rich merchants, students and visitors, Anglo-Indians both civil and military, and many members of Parliament, of whom the Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers is now the only survivor. The chief speakers were Lord Brougham, O'Connell and the lecturer Thompson, said to be the three most eloquent men of their day. Miss Pease, who was present, remembered a former meeting in the same hall, where, in her girlhood, she had heard "the young

Macaulay" make his maiden speech under the eyes of his father and of Wilberforce. She has lived to read the speeches and writings of Indian reformers of our day, and to contrast their moderate and practical demands with the fervid rhetoric of Brougham and O'Connell. In those early days of reform, it seemed as though by the force of public opinion—a public opinion enlightened by all sorts of "useful knowledge"—every form of evil would soon be swept from the face of the earth.

The secretary of the new society received an important letter from Bombay in the October following the inaugural meeting. It was signed by many Hindoo gentlemen, amongst whose names those of Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Framjee Cowasjee and Jagonauth Sinkersett are the most familiar to us.

The letter bore the date of September 5, 1839.

"Circumstances have of late years occurred at this Presidency which have created alarm and distrust in the minds of the native community relative to religious interference, and have suggested to us the necessity of great caution before we pledge ourselves to countenance or aid any institution that can in the most remote degree have in view to interfere with our religion or the customs appertaining thereto. We therefore beg that you will kindly ascertain the sentiments of the provisional committee on this subject, when, should it appear that religious interference forms no part of the objects in view, but is to be excluded from the labours and intentions of the society, we, in that case, particularly request that we be informed by the committee in what manner we can give our best and most unqualified support for the welfare and advancement of so laudable an undertaking."

The founders of the British India Society were men whose daily lives showed Whose precepts they obeyed and Whose servants they were. Yet they at once, and without hesitation, substituted the word "humane" for the word "Christian" in their published prospectus. They selected a committee to carry out their work in India whose constitution was truly catholic. Of this first Indian Committee two members were English Churchmen, one an English Unitarian, with friends connected with the Bramo Somaj, one a Scottish Presbyterian, one a Mohammedan, and three were orthodox Hindoos.

The new society was not without its difficulties, even in Darlington. During the winter of 1839-40 the Chartist movement was at its height. At a meeting of the British India Society held in Darlington a number of working-men attended, and one of them proposed that a well-known local Chartist should take the chair instead of the chief bailiff of the town. The motion was carried, and the chief bailiff—holding his office, we may remember, from the bishop—had perforce to submit to a new authority. The

lecturer of the society was refused a hearing. Joseph Pease came forward to endeavour to soothe his excited fellow-townsmen, and was listened to from respect to his character, but the resolution of his society was rejected. The chairman fully acknowledged the humanity of the promoters, but said that he and his friends must decline to petition a Parliament in which they were not represented, assuring the defeated party that "when once the working men of England were fairly represented in Parliament they would make very short work of injustice in India, and in every other part of the Empire." A report of the meeting appeared in the newspapers. "Do I read aright?" wrote Mr. Carnac Brown to Mr. Pease. "What! defeated at Darlington! At Darlington—the birthplace and cradle of the British India Society! Oh, Gemini! Surely the end of the world is coming, and Chartism and chaos are to reign over it supreme. May this omen and the wrath of the *Edinburgh Review* be averted."

Joseph Pease was less troubled by this passing disappointment than by dissensions in the London committee, as to whether the impending war with China came within the scope of the British India Society. Whether technically in the right or not, one cannot but sympathise with the honest vehemence of his letter to a London Friend:

"We have duly received your opium circular, but not one word do we see in your petition against that wicked war which is about to be waged against China. We would therefore suggest your sending an amendment to all the places to which your petition has been forwarded, requesting the insertion of a clause against this iniquitous war. Please read Thomas Clarkson's petition to Parliament, holding up our ancient principles against war. I pray that, as a society, we may acquire neither a sordid commercial spirit nor a desire to win the smiles and applause of the great; and that so we may not lay prostrate that standard which, I verily believe, it was designed should be held up to the nations by a people on whom had descended the light of Christianity, pure and undefiled."

In June 1840, nearly five hundred delegates from Anti-Slavery Societies all over the world met at Freemasons Hall, in London. Whittier wrote an ode to this "World's Convention," and Haydon painted the opening scene. Joseph Pease's friend and correspondent, Thomas Clarkson, at what was then thought the great age of eighty years, presided. "I never saw such an assemblage of noble heads," said the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland to Haydon. The impulsive artist himself felt as if introduced into a world new to him, so deeply was he moved by the "awful unaffected piety" visible upon every face when the aged President closed his address by invoking God's blessing on the assembly. Of the one hundred and thirty-two portraits in Haydon's picture, fifty there were members of the

British India Society. Many of the speakers referred to the continued existence of slavery in that country, and resolutions were passed which embodied the views, so often expressed by Joseph Pease, that the soil of India, if brought under cultivation by free labour, ought to support its own population, to supply Europe with tropical produce, and to drive the slave-grown products of the Southern States of America out of the market.

The year 1840 was a time of great activity with the British India Society. It was the object of much abuse in the American slavery organs, and it formed the subject of two articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. It held a great meeting in Manchester, at which John Bright made his first speech on India, and at which it transpired that the East India Company were offering prices for the growth of cotton in that country. It was unwearied in its appeals to Parliament, and prominent amongst those who supported its cause were Lord Howick, still amongst us, in full mental vigour, as Earl Grey, Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, and that nobleman who (in after years Earl of Carlisle), was so long and lovingly known in the North of England as "Lord Morpeth." O'Connell, chosen to be Lord Mayor of Dublin, resolved, during his year of office, to know neither sect nor party, but worked hard for the society, and with Lord Clifford of Chudleigh as his ally, held a great meeting in Dublin. A controversy raged in the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Tablet*, as to whether these two Roman Catholics were working for the interests of their Church in India. Of such side issues Joseph Pease took little heed. Neither could he be induced to take any interest in the disputes which Indian magnates, such as the Rajah of Sattara, had with the East India Company, or to attend the meetings held in England on the subject. He considered that these great men had abundant means to employ professional advocates (as was proved by the Rajah securing the services of the lecturer Thompson) to plead for them. It was for the dumb, toiling millions of India that Mr. Pease pleaded, and he refused to be drawn aside from their cause.

During the first visit to this country of Dwarkanauth Tagore, a rich Hindoo merchant and highly cultured man, a meeting was proposed between him and some members of the British India Society. Joseph Pease wrote to him with great plainness. He informs his "respected friend, Dwarkanauth Tagore" that such a meeting could only be useful, "provided we may learn from thy mature judgment and experience the best courses of procedure for improving the lamentable condition of the natives of thy country." He further assures his correspondent that he and his friends of the British India Society, who have no pecuniary or commercial interest to serve, "have no respect whatever for native Indians of rank and wealth who forget or conceal, whilst moving in commercial

or courtly circles in this country, those miseries of their poor countrymen which it is their duty to explain and, if possible, to get amended." He further goes on to entreat the wealthy Hindoo, "not to sacrifice the cause of thy oppressed people, whilst thou art moving amongst that circle of flatterers with which the great men of India are ever surrounded when they arrive in this land." It is only just to the memory of Dwarkanauth Tagore to record that he accepted these and other equally plain remonstrances from Joseph Pease with the respect due to "so well-known a friend of my country," and that, although received by royalty, *fêted* by Lord Mayors, and lionised by Society in that metropolis, the atmosphere of which Joseph Pease considered to be, "whether from the smoke or from some other cause," so unfavourable to independence of thought and action, he yet preserved the character of a patriotic and public spirited man.

The great event of the year 1841 was the General Election. The party associated with reform had been in the ascendant for nearly ten years, but their majorities had dwindled from 307 to 50, and now their opponents came in with a majority of 91. Some of us, not yet in our dotage, remember that Parliament which, elected to prevent any change in the Corn Laws, passed the Act which repealed them entirely, and the advent to power of that Minister who shattered his strong party to pieces in five years. But in 1841 there was rejoicing. "The Whigs have fallen, like Lucifer, never to rise again!" exclaimed some young scion of Northern nobility. The one county division in which there was no Liberal loss was South Durham. There the successful candidates promised to vote for free trade in sugar, and to "consider" free trade in corn. But South Durham was in advance of the times. The elections did not turn upon Protection or Free Trade, but upon more or less Protection, a sliding scale or a fixed duty. The Free Traders were few, but their zeal and eloquence were far out of proportion to their numbers.

With the one exception of Sir Charles Forbes, whom the question separated from his colleagues, the committee of the British India Society were all Free Traders, and they cast in their lot with the Anti-Corn Law League. While the elections were going on, a brief but formal treaty was signed at Manchester by Joseph Pease and F. C. Brown on behalf of the British India Society, and by Richard Cobden and John Brooks on behalf of the League. By this treaty the committee of the British India Society undertook that their lecturer, Mr. George Thompson, should give his gratuitous services to the League, while the council of the League undertook that their speakers and writers should support the cause of British India.

It must be at once acknowledged that this treaty (a copy of which is to be found in Mr. Bell's book) was not to the advantage



of the British India Society, which, after being a non-political body, now became involved in the unpopularity of the League, while the Association, absorbed in its own struggle against the Corn Laws, could do little more than give an occasional reference to India in its newspapers or on its platforms.

It happened, however, about this time that Mr. Pease, whose faculty was less for public speaking than for private conversation and correspondence, formed the acquaintance of Mr. Melville, secretary to the East India Company. Joseph Pease found in this potent official "an excellent man, much needing our sympathy," and a letter beginning "My esteemed friend, James Cosmo Melville, I am convinced there is nothing but candour and truth betwixt us," shows the complete trust which he felt in his good faith. The secretary assured Mr. Pease he respected his motives and sympathised with his objects, and informed him that many of the demands of his society were being complied with by the Company. Grants of land were being made on a scale altogether unprecedented, experiments were being tried in the growth of cotton, road-making and irrigation were being attended to, and the whole system of slavery was under investigation. Still Mr. Melville hoped that the British India Society and the Society of Friends would "continue to make the lives of Members of Parliament and of the officials of the India House and the Board of Control miserable," and added that, in his opinion, "the more Quaker interviews the better." The terrible disaster of 1842, when a British army was lost in the Khyber Pass, and the mad career of Lord Ellenborough, for which the East India Company was, unjustly enough, held responsible, made peace counsels acceptable at the India House.

The great success of Joseph Pease's life came to him at that place in May 1843. He thus wrote to his colleagues of the South Durham Society:

"With inexpressible pleasure in his countenance he (Mr. Secretary Melville) handed me the Act of the President of the Council of India, abolishing slavery throughout that vast empire, remarking, 'You have had something to do with this,' well knowing it belonged to himself, though he did not choose to acknowledge it. But, my friends, let us not deceive ourselves. This work for the redemption of the slaves has not been the work of man. . . . To Him Whose compassion faileth not, Whose tender mercies are over all the workmanship of His holy hands, be all the praise." The text of this brief Act of four clauses is given in Mr. Bell's book.

The great difficulty in India now seemed to be the want of capital to cultivate the land. During the last two years of Joseph Pease's life he endeavoured to obtain a change in the law of partnership, so that English capital might be invested in India on the terms of limited liability. In this attempt he failed. That change in the

law did not take place until 1855. Joseph Pease died in March 1846. During his illness five copies of the Indian Emancipation Act were sent to him for his son and grandsons, with a sympathetic letter from Mr. Secretary Melville.

The British India Society did not survive its founder, but he and the society have an honourable record. When, in 1858, the East India Company was put upon its defence, its ablest official referred for its good deeds to the very time of the greatest activity of the society, and to the very measures advocated by Joseph Pease.

The abolition of slavery, the encouragement of the growth of cotton, the granting of lands, the making of roads, irrigation, and the beginnings of village education, were amongst these measures. Some of these improvements had not been sustained after the society ceased to exist.

In these days of rapid communication and accurate knowledge, when almost every family has a son in India, when a Parsee sits in our Parliament, when Mohammedan Judges and Indian girls alike write their thoughts in our magazines, when the genius of an Anglo-Indian has pictured for us the scorching days and the "dreadful nights" of his dust-covered country, we may well give a thought to the labours of those who, in darker days, strove to protect the interests of its inhabitants, and to the memory of the man who was then called "the Friend of India."

A. O. B.

# ASTRONOMICAL INFLUENCE IN GEOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

## PART I.—THE EARTH IN ITS INFANCY.

WHEN a man who happens to be standing in any *point d'avantage* sees before him an interesting panoramic landscape, it seems but natural that the question should occur to him "how was this scene produced—what was the course of events out of which it was evolved?" And if, on some clear night, he be similarly placed, perhaps the same inquiry suggests itself with regard to what he beholds in the starlit sky. Probably he will have read or heard something about "astro-physics"; his mind may have been set a-wondering by some of the published results of "spectrum analysis," photographic astronomy, big telescoping, and the other means whereby many inquisitive folk are striving to find out what is going on in regions lying hundreds of millions of miles distant from this mundane territory where we each of us have our sojourn for a longer or shorter period of time. And he may be aware that some daring spirits have even conceived the possible invention of some process of signalling whereby communication may be opened up with the dwellers (if there be any) upon that planet of our solar system which is a sort of next door neighbour to our own mother earth.

Our star-gazer may have thus acquired a general idea of some of the evidences, or quasi-evidences, which searchers of infinite space have supplied concerning the possible origin, and the probable igneous constitution of many of those myriads of suns which stud the blue canopy around us. Being imbued with a conviction that throughout the various departments of nature explored by human science, there is manifested an all-prevailing uniqueness of design, with a seemingly infinite variety of effects, and of perfectly co-adapted operations and processes, the imaginary inquirer turns his thoughts homewards, and seeks to interpret some of the hieroglyphics which the earth has left impressed in itself concerning its own history.

Although it is abundantly manifest that the very existence of our globe originated in astronomical causation, and that it is now as it

ever has been, governed and maintained by astronomical influences, yet geological experts have scarcely ever resorted, or have resorted only to a very limited extent, to astronomy as a means of deciphering many of the enigmas presented by the structural condition of our earth's "crust."

Probably few if any persons who have considered the subject, doubt that our own and other planets of the solar system, with their satellites and the numerous planetoids which have been discovered in recent years, had an igneous origin. It would seem indeed to be something more than a mere feasible conjecture, that the sun was at once the mother and the father of that large progeny of descendants who are kept compactly bonded together mainly by the influences of that wondrous central home from which they each of them set out on the journey of life. If our earth was originally a great mass of molten matter ejected from the sun into space, which, while gradually becoming more and more cohesive and plastic, acquired an oblate-spheroidal form by means of its rotary motion on its axis, then can the evidences of extinct volcanic action, which are traceable all the world over, be most easily and reasonably accounted for.

Whether it be a mass of molten metal which the iron-smelter produces, or an incipient world projected from one of the myriads of suns which universal space may be supposed to contain, it seems to be certain that the cooling of the mass commences at the surface, where a "crust" is gradually formed, but through which the suppressed and swelling gases force their way while the cooling process is going on, and cause the surface to assume an irregular outline by the production of rounded or conical excrescences—mere diminutive surface-pimples in the case of a globe like our own—through which the internal forces find their vents and send out volumes of matter of various kinds according to the different chemical influences engaged in the Titanic work.

That the globe's surface should acquire a very irregular outline while it was yet in such a state, seems to be a necessary inference, when it is borne in mind what was the nature of the forces by which it was effected while in that condition. In regions where the surface was becoming consolidated, not only would the partly suppressed gases find an outlet through numerous vents, but the centrifugal force occasioned by the globe's motion upon its axis and through space, cannot but have acted in an enormous degree in producing dislocation—even perhaps causing the igneous and partly ductile matter to acquire a pseudo-stratified state at the surface. Such effects would be greatly enhanced if these two motions were not coincident—that is to say, if its motion in orbit were oblique, as it now is, with reference to its diurnal rotation. It seems reasonable, indeed, to conceive that partly in the way in which its great

equatorial protuberance was evolved from its rotary motion ere its crust attained rigidity, and when those forces would therefore operate with greater power, lines of minor protuberances would be produced, and contortions and hollows, depressions and numerous other kinds of surface irregularities would be formed. In consequence of the great variations of temperature to which it would be subject at its surface in the course of its journeys in orbit, shrinkage of the rocks would also ensue to a very considerable extent and result in fissures and chasms of various dimensions.

\* How, and at what stage in the igneous infancy of our globe, aqueous vapour began to accumulate around it, and to be condensed into water upon it, perhaps no one can say. But if heat and moisture then had—as it must be assumed they had—the properties they now possess, it manifestly cannot be imagined that water found a lodgment upon the earth until its surface had attained a more or less cooled condition. It may have been—and geological evidences seem to show that it was—locally and fitfully that its temperature became so far reduced as to admit of the condensation of aqueous vapour. Hence it would occur over areas of depression, now here, and now there, that water would begin to accumulate wherever the heat of the surface was not so intense as to prevent that process from commencing, yet where it was of the greatest intensity short of that point, and therefore any such accumulations of water would be in a boiling state and act with enormous chemical potency upon the subjacent materials; while the re-vaporising of the water, and its disappearance from areas where the heat of the materials below the surface sometimes resumed its intensity, would every now and again take place and aid in producing great complications in the surface-contour and general structure, as well as in the mineral composition of the rocks which had been there formed.

That such a state of things existed during an early stage of the earth's history, is a matter which lies within more certain boundaries than those of mere conjecture. The typical regions of Auvergne and the north of Scotland and Ireland, and numerous other localities, present the records of such operations, whether of so incipient or of a more advanced character may be difficult to decipher. If it may be regarded as an absolute fact that the origin of the earth was igneous, then, from that premiss there naturally follow several necessary inferences, to which the evidences afforded by what are deemed to be the earlier rocks most aptly fit themselves.

What is exactly meant by such terms as "ages," "epochs," "eras" and "periods," commonly used by professorial geologists, does not appear to have been ever yet defined. They seem, in fact, to have been very loosely adopted, and to be as indefinite, inexact, and unscientific as are many other phrases which have become a part of geological nomenclature. It can hardly be

doubted, however, that the earth passed through a condition of enormous volcanic activity, which gradually subsided while the "crust" was more and more developing into a so-far settled state that collections of water were formed in the depressions of its surface. As soon as great accumulations of water came to be an abiding part of the globe, then would ensue evaporation to a vast extent with pluvial action, whereby the solidified surface of elevated regions would become water-washed, and erosion and the production of sedimentary matter would be a result.

It may well have been that while this gradual development was in progress, volcanic activity continued to exercise itself on a great scale, and in parts where the surface remained at a high temperature and sedimentary matter was being deposited, metamorphism took place with other effects such as the rocks actually exhibit. When the oceans were sufficiently formed, solar and lunar gravitation began to work upon them, and the waters thenceforward necessarily took to themselves tidal functions, and became obedient to the dynamical forces which have ever since controlled them. At length, somehow—but how, who can tell?—vegetation began to appear wherever it found appropriate conditions, and insect and animal life generally found itself denizenized whenever and wherever the requisite adaptations had been prepared for it.

In that early stage of the earth's existence the heat of the globe, as an entire mass, was probably such as to encourage the development of a far more tropical vegetation and fauna than now exist upon it, yet it cannot be doubted that the earth's climate was not everywhere uniform, any more than it now is. It seems unquestionable that the existing frigidity of the earth in northern and southern latitudes is occasioned by astronomical causes—whether through the present eccentricity of orbit, or through the existing angularity of position of the earth's axis relatively with the ecliptic, or howsoever otherwise. And as it is impossible to suppose otherwise than that our globe was, from its earliest days, subject to astronomical influences, including such as would produce non-uniformity of terrestrial climate, so, in latitudes where its climate would have been frigid but for its then igneous condition, there would it be soonest capable of retaining water in its depressions and hollows. In latitudes where from similar astronomical causes its climatic temperature was moderate, there would it next be possible for water to be retained in its oceanic reservoirs, and so on until the whole earth's crust became consolidated and permanently adapted for the maintenance of vegetable and animal life.

## PART II.—THE EARTH'S PROGRESS TOWARDS MATURITY.

It might be difficult even for a highly imaginative mind to conceive many of the scenes presented by the surface of our planet while it was passing through the igneous phase of its history. If it happened to have been ever so faintly discerned by a philosophic star-gazer on some neighbouring planet it might have suggested to him the idea that there existed a vast inferno where lost souls might find an appropriate place of torment—provided it were possible to conceive that an almighty demon of vengeance dominated over and regulated the universe.

What the terrestrial sphere then was, may have been an infinitesimally diminutive image of what our great Solar Parent of Planets would now seem to be. Although it may be that we possess but a very slender knowledge, in detail, of the sun's actual constitution, yet from the careful attention which so many observers have devoted to the spots, and to the faculæ and prominences which are seen about its disc, and from the results obtained by means of spectrum analysis as applied to its light, the outcome would appear indisputable that there are in progress in the sun igneous operations of almost inconceivable magnitude and intensity.

So far as human investigation has hitherto roamed in the great laboratory of universal nature, heat, howsoever originating, appears to be one of the all-prevailing agencies whereby worlds are evolved. If the simple prism which Newton was the first to manipulate, is in fact the reliable instrument it is claimed to be, there cannot be much doubt that the sun and the innumerable stars we behold on any clear night, form an illimitable association or brotherhood of central powers, each of which rules its own special and subordinate domain of revolving spheres, and that heat is one of the general instrumentalities through which those spheres have become or are becoming perfected in condition so as to form habitable places of abode.

It is true we have no direct evidence upon the subject, yet the probability seems overwhelming that space is tenanted by countless worlds whereon sentient and reasoning beings have their homes and their vocations. A negative supposition in that respect would appear to be utterly unphilosophical and unscientific, for surely it is altogether inconceivable that an infinitude of mechanism of the most perfect character, should have been, howsoever, evoked, merely and only that myriads of suns should burn and give their light, and that still vaster myriads of planets should perform their orbital revolutions. As far as human faculties can dimly discern, Nature presents no such barren and meaningless portrait of itself.

Now assuming that the earth passed through such a phase of intense igneous activity, and that as a mass it gradually cooled down from its surface inwards, then can the complications in the structure of those parts of its crust where volcanic effects are exposed to view, be most feasibly interpreted, for they are exactly such as would appear to be producible by operations of that character.

Among the earlier sedimentary deposits the tokens would be manifest of volcanic action simultaneously with or immediately subsequent to the accumulation of many such deposits.

Although the quasi-structural diagrams given by geologists who contend that the existence of the dry land is due to the fickle action of ever-continuing upheaving force, are often greatly exaggerated, and are perhaps drawn more from the imagination of the delineators than from fact, yet there can be no doubt that ere the earth's surface attained an approximately settled state, the strife and contention between the heated rocks on the one hand, and the water which accumulated upon them on the other, was lengthened and strenuous. It may have been that in some limited areas where sedimentary strata had grown up beneath the heated water, such strata suffered more or less disturbance by the action of the restrained subterranean gases; but that the "topsy turveyism" of strata took place upon an extended scale and has been ever since and is still going on all over the world, as most geologists would have us believe, seems to be an altogether erroneous inference, and one which is conspicuously refuted by the manifestly undisturbed condition of the later sub-aqueous sedimentary deposits. It seems highly improbable, indeed, both from *a priori* reasoning and from the undisturbed appearance of the older as well as of the newer aqueous deposits, that any general upthrusting of strata took place, for as the cooling of the earth's surface went on, the subterranean forces would necessarily seek and be more and more directed towards the vents which had become established, and where the pent-up forces would find the least obstruction to their escape. No doubt lava streams and the outflow of other volcanic materials would ensue, and "dykes" might be formed and other confused effects be produced, but that the general tendency of the fiery turbulence was of a gradually diminishing character there cannot be a question. Nor can it be doubted that it ultimately so far subsided that the earth's surface attained a comparative peacefulness of condition such as was requisite for its ulterior and abiding functions.

If there is one main fact to which the rocks most certainly bear witness, it is that the general volcanic conditions which once prevailed ultimately so far subsided that the earth's surface, first in one place and then in another, and so on continuously, became adapted for the vegetable and animal life for the development and maintenance and



perpetuation of which it was destined. It seems equally certain that although volcanic activity thus gradually diminished in intensity, so that it became more and more local and partial, yet it has not even yet ceased. But that it exists as a force which raises the seabed above the water surface and so produces continents and islands, or that it has ever operated in that manner, appears to be an absolutely indefensible hypothesis. It is of course a well-known fact that sub-aqueous outbursts occur, though upon a very diminutive scale, and around the vents through which the pent-up forces find their escape—just as sometimes occurs upon the dry land—sand and other material is thrown up so as to form rounded or conical mounds which when produced beneath shallow water appear as temporary or sometimes, possibly, as more or less permanent islands.

Now if such is the necessary and common-sense course of reasoning applicable to the progress of events out of which the earlier part of the earth's surface-structure was evolved—a course of events to which the rocks themselves seem to bear the most emphatic testimony—in what way do astronomical considerations come into the account? The answer necessarily and obviously is that from the very beginning of those mundane operations, the earth was affected and governed by the great cosmical influences which rule the general mechanism of the universe, and determine and control the motions and functions of all its members collectively, and of each of its members individually.

Whatever that may be which is termed gravitation, there cannot be a question that there is a force or influence which dominates over matter in general, and regulates the inter-action between different masses of matter in certain definite degrees. Who can doubt for instance, that as between the earth as a mass, and the great oceanic collections of water upon its surface, there is such a mutuality of action that the water clings or is held to the earth in the same manner as any other mass which is not fixed in the earth, remains upon its surface in a quiescent state, unless and until that state of rest is disturbed and the earth's attractive power over it is overcome by a force exterior to the earth itself? From the manner in which the tidal functions of the ocean are exercised no other than the Newtonian inference seems possible, namely, that the gravitating influence of the sun and moon upon the ocean so far overcomes that of the earth that in connection with the motions of the earth upon its axis and in orbit, and with the moon's motions in orbit, the tidal alternations we actually witness are produced.

It is no mere speculative suggestion, but it is regardable as an absolute certainty, that as soon as water came to be deposited in any sufficient quantity, evaporation upon a large scale took place, and that by the formation of clouds and consequent pluvial action, the earth's surface became subject to abrasion and erosion by the

mechanical action of the water, and that upon the waters being gathered together into seas and oceans, tidal phenomena ensued.

Even among scientific men the ocean tides admittedly form a very complicated subject. In the every-day aspect of the tides, however, there are very few people who, as seaside sojourners, do not take some interest in their mystic action. How is it occasioned that the sea is always, seemingly, either approaching towards or receding from sea-coasts? What is really the manner in which tidal action occurs? In what does it in fact consist?

It is a curious circumstance that just as the rise and culmination, and setting of the stars and other heavenly bodies, was formerly deemed to be a real effect, and to be caused by the revolution of the heavens round the earth, so is the seeming advance of the ocean-water towards any coast, and its culmination in high water, with its ebb and retreat, deemed to be a literal effect produced by the swing of what is usually described as a tidal "wave," which travels round the earth with an actual motion of its own.

That conception of the manner in which the semi-diurnal and other tides occur, appears to be the one upon which all authoritative explanations of tidal phenomena are based. But that it is misleading, and the reverse of the fact, is plain. For if the tides are due to the direct action of the sun and moon upon the water, as astronomers of authority from Newton onwards inform us that they are, then, seeing the sun and moon do not travel round the earth synchronously with the tidal manifestations, it cannot be that the so-called tidal "wave" thus revolves, or that, in astronomical language, it is a "wave of translation." The necessary deduction manifestly is, that the parts of the ocean which are tidally affected by the two luminaries, are *restrained* from participating in the earth's diurnal rotation.

Hence the tidal effects are produced by a converse cause, namely, through the motion of the earth itself, which causes all sea-coasts to be constantly travelling round either towards or away from what may be termed the tidal part of the ocean water, or the solar and lunar tidal volumes of water, whose deepest parts are always more or less directly beneath the sun or moon, or both, as the case may be, and correspondingly on the parts of the globe opposite to them.

But apart from such theoretical considerations it is absolutely obvious, for the effect is ever taking place before our eyes, that by means of tidal alternations, a "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces actually takes place at least twice daily, though it is comparatively small in degree.

Now, one of the most unquestionable facts which the earth's surface bears witness of itself is, that the present dry land of the world has, during some former period, been submerged beneath the ocean. The occurrence of marine fossils and of stratified rocks at

nearly all elevations above the present sea-surface, plainly indicates that such a "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces has occurred.

Was that great "change of level" of even three or four miles in greatest vertical height, effected by means similar to those whereby is produced the smaller effect of semi-diurnal or more frequent "change of level" which we actually witness?

It seems as manifest as it can possibly be, that the effects in both cases though so different in degree, are exactly similar in character.

Can it be shown, that the greater effect was astronomical, just as the smaller effect is unquestionably due to astronomical causation?

For a general reader, however intelligent he may be, to be assailed by a discussion involving so complex a problem as that of the "precession of the equinoxes," may be regarded as taxing the patience of any ordinary mortal nearly beyond endurance. When, however, such a reader comes to perceive that, after all, the inquiry develops itself into the simple suggestion whether our ancient mother earth is not more variable in her performances than her orthodox historians would have us believe, he will then perhaps see his way to condone the temerity of the writer who offers such a subject for his consideration.

At the present day everybody is of course aware that the apparent rising and setting of the sun and of the other heavenly bodies, arises, not from the revolutions of the surrounding heavens about the earth, but from the diurnal rotation of the earth upon its polar axis in about twenty-four hours of mean solar time.

Taking, then, the general view of the subject as above indicated, it seems plain that the daily tides ensue by means of that rotary motion of the earth in connection with the exercise of the solar and lunar influence upon the ocean.

Now if there be involved in "precession" such another motion of the earth that our planet, though perhaps not entirely revolving upon its equatorial axis, yet in the course of many thousands of years (nearly 26,000 years for instance) slowly oscillates upon that axis to a very considerable extent, then evidently it cannot be otherwise than that very extensive alterations should take place in the manner and degree in which the ocean waters are affected by the various astronomical circumstances whereby their condition is regulated.

In accounting for "precession" astronomers explain that it arises from such a motion of the earth that the earth's axis describes a conical motion, as measured at the earth's centre, whereby in the course of 25,868 revolutions in orbit—that is to say, in that number of years—each pole of the earth becomes so altered in position that it describes a circle parallel with the ecliptical plane, or (speaking of the northern part of the axis), whereby the north pole, or the pole of the heavens, very slowly describes a circle round, while

always remaining at the same distance from, the pole of the ecliptic (Sir J. Herschel's *Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 170).

That is a motion which is actually observed and measured by astronomers. Now, although astronomers do not seem to have so inferred, yet it appears indisputably obvious that the precessional motion so described, involves an alteration in the position of the poles of the earth with reference to the surrounding heavens of no less than forty-seven degrees as measured at the earth's centre, in the course of half the period mentioned, or in nearly 13,000 years.

It is manifest that such an oscillatory motion must cause an alteration to that extent in the position of every part of the earth's surface as referred to the surrounding heavens, and the conclusion is unavoidable that it must occasion an enormous change in the mode wherein the oceans are affected by the various forces which combine to operate upon them. That there is a difference of nearly 26 miles between the length of the equatorial diameter, as compared with the polar, that is to say, a difference of 13 miles in radius as between the equator and the poles, and that the form of the globe's equatorial circumference is not a circle but an ellipse whose major axis is about two miles longer than its minor axis, are also conditions which cannot but have a very important bearing upon the effect resulting from the alteration referred to.

But apart from and beyond the other ever-altering circumstances which, as it appears reasonable to suppose, must affect the general state of the ocean waters, there is in operation a force—namely, the centrifugal force produced by the earth's motion in orbit—through the action of which, in combination with that oscillatory motion of globe whence "precession" ensues, it would seem that great local alterations must ever be gradually taking place in the depth of the sea, so that while in some regions the depth of water over the seabed is diminishing, and the dry land, through the retreat of the waters, appears to rise to a greater height above them, and to extend its area, in other regions a converse effect is taking place, and the sea depths are becoming greater, and the land is being encroached upon and slowly submerged.

The mode in which it would appear that such a result is always being slowly evolved will be separately considered.

### PART III.—THE CONTINUAL RENOVATION OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

It hardly seems surprising that any one should feel overwhelmed with amazement when he finds his thoughts wandering among the influences of nature, whence an infinite multitude and variety of effects are ever being evolved. Whether it is in the solid rocks themselves, or in the looser soil which covers them; whether it is in the water newly condensed from the clouds and then flowing seaward in the form of rills and cascades, of lakes and rivers; whether it is

in the great salt sea itself, or in the vast atmospheric ocean above our heads, it can be perceived that those influences, though invisible to human vision, are in constant operation. Concerning some of even the most compacted of the nether rocks which seem to consist of mere dead materials, the mineralogist shows us that change and transmutation may be taking place among them, in the mechanical re-arrangement of their constituent particles either through pressure, or by means of chemical agency, or of the crystallising tendency of the different kind of atoms composing them, or in some other way.

Who can say how it comes about that our tri-partite globe, comprising as it does its more or less solid nucleus and the various collections of water occupying the cavities upon its surface, and the attenuated vaporous atmosphere enveloping it, should rotate upon its axis at the rate of something near 1,000 miles an hour, and travel in orbit at more than sixty times that speed, without its being shattered and broken up, and dispersed piecemeal throughout the vast regions of surrounding space. If it were suggested that the mutual attraction of material particles, and centripetal force, form a reason why, even that answer would be but a very small step towards a solution of the great mystery.

Though our globe may be but as a mere insignificant point as compared with the vast aggregate of suns and worlds with which boundless space is doubtless tenanted, and though its sudden and utter extinction might not occasion a tremor even among its own immediate neighbours, yet it does not seem to lack its proper share of solicitude on the part of those great cosmic influences whereby the planetary systems of the universe are sustained and regulated.

Thus it may be said that in a general sense it is to the great source of life and vigour which is located near the centre of our planetary system that the semi-diurnal tidal pulsations of the sea are primarily referable, seeing that the motions both of the earth and its satellite are, almost as though they together formed one body, controlled by that wondrous central influence, although it is by the moon as thus controlled that so large a part of the tidal phenomena are immediately produced.

It is plainly obvious, as previously suggested, that those ever-sustained throbs, or the seeming ebb and flow of the ocean, occasion a continually recurring "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces.

Now respecting that vastly greater "change of level" which is shown by geological evidences to have occurred in past times, there seem to be amply sufficient data for the conclusion that it was due to astronomical causation, and that a like effect is always being evolved through the ever-continuing exercise of those general laws and influences whereby our globe is maintained in a condition of progressive development and renovation.

It would of course be highly improper to speak of the operations of nature with levity, but if the dry land were produced by the fickle upraising of the bed of the sea, now here and now there, so that continents and islands are a result of such a process, as leading geologists would have us believe they are, it must be confessed that Nature's programme in arranging for terrestrial development was not in accordance with what seems to be her far-seeing prevision in other departments of her illimitable domain.

In its general aspect human science may be regarded as having a very distinct duality of character. It consists, for instance, in the first place of an acquaintance with such of the facts of nature as are discernible by actual observation or experiment, and which can be tested and proved by any competent expert, and secondly, of the inferences and conclusions deducible from those facts.

Both astronomy and geology come within that definition, and it may be, that while the experts in practical observation in both those branches of science are perfectly truthful and accurate witnesses to facts, yet that some of their inferences may present an inconsistent aspect, and may be more or less open to adverse criticism. With respect to astronomy, history affords a notable example in point, in the fundamental error which held its place during so many centuries, and which Galileo, after a great struggle with "authority," at length succeeded in overcoming.

If the earth's precessional motion takes place in such a manner as to occasion a shifting of the ocean waters, and to cause the dry land, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, to be ever becoming submerged, while the sea-bed is as slowly acquiring the condition of dry land, it then affords the means of solving an interesting terrestrial enigma, and would seem to have an important bearing upon other circumstances whence geological effects, generally, have been evolved.

Taking it for granted that "precession," or the regression of the equinoctial points upon the ecliptic, is an actually observed effect which any one sufficiently practised in the use of astronomical instruments may verify for himself, what is the necessary inference concerning the earth's motion whereby the phenomenon of precession is produced? Is it that the motion in question does not occasion any change in the position of the earth's axis relatively with the surrounding heavens? that is to say, in the direction to which its north and south poles are pointed? In effect authoritative astronomical teaching avers that it does not, and that the earth's axis ever retains a position of parallelism with itself. When, however, the nature of the motion as it is described to us by that teaching, comes to be critically examined, a diametrically opposite conclusion seems inevitable. To consider whether it is so, demands the investigation of no intricate problem.

In however large a measure astronomical knowledge is indebted to the profound mathematical skill of its most eminent professors yet, obviously, a reasonable and logical analysis of the mode in which "precession" takes place according to their own explanations of the phenomenon, is really a matter of a simple character, requiring no mathematical knowledge as a qualification for understanding it.

Supposing it to be answered that "even admitting the suggested alteration to be involved in those explanations of 'precession' which authoritative astronomy affords, yet the conditions of the ocean as to depth would in no wise be different from what they now are, and no 'change of level' as between the surface of the sea and the dry land, would ensue from it."

Would not the reply be this? The question is not whether the mean depth of the ocean undergoes any change in consequence of the earth's precessional motion. We all of us have a more or less reasonable conception of the operations of nature such as justifies a belief in the existing condition of our globe being perfectly adapted to present and developing exigencies, and that anything like sudden cataclysmic alteration of oceanic conditions would not be in accordance with what seems to be a law of nature, namely, that general effects are not suddenly brought about so as to render them subversive of the purposes for which the earth has been designed, but they are slowly and almost imperceptibly effected.

Now among what may be termed the evolved forces of nature, that which is usually spoken of as "centrifugal force" is one with which everybody is experimentally, though perhaps unwittingly acquainted, and that it was an important factor in determining the form of our globe is a part of orthodox astronomical theory. Thus we are informed that the oblate-spheroidal shape of the earth was due to the exercise of that force, as produced by the earth's rotation upon its axis, while the materials whereof our planet consists were in a more or less viscous or plastic state. The measure of that effect is considerable, seeing it has resulted in a difference of twenty-six miles as between the length of the earth's equatorial diameter and that of its polar diameter, or a difference of thirteen miles in radius as graduated from zero at the poles to that measure at the equator.

If such was the result of centrifugal force arising from the earth's rotation upon its axis when our globe was being moulded into its present shape, is it to be supposed that the waters of the ocean are not affected by the same force? And if the rotation of the earth upon its axis at the rate of something under one thousand miles an hour was and is productive of such a force, is it conceivable that the earth's revolution in orbit at more than sixty times that speed has no such effect?

If centrifugal force, or any force resembling it, is really engen-

dered by each of those motions of our globe, then, as the one motion is oblique in reference to the other, a composite force must be the result, and the speed of the earth's revolution in orbit being so vastly in excess of that of the diurnal rotation, the force engendered by it will be the prevailing force of the two, and it will, therefore, be mainly in the direction of the earth's orbital motion that the ocean waters will be affected by the engendered force.

The averment that the earth's functions are affected by centrifugal force in more than one respect is of course an item of "authoritative" astronomy, and that such a force is engendered by the rotation of any rigid body is a matter of every-day experience, and is continually being illustrated in a thousand different ways. It is in fact manifest that there is begotten of the motion of any mass of matter, a force of such a character that it imparts a motion to any lighter mass which the larger of the two masses bears detachably with or upon it. Every railway traveller is practically acquainted with that fact for it is sometimes illustrated in his experience in the reverse of an innocuous fashion. In all cases the direction of the begotten force is that of the motion of the primary mass, and it needs not the assistance of any calculating machine, or of any mathematical demonstration, to convince us that a force of the description mentioned is one of the self-evident realities of nature.

Now the earth's centre being always in the plane of the ecliptic, the direction of the composite force thus mainly engendered by the earth's motion in orbit being that of the motion itself, is never altered, and is always, therefore, almost or quite parallel with the plane of the ecliptic. But the earth's oscillatory motion whence precession arises, causes every part of the globe's surface, including seas and oceans, to be ever altering its position relatively with the surrounding heavens, or surrounding space. Hence, the ocean waters are at every instant being presented to the action of the force in question from a direction different from that whence it was previously presented.

If that be really so, what is the effect of the combined operation? If the force has any effect at all—and acknowledged theory as well as every-day experience, shows that it must have an effect—then the motion of the earth, or of the vastly greater mass, will impart to the incomparably lighter detachable mass, which it bears with it or upon its surface, a motion in its own direction, that is, in a direction parallel with the earth's motion in orbit, or with the plane of the ecliptic.

In other words it will drive the waters before it, causing them most slowly and in greater or less measure, to become shifted in position on the solid surface of the globe.

If the suggestion should occur that as "authority" pronounces that there is no permanent change through precession in the degree



of angularity between the earth's axis and the ecliptic, no such shifting of the water would ensue from precessional motion, it might be answered that such an argument would be equivalent to begging the whole question.

Seeing how numerous and complicated are the circumstances involved in that question, the solution of it appears to be a matter which lies quite as much within the competency of logical analysis, or ordinary reasoning, as of mathematical calculation. If in any case the premisses on which a mathematical calculation is based happen to be erroneous even in the most slightly fractional measure, it is obvious that the mathematical result is not reliable.

The bases upon which the argument up to this point is urged in this paper, are those of "authoritative" astronomy itself. But the question as to the permanence of the alleged measure of the "obliquity of the ecliptic," is of considerable importance in connection with the subject.

That a permanent change in the "obliquity" takes place, is an hypothesis which astronomical experts do not recognise, and as a proof that the pole of the heavens always retains the same distance from the pole of the ecliptic, it is averred that no parallax, or scarcely any parallax, of the stars can be observed as between any two diametrically opposite positions of the earth in orbit, even though astronomers have for their angular measurements a base of upwards of 180 millions of miles, in the diameter of the earth's orbit.

Yet they can and they do effect a measurement of the motion which produces "precession"!—a measurement, indeed, of even so small a portion of it as that which occurs in the course of a few days only.

As already stated, precessional motion is described as resulting from a conical motion of the earth's axis, of such a character that the north and south poles describe in the period mentioned circles which are parallel with the plane of the ecliptic.

By mere ordinary reasoning it seems obvious that the two alleged effects are inconsistent with each other.

Practically, they are arrived at by the same methods—namely, by angular measurement with reference to the fixed stars.

The stars are at so great a distance that in the one case, with an almost infinitely long base for angular measurement, no parallax consequent upon the earth's motion in orbit, is observable! In the other case a very small measure of the effect of the earth's oscillatory motion resulting in "precession" is observable.

Both the motions are said to be in the same direction—that is, they are both described as being parallel with the ecliptical plane.

Now, if a traveller in being carried over a level country along an alleged perfectly straight line—by railway, for instance—could discern two objects at such a vast distance that although he journeyed

over that line a hundred miles or more, the objects seemed to retain the same positions relatively with himself and with each other, yet, if he averred that in passing over a small fraction of that line—five miles, for instance—a change in the relative positions of the objects with himself were manifest, the two alleged effects would be palpably inconsistent with each other, and all the mathematics in the world could not reconcile them.

Such a state of things, however, upon a comparatively infinitesimal scale, would seem to be analogous with the astronomical averments respecting the non-discernment of stellar parallax consequent on the earth's motion in orbit, and of the actual measurement of even minute alterations produced by the earth's precessional motion.

The inference would seem to be that precession is caused by an alteration of a permanent character in the "obliquity of the ecliptic." In other words, that the earth has such a permanent but extremely slow motion on its equatorial axis that the altitude of the stars, as seen from the earth, gradually undergoes alteration in a northerly and southerly direction, just as their altitude in an easterly and westerly direction is varied by the earth's diurnal rotation.

A course of operations whereby the dry land gradually becomes submerged and the sea-bed becomes converted into dry land, without the application of any upraising physical violence, appears to be in harmony with what may be regarded as the general principles according to which natural effects are evolved. Nature exhibits no hurry or fickleness or uncertainty in her established procedure. Where and when certain effects are needed in aid of the purposes for which the earth subsists, namely for the maintenance and perpetuation of the various kinds of living organisms which teem upon and around its surface, she provides accordingly. Notwithstanding that the surface-soil of the earth is endowed with such marvellous chemical properties that it usually transforms all the decaying matter with which it becomes charged, and that it is ever being in some degree renewed through pluvial and meteorological influences, whereby the rocks of higher regions are broken up and mechanically dissolved, and the materials thence derived are borne down to contribute to the fertility of lower levels, yet, in the course of ages, the dry land generally may need renewal. And Nature pursues methods for its absolute renovation accordingly. By a process so slow and gradual in its action as to be imperceptible in periods represented by many generations of its human inhabitants, the present dry land is carried into the midst of the sea, and as gradually the sea-bed rises from beneath the water-floods. Whether as dry land or ocean-floor, the earth's solid surface is ever undergoing transformation. By sub-aerial influences in the one case, and by current action, where it exists in the other, some parts of it become denuded of their previous

covering. But it is only where it is submerged that it acquires a new vesture in the form of immense sedimentary and other deposits of different kinds and of enormous thickness, with a new external contour of a greatly varied character, including hill-ranges and other elevations of different forms, with their intervening valleys and depressions.

If the birth of our globe was due to astronomical causation, and if its early stages of development were altogether igneous so that nearly or quite up to the time of its acquiring an oblate-spheroidal shape, the condition of its surface did not anywhere admit of the deposition of water upon it, then the lowest portion of the "crust" may be regarded as the skeleton framework upon which all subsequent geological productions, igneous, aqueous and whatsoever else, have been built up. It may have been, that at that remote date and long subsequently, there prevailed a seeming chaos, which was in fact but a part of an absolutely methodical series of events. It seems, indeed, not unlikely that it was while the globe was being moulded into its destined form, that the primary foundations of all mountain systems were established, and that the surface outline of the igneous portion of its "crust" was being so determined that all the world over the sub-structures of all future successive continents and islands were produced.

Thus it would appear that from the very beginning of our earth's existence up to the present moment, it has been through the operation of cosmical or astronomical forces or influences that the course of geological evolution has taken place.

R. G. M. BROWNE.

# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. PATER'S lectures on *Plato and Platonism*,<sup>1</sup> though written, as he tells us, for delivery to some young students of philosophy, will attract readers of a larger class. The volume, written with all Mr. Pater's usual lucidity and charm, will give the reader a vivid impression not only of one of the greatest but one of the most fascinating philosophers; for Plato has a charm over and above the subtleties of his doctrine. Mr. Pater compares the *Dialogues* to the modern essay, in which the writer allows himself liberal latitude to discuss a theme from various points of view, and in this the writings of Plato differ from the formal treatise which is the usual medium of philosophical teaching, and which to the untrained reader is usually uninteresting. Mr. Pater himself has yielded to the influence of this conception, and his lectures are far from dry and formal, though they are sufficiently systematic in their treatment of the subject. Modern views of the mental development of humanity assist Mr. Pater very materially in his understanding of the genius of Plato, and enable him to shed light upon many obscure points. This is very instructively brought out in the first lecture, in which we are reminded that there were philosophers and philosophies before Plato, and that his thoughts, "like the language he has to use, are covered with the traces of previous labour, and have had their earlier proprietors. If at times we become aware in reading him of certain anticipations of modern knowledge, we are also quite obviously among the relics of an older, a poetic, or half-visionary world." What was new in Plato was the life-giving principle of cohesion, the *form*; but then, as Mr. Pater very acutely says, the form is everything and the mere matter is nothing.

Mr. Pater translates, too, the Platonic doctrine of "reminiscence" into its modern scientific equivalents with considerable effect and probable truth; though poetic and Platonic souls are still inclined to indulge in the belief that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the Synthetic Philosophy. But this is how Mr. Pater renders it: "In truth, we come into the world, each one

<sup>1</sup> *Plato and Platonism*: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

of us, 'not in nakedness,' but by the natural course of organic development, clothed far more completely than even Pythagoras supposed, in a vesture of the past—nay, fatally shrouded, it might seem, in those laws or tricks of heredity which we mistake for our volitions; in the language which is more than half our thoughts; in the moral and mental habits, the customs, the literature, the very houses, which we did not make for ourselves; in the vesture of a past which is (so science would assure us) not ours, but of the race, the species."

There are only ten lectures in all, but they embrace discussions of the leading Platonic doctrines and various personal aspects of the man and his contemporaries. The lecture on "Lacedæmon" is one of the most striking and entertaining.

Professor Caird's Gifford Lectures on the *Evolution of Religion*<sup>1</sup> do not follow the anthropological method to which we have become accustomed in recent years. Though the learned lecturer recognises that religion has always had its objective side, his examination is principally directed to the development of religion from the subjective aspect, which he appears to contend always accompanied its most objective manifestation. We have often felt that the anthropologists too much overlooked this side of the subject, yet the impression made upon us by reading Dr. Caird's lectures is that he has concerned himself almost too exclusively with it. The danger of this method is that the author is liable to interpret all mental experience by the light of his own particular philosophy, and we do not think that Dr. Caird has escaped this liability. He is occupied very little with the witness of science and history; but all his investigations are conducted upon metaphysical lines. Dr. Caird is capable of taking a broad and lofty view of his subject, as we should naturally expect, and his lectures are not disfigured by any too dogmatic purpose, though they may be regarded as an argument for the justification of theism, but theism that is not identified with any formal religion. "It would be acknowledged by almost every one," he says, "that we are now shut up to the alternative, *either* that there is no God, and no revelation or knowledge of Him, *or* that the revelation of God must be sought in the whole process of nature and history, regarded as a development which finds its ultimate end and its culminating expression in the life of man as a spiritual being. This is the God whom alone it is now considered worth while either to assert or deny." This is clearly and forcibly put, and describes in a sentence the problem which occupies the minds of thoughtful people, to whom the old dogmatic theology has become useless, but who still have something more than a lingering faith, and to whom phenomena alone seem inadequate to satisfy their desire for an intelligible theory of the universe. The lectures are intended for such minds,

<sup>1</sup> *The Evolution of Religion*. The Gifford Lectures 1890-91 and 1891-92. By Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1893.

and they will no doubt find much in these two volumes to sustain what faith they have.

In the *World of the Unseen*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Arthur Willink exhibits the capability of a mathematician to give free range to the "scientific imagination," and though he begs us to take his curious study seriously, it is not easy to do so. Indeed, when he tells us that there are many societies whose object is to investigate the *phenomena* of the *Unseen*, we begin to wonder whether words have any meaning to him. It may be our own lack of imaginative power which compels us to avow that we cannot understand how the unseen can be phenomenal. Still, we are willing to concede to the author that there is some truth in his general proposition, though we may hesitate to accept his particular application of it, that "speculation, even in its wildest forms, has often led to very important and very valuable results in other fields of inquiry, and it may do the same in this case, if kept within due bounds of sober and rational restraint."

Mr. Willink's thesis is "That it is in Higher Space that we are to look for the understanding of the Unseen." "Higher" is here only a symbolical term, and does not mean at a distance above us, for we are asked to believe that this "Higher Space" is contiguous and not distant. It is only another term for the Fourth Dimension of Space, and is to be found in the Fourth Direction. However, as we have sought in vain for any finger-post pointing us in this said direction, we are no nearer discovering the Higher Space now than we were before we read this book. One or two sentences may give some idea of the author's aim :

"The first point on which we shall have to dwell is this, that there are very few indeed who can realise the idea of the Higher Space to the extent of picturing it mentally : of these I am not one. We start, then, from this point, that we cannot illustrate the Conception of the Higher Space even in the most diagrammatic way upon a blackboard." Then the question arises, "Where is there any room for the Higher Space?" The answer to this riddle is, "That Higher Space is outside our space, and it is therefore outside our space that room is to be found for it. Distance does not enter into the question at all ; it is only with direction we have to do." We confess we cannot understand this. Our space, the author admits, is illimitable and there is no room in that direction for a Higher Space, so that we should conclude that the Higher Space is not outside, but inside our space, and this view appears to be confirmed by further statements of the author. There is one consolation left, and that is, that if we do not discover the Fourth Direction before, we shall when we die, for that is the road the disembodied spirits take.

<sup>1</sup> *The World of the Unseen. An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to Things Eternal.* By Arthur Willink. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Eccentric books are like misfortunes, if indeed they are not misfortunes, as they never come singly, but when one arrives another speedily follows. The author of the *World of the Unseen* has explained to us where the dead go to, and now a clergyman of the Church of England sends us a book on the related topic, *Do the Dead Return?*<sup>1</sup> When we further see that it is a record of experiences in Spiritualism, we are not led to expect anything very new, and the contents of the book are in accordance with our expectations. The experiences recorded are of the usual spiritualistic character, and progress from spirit knocks to spirit writing, spirit voices and spirit forms; that is, from the lowest to the highest manifestations of so-called spiritualistic phenomena. The writer appears to be a man of simple honesty, and no doubt believes what he relates. No evidence is given beyond the mere statements of what he has heard and seen, and the absence of particulars makes criticism out of the question. Two specimens are given of what is called spirit writing, which suggest that the spirit's hand was shaky, and, that like most of us, he could not write straight in the dark; and an error in a set of lines spiritually written also shows that spirits are liable to make mistakes. The author says that attention was called by the spirits to this slip of the pencil before the paper was examined. "We made a mistake in the last line; substitute 'protect' for 'direct.'" The spiritualistic *we* makes us want to ask how many of them it took to write this quatrain. The Clergyman of the Church of England vouches for the absolute trustworthiness of this communication and for the positive fact that it was written by other than human agency. If the dead return, one cannot help regretting that they cannot find more useful occupations than those in which, according to the author of this book, they are frequently engaged.

## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WE scarcely expected to see the Duke of Argyll appear before the world as a contributor to Economic Science. But the handsome volume<sup>2</sup> before us is a very interesting and valuable criticism on economists past and present, and it cannot fail to find its permanent place in the literature of sociology. It has all the characteristics which we are accustomed to associate with the politics of MacCallum More. It is incisive and defiant, penetrating and almost dogmatic.

<sup>1</sup> *Do the Dead Return? A Record of Experiences in Spiritualism.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.

<sup>2</sup> *The Unseen Foundations of Society.* By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London: John Murray. 1898.

It will enable many to define their dissent from propositions which are passed from mouth to mouth without question. It will confirm the weak hands and strengthen the feeble knees. While the Duke accepts the revolt of the new economy from the old, he permits no new fetish to be set up by the dissenters. He recognises the justice of Jevons's annihilation of Ricardo, but he is almost as severe on the faults of Jevons himself. The book has a wholesome ring of independence and thereby compels respectful and careful study; and it is on the whole fair in its judgment of other men's merits. Here is a passage which coincides with the views which have often been expressed in this section of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW: "If we ourselves are to do any better, we must be alive to the really good work which the older economists have done, and we must be right in our perceptions of the particular errors by which they have been led astray. As regards the good work they have done, we must remember that it is to them we owe it that men have come to acknowledge that there is such a thing at all as science in matters economic."

Again, we agree with the Duke when he falls foul of those catch-words and artificial phrases by which economists, particularly the followers of the Austrian school, have been prone to earmark their conclusions. We entirely concur with the suggestion that in a branch of knowledge which must be applied to practical mercantile life it is desirable as far as possible to adopt terms familiar to that life, only taking care that the meaning or meanings which they bear are clear to ourselves and well defined for those whom we wish to instruct. On pp. 23 and 373 will be found excellent instances of the criticism referred to. How unsatisfactory we have often felt such expressions as the "Law of Diminishing Returns," or the "Final Degree of Utility"; they hopelessly handicap the economist in his arguments with the man of the world. Yet they are handed down from one great name to another, and we half distrust our ground when we venture to question them. It is a good thing to ride into the fray behind the Duke of Argyll! It is true that ambiguity often springs from popular usage of words, but this should not lead us to reject those words but to define them. Popular language must not be condemned as invariably inaccurate and confused, rather should we remember that the popular use of words conveys ideas which have a very definite operation in daily life.

As instances where the Duke takes exception to the current phrase or opinions, we may cite the following passages: Chap. i., secs. 28-30: to the effect that too much has been made of the difficulties of the word "value," which appear to result largely from the undue anxiety of economists that they may be enthralled by the popular confusion of certain cognate ideas. Chap. ii. 8 *seqq.*:—The most rudimentary and essential of the conditions which constitute wealth has been overlooked entirely by economists in their definition of wealth.



Chap. iii. sec. 11 : It has been laid down as if it were an indisputable or self-evident proposition that the three great sources of wealth are—Land, Labour, and Capital. Nothing, perhaps, even in the history of our “shattered science” is more astonishing than the wide acceptance which has been given to this famous formula. It is obnoxious to every possible objection that can lie against a scientific definition. Chap. xii. sec. 12 *sqq.* ; xiv. sec. 16 *seq.* :—The function of labour is overrated, and modern fallacies are built up on a false conception of the labourer's contribution to production. These are sufficient to show the sweeping and vigorous nature of the criticism which pervades the book.

And in its general method and conception it is very different from any previous work on like subjects. It takes a wider ground. Passing rapidly under review the whole history of the human race, analysing the effect on the world of the Roman law and of the feudal system, it discovers as the motive of all human action the striving after security of possession ; it fixes as the foundation of all wealth an essential idea of possession. Here we begin to see the meaning of the Unseen Foundations of Society, and the Neglected Elements of economics. It is in security, whether in the possession of that which a man is actually enjoying, or in the relations by which he binds himself to his fellow men—that the Duke of Argyll finds the determining factor of all economic results. From this he deduces the necessity to production of the limitation of areas in land ; by reference to this he establishes the position that the capitalist is equally with the labourer a valuable agent of production. His illustration of the theorem from the history of Ireland will be read with great interest (Chap. viii. sec. 15 *sqq.*)

It is not surprising that with this in mind the work revolts throughout from every idea of Socialism, and hardly dallies with the more moderate views of the forward Radicals. Henry George comes in for severe handling. Combinations of workmen with a view to altering wages are treated with great distrust. The idea of unearned increments is entirely rejected. Naturally we are slow to follow on many points. The wider distribution of property does not seem to us to strike at its complete security ; the recognition of the capitalist need not as at present mean his undue predominance. The Duke of Argyll evidently leans too much to contentment with the state of things which exists ; he is too inclined to argue that the development of society has been and always must be satisfactory without the interference of economists. Herein we have the weak point of the book. At the same time we recognise the value of the warning which it conveys against tampering with the thing that is. The sections on the element of human corruption as a destructive factor in schemes of municipal development are at least suggestive, though their difficulties hardly seem insuperable. Similarly we cannot dismiss with-

out careful investigation the position enforced in the last chapter that throughout our history the wage-earner has been the object of benevolent legislation, and the sympathy with his difficulties is no new thing.

Looking at the book as a whole there is no doubt of its value as a stimulus to original thought; its contention that the basis of economics has not been broad enough is not entirely new, and is not altogether true. Mill admitted that it was for the politician to step in where the economist stopped; the modern view is perhaps inclined to adapt economic laws to a preconceived political view. The Duke of Argyll does not himself define the boundaries of the basis on which he would build; his book leaves us in some difficulty simply because it is indeterminate. It is rather too dogmatic and not sufficiently didactic.

The preface will be read with interest as a "personal explanation," and as a glimpse at the individual history of a man who fills a large place in the politics of the country, and has lived in the midst of events which have made our modern industrial history.

Two pamphlets on the position of the Church of England form an unusual item in our monthly diet. They both point to the possibility of disestablishment, but from widely different points of view. One<sup>1</sup> criticising Lord Selborne's *Defence of the Church* breathes a spirit avowedly hostile to any connection between Church and State. Shocked by the narrowness and selfishness of the past, the writer cannot imagine any healthy development in the future. Mr. Rankin,<sup>2</sup> on the other hand, is an earnest Churchman, but an uncompromising opponent of sacerdotalism in all its forms. He calls on the clergy to reform themselves, but in his opinion it is better to have disestablishment than to see liberty of thought suffocated by a priest-ridden church. It is perhaps undesirable to intrude here our personal views, but we may express our sympathy with Mr. Rankin's purpose, and our sense of the ability with which he conducts his attack.

We are very sorry to be at all cool in our reception of Mr. Bowen's sketch<sup>1</sup> of Froebel's career and theories in the *Great Educators* series. In its biographical capacity we cordially welcome the book. Froebel's was an interesting life. Misunderstood, neglected at home, he replaced the ordinary training of the child by that far better contact with the woods and their animal life. With a naturally receptive mind he soon found that those who would be his teachers were incompetent to impart instruction. The way in which he at last

<sup>1</sup> *The Established Church and its Endowments*; a word on Lord Selborne's Defence. By Criticus. London: P. S. King & Son. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Rights of the Laity and their Wrongs*. By L. Kentish Rankin, M.A. London: Wileman. 1892.

<sup>1</sup> *Froebel and Education by Self-activity*. By H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. London: William Heinemann. 1893.

found his way to Jena University, and afterwards adopted the profession of a teacher—his various engagements and his efforts to obtain a hearing on educational subjects—his struggles and disappointments—the misunderstandings of his contemporaries—all form a very unusual story of life. But, on the general question of education and the Kindergarten system—which was Froebel's—we hold somewhat independent views. We doubt if any one can be educated to be a teacher. To teach others it is first necessary to understand clearly one's self; and those who have patience to analyse all things for themselves, and to communicate to others the steps of the analysis—those who can think clearly and convey their meaning clearly, will in our opinion be good teachers apart from theories at all. And on this ground, and arguing from our personal experience of education, we are lukewarm towards the Kindergarten system (see chapters vii. and viii. of the book before us). If the ordinary teacher takes pains to impart his own knowledge to the child he will naturally use analogies and illustrations from everything with which the child can fairly be familiar, and we feel certain that any child of ordinary intelligence will, under such careful teaching, grasp all conceptions, whether concrete or abstract, with greater ultimate gain than if it passes through the intermediate processes of the Kindergarten system. We class that system with *memoriæ technicæ*: the labour which is expended on acquiring a knowledge which is only a means to something further is far better expended in acquiring the ultimate object of knowledge. Yet we should perhaps admit that the system may be helpful to unusually dull or defective children.

Miss Marsden has already won herself an enduring name, and before proceeding to examine her book<sup>1</sup> we will, so to speak, blow off our ill-humours, and correct at once a very common misapprehension with which the general public approach the subject of leper missions. We happen to have special knowledge of the leprosy question; and we have not been able to indulge in enthusiasm over either Father Damien or Sister Rose Gertrude, or Miss Kate Marsden. Their work is not greater than that which dozens of people are doing in several of the British Colonies. Such a man as Dr. Hillis in British Guiana does his duty bravely amid the lepers day by day for the greater part of his career but asks no notoriety. The sisters at Cocorite in Trinidad do not dream of reporting their daily task of nursing the lepers in the Government asylum. We also must point out that such action as that of Miss Marsden does not go to the root of the matter. It is necessary not merely to relieve the sufferings which are inflicted on these unfortunate people by their fellows; but if the work is to be complete, to instruct the Russian peasantry to guard themselves against leprosy and not to shun the victims of the

<sup>1</sup> *On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers.* By Kate Marsden. London: The Record Press.

disease—to pave the way for a system such as is found in Norway. For the better medical opinion has certainly been that leprosy tends to vanish before cleanliness and good food, and that there is little to fear from the presence of leper asylums or hospitals in the neighbourhood of the healthy.

Miss Marsden remarks that leprosy is a cause of the poverty of the district, but we are much more inclined to turn the remark round: ignorance and poverty largely contribute to the spread of the disease, and the protective measures adopted aggravate the evil. Nothing will be more likely to check the scourge than such a settlement as Miss Marsden has proposed; and we can only wish her success in inducing the Russian Government to carry this out.

But when all this has been said there can yet be no question that Miss Marsden is a noble-minded woman, who, with the help of the Czarina, has accomplished a remarkable journey, and laid the foundations of a great humanitarian effort. It is necessary that we should bear in mind that Yakutsk is in the far north-east of Siberia, that it is a region where in winter the average temperature is some sixty degrees below zero, while in summer the sun is often tropical in its fierce heat. In this trying climate at the first sign of leprosy the unfortunate victim of disease is driven out into the wilds and left without resources or sufficient clothing to drag out an existence which is in itself a hell. Nothing in the stern isolation of lepers amongst the Jews at all approaches the hopelessness of the Siberian peasant's sentence. We must further remember that Miss Marsden during the summer of 1891 covered a distance of five or six hundred miles in her determination to find the leper settlement, that she travelled by sledge, tarantass, boat, and horseback, with constant discomfort, and finally, at personal loss of health; and that she aroused a real, and we trust a lasting, interest amongst the Russian people, and left behind two nurses who had devoted themselves to carry out the work she began.

The book is excellently got up, and as a mere record of toilsome travel is worth more than ordinary notice.

Mr. Hudson's book<sup>1</sup> on Patagonia is delightful. It begins like a novel, and is full of interest from first to last. Mr. Hudson is above all things a naturalist; amid hunger and thirst, under grilling suns, or in chills or damps, a bird or a plant will absorb his energy, and drive away the moment's anxiety—even when a venomous snake shares his couch, he is pleased that it should get away without even an attempt on his friend's part to kill it. He is something of an ethnologist, too, and a philosopher, and he is not afraid to jot down his passing fancies or fugitive ideas; we like him the better for it. The book is full of novelties, chiefly in the way of animals' habits

<sup>1</sup> *Idle Days in Patagonia.* By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

—the heifer which made her home on the island of pigs—the “exiled dog” who unexpectedly retrieved a flamingo in splendid style, and then, as if to dash all trust in him, deliberately worried the geese which he was sent to secure—the Spanish boy who found a home amongst the Indians—the first introduction of a guacho to spectacles—and several more. The chapter on Sight in Savages—originally published in *Longman's Magazine*—and that on Bird music in South America, are amongst the most interesting. But there is uncommonly little “skip” in the book at all, and it is so well illustrated, and so pleasingly bound, that we cannot imagine a better addition to any library. We must just quote one passage, on page 186, which has a special interest in connection with a subject which is often discussed.

“My host . . . had been a professional gambler . . . and could deal himself the killing cards every time he shuffled. More than once I caught him . . . and lectured him . . . he explained that what I called cheating was only a superior kind of skill acquired by much study and long practice.”

We do not know too much of Persia. Mr. Biddulph's quarto volume<sup>1</sup> is a little too business-like in appearance to be, at first sight, attractive, but we can assure our readers that it rapidly makes up for this inside. It is brightly and easily written, full of incident and of lively descriptions; we wonder whether anything like that Persian review ever really happens; certainly a compound of a European review, an Indian war dance, and an Alhambra ballet, must have been a picturesque and exciting scene. We are pleased to notice the friendly references to Russia, not because we are great lovers of Russia, but because we like to see credit for courtesy given where credit is due, and because we agree that it is, after all, unworthy in a British Government to use no influence (if that be so) with Persia in order to procure the improvement of a much needed road which would, indirectly, be a boon to the Russians. Could we come to a better understanding with that Empire? Mr. Biddulph's one regret as he left Persia was that two great European Powers “should waste in futile rivalries the immense opportunity which combined action would give them for the amendment of the terrible abuses existing under Persian rule, and the amelioration of the conditions of what may, without any exaggeration, be described as one of the worst governed people in the world.”

The “Visit to Trans-Caspia in 1890” is a separate monograph bound up in the same cover, which it is desirable for Englishmen to read with care, as it gives an intelligent description of the Central Asiatic Dominions of Russia and compares their administration with that of England in India, not altogether to the discredit of the former.

<sup>1</sup> *Four Months in Persia and a Visit to Trans-Caspia.* By C. E. Biddulph, M.A. London; Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1892.

The *Times*' letters from South Africa are excellent—perhaps the best description of those regions that has lately been published. It certainly surprised us to learn that they were from the pen of a woman: it could hardly have been discovered from internal evidence. The writer is evidently acute and receptive; for her discussion of events is suggestive and her criticisms are very much to the point. Every one who is interested in the future of the Cape, or Natal, or the Transvaal, will do well to read this book; they will be delighted at the description of the diamond and gold-mining centres.

*Fruit-Farming in California*<sup>2</sup> is too much akin to an advertisement to merit detailed notice. The book may be read with profit by any one who is looking out for a chance of investing capital abroad; but as Mr. Whiting's purpose is avowedly to sell part of his ranche, it is obvious that the whole question would require examination with a care which we cannot give it.

We just notice the *Statistics of New Zealand for 1891* and the *Results of a Census of the Colony of New Zealand*, which have also been sent to us. The Maories number under 42,000 now out of a total population of 665,651.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE study of Greek and Roman politics has not always been carried on scientifically. The best recent English work on the subject is Mr. Ward Fowler's book on *The City State of the Greeks and Romans*.<sup>3</sup> The book is an expansion of a series of lectures delivered at Oxford; but it is liberal and human in tone, and not choked by "the dust of the schools." The author points out that the ancient State was a much simpler form of association than the modern, its social, political and moral forces being concentrated on city life. For this reason the history of Greece and Rome is more useful in some respects, for the purposes of political science, than that of modern countries, where the largeness of area gives rise to a number of complex problems. The work is full of research, and will well repay perusal.

An excellent work on *The Rise of the British Dominion in India*,<sup>4</sup> by Sir Alfred Lyall, has just been issued as one of the University Extension Series, by Mr. John Murray. The advantage of a book

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from South Africa*. By the *Times* Special Correspondent. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Fruit-Farming for Profit in California*. By Dwight Whiting. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *The City State of the Greeks and Romans: a Survey Introductory to the Study of Ancient History*. By W. Ward Fowler, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *The Rise of the British Dominion in India*. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. London: John Murray.

of this kind is that it combines principles with facts, and methods with results. The narrative commences so far back as 300 years B.C., and comes down to the present time. England has not altogether reason to be proud of her treatment of India; but, on a survey of the entire history of the British dominion in India, it must be clear that more good than evil has been done by the influence of English civilisation on the Hindoos.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have published three volumes of *Biographies of Eminent Persons* reprinted from the *Times*.<sup>1</sup> These sketches, all marked by great journalistic skill, though not invariably with a proper sense of the relations of character and environment, will be read with interest and avidity by thousands. The biographies include sketches of Charles Darwin, Harriet Martineau, Lord St. Leonards, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Guizot, Victor Emmanuel, Cardinal Cullen, General Gordon, Sir Bartle Frere, Garibaldi, Léon Gambetta, and Mr. Forster. The *Times* sometimes says the true word, as in the concluding remark about Victor Emmanuel: "He will be always remembered, and deserves to be remembered, as the founder of his country, in a sense in which few beings have ever been," and of Cardinal Cullen: "If he was not a great Irishman, he was at least a great Ultramontane."

*The Recollections of Count Tolstoy*<sup>2</sup> is a book that is sure to be read. Count Tolstoy is an extraordinary man—at the same time a sceptic and an anchorite, a devoted follower of Christ and yet one who disbelieves in His divinity. Count Tolstoy went to the furthest extreme on the subject of marriage in the *Kreutzer Sonata*. He has endeavoured to justify the opinions put forward in that strange book. Physiology is opposed to some of Count Tolstoy's doctrines; and yet he has a number of fanatical admirers. Nobody can doubt his sincerity—he is a man pre-eminently deserving of respect and admiration.

The study of English literature is like a journey through a vast wilderness, and for this reason the duty of selecting passages from the greatest authors is one that lies on the teacher, and that cannot be too carefully carried out. In a work entitled *English Prose Selections*<sup>3</sup> the task has been admirably performed by Mr. Henry Craik. These selections include passages from Chaucer, Malory, Caxton, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Cranmer, Roger Ascham, John Knox, Holinshed, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Hooker, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many other writers.

The *Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*<sup>4</sup> is one of those books which all who take an interest in one of the most

<sup>1</sup> *Biographies of Eminent Persons*. Three Volumes. Reprinted from the *Times* newspaper. London: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Recollections of Count Tolstoy*. London: William Heinemann.

<sup>3</sup> *English Prose Selections*. Edited by Henry Craik. London: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her great grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. With Additions and Corrections, and a Memoir by W. Moy Thomas. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

interesting English women that ever lived, must read with delight. The book is edited by Lady Mary's great grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, and there is an excellent memoir by W. Mox Thomas. The work is a mine of valuable information, and should be read from cover to cover. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's extensive knowledge of Eastern life gives a zest to her correspondence, which is sprightly, vivid, and full of keen observation.

The volume of the series entitled *The Rulers of India* dealing with Lord Hastings<sup>1</sup> is written with vigour and intelligence. Justice is done to the subject of the biography. Lord Hastings' administration of Indian affairs proved his great ability, though the system he adopted was inconsistent with his own theory. Major Ross of Bladenburg has evidently made himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail in the eventful life of his hero and the result is a most readable biography.

A series of clever sketches of European sovereigns has just been published at Paris under the title of *Souverains et cours de l'Europe*.<sup>2</sup> The opening sketch deals with Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is very flattering, and praises the Queen for her domestic virtues and for her devotion to the memory of Prince Albert. The reference to Lord Melbourne as "a man of seductive manners, but of easy virtue (*d'une morale trop facile*)" is highly amusing. The sketch of the Czar Alexander III. is rather severe on that monarch; but the facts of his life are set forth without distortion or exaggeration. Of the Emperor of Germany the author says: "He is perhaps the only civilised sovereign who believes that he occupies the throne by the grace of God." The sketches of the Emperor of Austria are very interesting. The concluding sketch deals with the Sultan, a personage about whom most people know very little.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

ONE of the faults of most English novels is their excessive sentimentality. We find illustrations of this in some of the works of fiction now submitted to us for review.

*Avenged on Society*<sup>3</sup> is rather a remarkable book, being the narrative of a young girl who finds that her mother had been tried for the murder of her husband and convicted, and whose life is clouded though not ruined by this fact. There is much in the novel that is

<sup>1</sup> *Rulers of India, The Marquess of Hastings, K. G.* By Major Ross, of Bladenburg, C.B. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

<sup>2</sup> *Souverains et cours de l'Europe.* Traduction par G. Labouchère. Paris: Albert Savine.

<sup>3</sup> *Avenged on Society.* By H. F. Wood. London: William Heinemann.



admirable, but the style is rhapsodical and exaggerated, and the portion of the story which deals with Mrs. Lyulph's crusade against society is highly improbable. The love of the young doctor, Marcus Thorbury, for Elsie is of a rather odd kind, and is described in an unpleasantly hysterical fashion. The novel has certainly great merits, but we doubt whether it will raise Mr. Wood's reputation as a writer of fiction.

*Time and the Woman*<sup>1</sup> is one of those light and thinly-woven productions of a somewhat amateurish though clever novelist which please a certain class of readers and disgust others. It gives a rather realistic picture of a mother's jealousy of her daughter. The character of Mrs. Ruthven, the semi-detached wife, who "collected young men as a stone gathers moss," is rather detestable, but possibly such women exist in modern society.

The emancipation of women is a theme which may prove useful even to writers of fiction ; but, in spite of much ingenuity, the treatment of the woman question in *The Heavenly Twins*,<sup>2</sup> a three-volumed novel by Sarah Grand, author of *Idealia*, is scarcely satisfactory. The character of Evadne is a fine one, but while we sympathise with her views on the injustice of allowing elderly *roués* to marry innocent young girls, we find that she is herself a very conventional type of heroine who is made happy by a kiss and a scriptural quotation.

*The Last Signal*<sup>3</sup> is certainly not the best novel Miss Dora Russell has written, but it is an interesting story, and will be read by many with pleasure, if not profit. There are no new ideas in the book ; indeed, it is rather commonplace ; but it does not sin against probability, and is in no way offensive to the susceptibilities of the "young person."

*Mrs. Grundy at Home*<sup>4</sup> is a clever book, rather Thackerayan in tone. Here and there we find traces of affectation in the author's style ; but the book shows knowledge of life and character, and will be appreciated by thoughtful readers.

In *Madame Rivat*<sup>5</sup> we have a French novel full of healthy sentiment—not of the realistic school, and yet not unreal. It is the pathetic story of a notary's family misfortunes, and is told with a beautiful simplicity and naturalness which cannot fail to win the reader's sympathies.

*Deçue*,<sup>6</sup> by M. Jacques Frébel, is a feminine order of book. There is no robustness about it, and it has a certain melancholy tone which is calculated to depress the reader. However, it is written in charming French, and may safely be read by young girls.

<sup>1</sup> *Time and the Woman*. By Richard Pryce. London : William Heinemann.

<sup>2</sup> *The Heavenly Twins*. By Sarah Grand. London : William Heinemann.

<sup>3</sup> *The Last Signal*. By Dora Russell. London : E. V. White & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *Mrs. Grundy at Home*. By C. T. C. James. London : Ward & Downey.

<sup>5</sup> *Madame Rivat*. Par Henry Maisonneuve. Paris : Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

<sup>6</sup> *Deçue*. Par Jacques Frébel. Paris : Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

M. Léon de Tinseau has the art of telling a story—an art not at all so easily acquired nowadays, when analysis in fiction has almost destroyed pure narrative. In *Maitre Gratien*<sup>1</sup> we have a capital story of the last century, told with verve and cleverness. The love-scenes are impassioned, but not unreal, and the book is sure to interest readers who do not expect too much in a novel.

*A Lucky Lover*<sup>2</sup> is an American novel with a great deal of love in it and a considerable share of silliness. It is well written, however, and may help to relieve the tedium of solitude. The author has ability, but he has not done justice to his powers in this book.

Mrs. Oliphant always writes well. Indeed, her ease of style has lately made her a little negligent of the other requirements of the novelist. She will undoubtedly hold a place in English fiction when many other lady novelists have been relegated to oblivion. Nevertheless, her last book, *The Sorceress*, is rather disappointing. It is not a story of fierce passions or crime, but a very commonplace narrative charmingly related. The book lacks originality, but it is a creditable performance as compared with the ruck of English novels. Its moral tone is unobjectionable and it ends happily.

It is difficult to say what constitutes a great novel; we cannot suppose that any critic would attempt to classify as such *This Working Day World*<sup>3</sup>, it lacks a complete unity or the development of a great character. Yet it is a very good novel; better we think than the novel reviewers are likely to admit. There is nothing in the least degree repulsive throughout it; its worst fault is the recurrence of certain unnecessarily trifling touches which recall Miss Edgeworth's good little boys and girls. We do not require to be told that a young lady of twenty brings an address "neatly copied out." But the blemishes are not great; the opening chapters are excellent, their pictures are original—cleverly conceived and well drawn; there are two or three pleasing characters. Raphael Adair is irresistibly attractive, while his love story is hardly interesting; the danger which hangs over his honour and his life makes the closing chapters really exciting, and the trial scenes are on the whole vividly and successfully sketched. We confess to a great liking for Madge Merton; her failure to become a champion of woman's rights is made too pitiful and ludicrous to satisfy the reader's sense of just retribution. Pearl, who becomes Raphael's wife, hardly rouses our interest, except at intervals. These three form the triple contrast: the strong man fails when he has to face his last trouble; the weak woman brings him off triumphant in the face of hopeless obstacles; the woman who would be strong breaks down under every trial. Of Madge's brother, humble but noble, we get too brief a glimpse.

<sup>1</sup> *Maitre Gratien*. Par Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Levy.

<sup>2</sup> *A Lucky Lover*. By John Habberton. London: James Clarke & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *This Working Day World; or, the Stronger Portion of Humanity*. By G. V. Fairfax. London: Digby Long & Co.

In some ways *Castle Warlock*<sup>1</sup> is a clever story—in any case, it has the merit of being well written. But its moral, to our thinking, is that pious people, after Mr. MacDonald's pattern, are totally unfitted for the life of this world, which is and must be a conflict, wherein, if a man does not fight tooth and nail, he is inevitably worsted, as were the "Warlocks," father and son. They achieved absolutely nothing, failed even to make their daily bread and to keep their ancestral roof over their head. Their blind trust and helpless acquiescence in what they supposed to be the will of God, landed them in beggary, and gave them over as an unresisting prey to all their rapacious neighbours. Their eventual deliverance was due to the accidental, and most improbable, discovery of a hidden hoard, hid by a wicked ancestor, and supposed to be more or less miraculously "revealed" to his pious descendants. So if their "forbears" had been as virtuous as themselves, they must have starved. Then the son, "Cosmo," is so dazed with religion, and so divinely simple-minded, that he immolates himself and deserts his sweetheart in her utmost need, beguiled by a few fair words from a designing rival. For himself, he soon finds comfort in imaginary intercourse with God. If this is how "the children of light" play the part of lovers, we think that most women would prefer to be wooed by a child of the world, who does not, like "Cosmo," wait for his ladylove to seek him out and throw herself into his arms, but, if needs be, carries her off by the strong hand, like "Young Lochinvar."

*The Tower of Taddeo*<sup>2</sup> is in "Ouida's" best manner. It is free from the hyperbole and false glitter that mar so many of her works, and has in a marked degree the poetry and pathos which are her characteristic charms.

*Jean de Kerdren*<sup>3</sup> is one of the best foreign novels in English dress that has come under our notice for many a day. Not only is the translation unusually well executed, but the book is so striking as to be really worth translating. The story is terribly sad; but it is a wholesome sadness, and M. Saint Hilaire has handled his theme so well that half its painfulness is lost in the skill of the workmanship.

As Madame Mairêt's *Inséparables*<sup>4</sup> has already reached its fourth edition, it would be useless now to enter into a detailed criticism, which, after all, would be but an unmixed *éloge*. For it is a delightful novel, full of just and sound thoughts. All Madame Jeanne Mairêt's stories, that we have read, have been good and clever; but *Inséparables* is, we think, the best she has written.

<sup>1</sup> *Castle Warlock*. A Homely Romance. By George MacDonald. London: Kegan Paul.

<sup>2</sup> *The Tower of Taddeo*. By "Ouida." In Three Volumes. London: Heinemann. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> The Independent Novel Series. *Jean de Kerdren*. By Philippe Saint Hilaire. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

<sup>4</sup> *Inséparables*. Par Jeanne Mairêt. Quatrième édition. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1892.

A very learned essay has been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. on *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*.<sup>1</sup> Seneca has not been sufficiently studied from the standpoint of dramatic art, and Mr. Cunliffe's account of him is most interesting and shows deep research. At the same time we cannot without further evidence accept all Mr. Cunliffe's theories. That both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson owed something to Seneca we must admit; but, after all, the debt was very small, especially in Shakespeare's case.

We welcome the two volumes of the English Dialect Society dealing with words nearly allied to the speech of the dalesmen, whom we know so well. They are volumes considerably differing in merit.

*Northumberland Words*<sup>2</sup> is simply a glossary with an interesting introduction. While it is so complete as to contain within itself the materials for a valuable comparison between one word and another, and with cognate forms in neighbouring dialects, it appears to us to be wanting in critical appreciation of similarities and differences, and we gather that the compiler is rather an historian and antiquarian than a philologist. But in spite of this defect there is no question as to its value; we who are philologists can draw inferences for ourselves. We should like to dwell on some of the words and their connections; the derivations of *Begock* and *Crikey* are often forgotten. *Burn*, *Chare*, *Dodd* (= *tod*) are casual instances where the notes are full of instruction.

The *Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill*<sup>3</sup> is of a different stamp, because Mr. Wright is distinctly a philologist. Windhill is a manufacturing village in the township of Idle and parish of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, three miles north of Bradford. In addition to a careful grammatical examination of the structure and sounds of the dialect, Mr. Wright includes specimens of the written dialect which, both as to character and words, will be very valuable to the student of Old English.

One of the most interesting points brought out by these dialects is the fact that the border of Scotland proper lies beyond the Lothians, and that long ago the Scots had advanced their boundaries southward to Berwick-on-Tweed, and absorbed what was really an English district.

<sup>1</sup> *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*. An Essay by John W. Cunliffe, D.Litt., M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Northumberland Words: a Glossary, &c.* By R. Oliver Hislop. Vol. I. London: Published for the English Dialect Society by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *A Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill, in the West Riding of Yorkshire*. By Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D. London. 1892.

## POETRY.

IN *The Stealing of the Mare*<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Blunt has translated from the original Arabic an interesting and characteristic mediæval romance, containing vivid pictures of Bedouin life and sentiment. The tale is one of a cycle, gathered round the more or less mythical hero, Abu Zeyd, and intended to be related by wandering reciters. Something of the ancient Arabian form, half prose, half verse, has been preserved, and Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, who is responsible for the metrical portions, has chosen a rather novel form of unrhymed verse, which he tells us approximately gives the effect of the native recitation. This reads excellently well, and we give a few lines as a specimen of the manner :

“The grey mare, the renowned ; in the world there is none like her,  
Not with the Persian kings, the Chosroës, the Irani.  
Spare is her head and lean, her ears set close together ;  
Her forelock is a net, her forehead a lamp lighted,  
Illumining the tribe, her neck curved like a palm branch,  
Her wither clean and sharp.”

The author of *Perseus, with the Hesperides*<sup>2</sup> is able with a legitimate pride to dedicate his book “to the memory of three poets of my kith and kin, Edmund Waller, Bryan Waller Procter, and Adelaide Anne Procter.” These names come to us with a sweet savour, and there is nothing in Mr. Bryan Charles Waller’s book unworthy of such noble ancestry. His poem is above the average, and often well imagined, but it is too lengthy and diffuse and in parts indolently written.

*Rhymes and Reflections*,<sup>3</sup> by Mr. G. H. Powell, is a clever and witty volume of occasional verses, some of which have already appeared in the *St. James’s Gazette* and elsewhere. The pieces are however so pointed and amusing that they well deserve to be collected in a less ephemeral form. Mr. Powell’s satire is refreshingly light-handed, and though his lash can sting it is always applied dexterously with a neat turn of the wrist, his lines too are well nourished and have a literary quality so marked that he must by no means be confounded with the ordinary scribbler of political doggerel. His book contains several bright and sparkling parodies, among which “The Laureate at Bay” is peculiarly witty and successful.

Another volume of graceful daintily moralised verse from the pen

<sup>1</sup> The Celebrated Romance of *The Stealing of the Mare*. Translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into Verse by Wilfred Scawen Blunt. London : Reeves & Turner.

<sup>2</sup> *Perseus, with the Hesperides*. By Bryan Charles Waller. London : George Bell & Sons.

<sup>3</sup> *Rhymes and Reflections*, upon subjects Social, Literary and Political. By G. H. Powell. London : Lawrence & Bullen.

of Madame de Gasparin is sure to be welcomed by her numerous readers. There is little that is Spanish about the book except its title, *El Soñador*,<sup>1</sup> though many of the harmonious verses it contains are tinged with sympathy for a country of which the author can say: "Sa pensée répond à ma pensée, et son harmonie à ces notes profondes que sent vibrer en soi le rêveur."

In *Solness, le Constructeur*,<sup>2</sup> we have a well written French version of Ibsen's much discussed play "The Master Builder." The preliminary translator's "Notice" attempts to provide a key to the symbolism of the piece, and M. Prozor succeeds in making some interesting suggestions, but we cannot help thinking that the admirers of the Master would best plead his cause by passing lightly over this less artistic aspect of his work, and leaving us to interpret his terrible and disquieting studies as we may. M. Prozor looks on the "Master Builder" as autobiographical, and suggests that in the drama this constitutes a new departure: "Solness est, je crois, la première confession qu'un poète vous ait faite au théâtre."

## ART.

"THE Victoria Library for Gentlewomen" is a series of small six shilling volumes, neatly bound. The seventh number deals appropriately with *Art Needlework*.<sup>3</sup> The subject deserves a place in the treatment of the various decorative arts. Miss Ellen T. Masters has written of it agreeably, with sufficient technical knowledge, and with a very valuable intermingling of historical information. As might be expected from the title of the series, which is "under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales," her book is redolent of loyalty and religion as well as of art. In successive chapters she treats of the tools and materials, of the needlework of the olden time, the embroidery of the Victorian age and modern Church needlework, of embroidery in pictures and in literature, and last of all, of lace and tapestry. Considering the really valuable items of information which have been so industriously gathered together in this handy little volume, it is a pity that no index of names and matters should have been added to it.

In truth, it is only of late years that the decorative arts have won a small part of the attention which they deserve. Historically,

<sup>1</sup> *El Soñador*. Par l'Auteur des Horizons Prochains. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Editeur.

<sup>2</sup> *Solness, Le Constructeur*. Par Henrik Ibsen. Traduction de M. Prozor. Paris: Albert Savine, Editeur.

<sup>3</sup> *The Gentlewoman's Book of Art Needlework*. By Ellen T. Masters. London: Henry & Co.

the art of embroidery was treated as of the same importance as Queen Elizabeth's "curiously-darned stockings." Practically, it was little more than a matter of Berlin wool work, with its "apoplectic lap-dogs, gay birds, and impossible flowers and fruits." We are glad to learn that all this now belongs to the days of our grandmothers. It may shrewdly be guessed, from the great importance given in this volume to Church needlework, that the revival of the decayed art has come about with that of Gothic architecture and ritualism in religion.

Miss Masters is very plain and practical in her directions, enough so to render the mysteries of which she treats interesting even to the male mind. From the point of view of art, embroidery has perhaps more importance than she claims for it. It applies to woven material, which of itself founds a special type of decoration, that species of ornament which makes use of all the three elements which the artist has at his command—design, colour, and relief. Tapestry has only the first two and lace the first alone. Lace, however, partakes of that assemblage of forms which is found in iron-work and intricate window tracery. The decoration of woven material also occupies two parts of the artistic scale—that which is smaller than man, as in jewels and the minute arts, and that which corresponds with his size, as in furniture. Perhaps in the draping of the columns of St. Peter's we might assign it a share even in monumental decoration. Let no one, therefore, despise embroidery and such like, but rather learn from this book some little of the part which needlework has played in man's magnificence.

By way of trivial objection, we may notice that Miss Masters writes "Valence" for Valencia in Spain; and she does not seem to know of the existence of perhaps finer remnants of old English needlework, rescued after the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., and now preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Tarragona. Other points of historical interest might have been dwelt on, such as the inverse ratio of heavy embroidery to the art of furniture-making: when the latter was in its infancy, the clumsiness of its products was hidden by richly-worked covers and drapery. Again, one of the most curious works yet remaining to be done in art history is the gathering up of the lessons on the commercial intercourse of nations which are to be found in the designs of embroidery and woven ornament, especially as made known to us by the painters of different ages. The researches of Director Wilhelm Bode, of the Berlin Museum, in connection with Persian carpets and the Renaissance painters of Italy and the Netherlands, are a good instance in point. But this could not have been expected of a popular book like the present, which is both charming and satisfactory.

Whenever M. Henry Havard writes on furniture we are sure

to be edified—mentally built up. He has made this art, in its history and details, his own special field, something which gives unusual value to the latest number of the monographs on *Celebrated Artists*.<sup>1</sup>

André-Charles Boulle was undoubtedly one of the greatest artists in furniture. He perfected that ornamentation of woodwork in itself which had before been supplemented by paint or drapery. He thus added not a little to the splendours of the palaces of Louis XIV. On the other hand, his mode of decoration wandered farther and farther away from any accord with practical utility. The costly marquetry of his cabinets might almost as well have been mosaic work or etching, so far as it had any essential relation with the material or the structure. That is, he perfected the art of furniture-making in the line of ostentation, which was the keynote of the brilliant age in which he flourished. A little study of the constantly recurring forms used by him in the construction of tables and sideboards begets the suspicion that his art was not without its influence on the architecture of the times. There is a strange resemblance of outline between his furniture and the Rococo façades which had their chief development after him. It is only natural that eyes accustomed to certain ornamental outlines in the magnificence of palaces should demand something similar in church fronts and public monuments.

Of this M. Havard does not speak, although the excellent illustrations which he gives naturally suggests the idea. His book is of special value to the technical student; he is faithful to his usual method of drawing all manner of valuable notes from inventories and other documents of the time, which are not easily consulted. The second chapter, by itself, forms a valuable essay on the different epochs in the making of French furniture. One of the most curious pieces of information concerns the constant litigation and unvarying poverty of a family of really great artists during several generations.

The success of the French nation in supplying the world with their artistic wares is not improbably due to the amount of attention they give to art in education. The professor of the history of art in the municipal schools of Paris has published a second volume,<sup>2</sup> of three hundred pages, of a choice of readings on the history of art, æsthetics, and archæology, accompanied by historic and bibliographical notes and other explanations. The present volume deals with *Ancient Art* in Greece and Rome; a preceding volume had treated of the art of Egypt, Chaldæa, Assyria, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. A similar volume is in preparation on the art of the Middle Ages.

<sup>1</sup> *Les Artistes Célèbres: Les Boulle.* Par Henry Havard. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

<sup>2</sup> *L'Art Antique.* 2<sup>e</sup> Partie (la Grèce-Rome). Par Gaston Congny. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie. 1893.



The method of compiling these readings is suggestive, both of interest on the part of the teacher to make his students acquainted with what the best writers have said on the subject, and of the willingness of writers and publishers that such selections should be reproduced. Thus the present volume has extended selections from the works of Perrot and Chipiez, the great cost of whose books would prevent the ordinary student from making acquaintance with them otherwise. Essays and dissertations which lie buried in the back numbers of reviews, or in the proceedings of learned societies, are also put under contribution. In this way twenty-one different specialists are brought forward to give the young student ideas on the various questions of Greek and Roman Art—Francis Lenormant on the Antiquities of the Troad, Charles Diehl on the Excavations at Tiryns, Hittorff on the “Polychromy” or coloured decoration of Greek monuments, Daremberg on Etruscan Gems, Gaston Boissier on the Roman paintings in Pompeii, to take but a few examples.

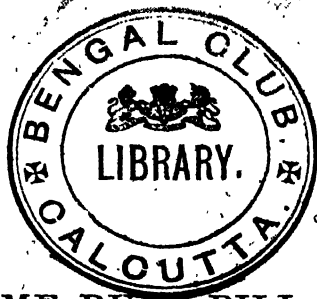
The divisions of the book, and the editor's notes bringing up the matter to the latest researches and controversies, are also worthy of praise. After a first chapter on Greek Art in general, its geographical domain and first origins, there are successive chapters on Architecture, its orders and monuments; Sculpture before, during, and after the age of Pericles; Painting and Ceramics, with the terra-cotta figurines; Etruscan Art; Roman Art, in its general characters and the monuments of its architecture; Roman Sculpture and Painting; and, finally, Art in the Roman house. The pictures are well chosen and reproduced with great clearness of detail.

In a large, richly printed and illustrated volume, M. Montbard has published the “Notes and Sketches of an Artist” in Egypt.<sup>1</sup>

The illustrations, which are chiefly worthy of praise, are such as could not easily be found outside of French publications. They consist almost entirely of impressions—street corners; doorways; an effect of evening light on the Nile; mummies in their horrid reality; and Cook's tourists, or “post packages” as the author irreverently calls them, in their comical phases; donkey boys of Cairo and the French Burgundian on his travels; Jews' heads and howling dervishes; and other character sketches, infinitely varied and too numerous to mention. The drawing is good, the designs are realistic, and the wit is that of a Parisian accustomed to catch his impressions on the wing. As such impressions are sure to be measured by the standard of Paris, the result is a book of light, if not of sweetness.

Equal praise cannot be given to the text, which is always sprightly but often wearisome from an excess of fireworks, and it is not always in good taste—at least from an English point of view.

<sup>1</sup> *En Egypte.* Par G. Montbard. Paris; Librairie Illustrée.



## THE HOME RULE BILL AND THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE close analogy of the principles embodied in the Government of Ireland Bill, 1893, with those which go to build up the Canadian Constitution is too remarkable for a mere coincidence.\* And moreover, we have reason to believe that Mr. Bryce, our greatest constitutional lawyer, had a share, and that a large one, in framing the present Bill. One of the chief objections urged by the opponents of the Home Rule Bill is that it will be impossible in practice to distinguish and keep apart, without constant friction and disorganisation of all government both here and in Ireland, Imperial and purely Irish affairs. Now this attitude of "impossibility" is a notorious failing with the Conservative party, but it is all the more curious since what they declare to be impossible and impracticable under the Government of Ireland Bill has actually been carried out and been in operation for twenty-six years in Canada, and that, too, under the British North America Act, 1867, for the placing of which upon the statute-book the Conservative party was responsible.

The Dominion of Canada is now composed of the seven organised provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward's Island, the one organised district of Keewatin, and a vast tract of land, sparsely inhabited, known as the North-West Territories.

The Constitution of Canada may be briefly described as follows: For the Dominion of Canada, as a whole, has been established an Imperial Parliament, consisting of the Queen, a Senate, and a House of Commons. For each province within the Dominion have been established Provincial Legislatures, consisting as a rule of two houses—viz., Legislative Councils and Legislative Assemblies. Since in examining the nature of the Dominion Parliament it will be found necessary to refer to the Provincial Legislatures, it will be conducive to clearness if the latter are first described.

The Legislative Assemblies, then, are the popularly elected bodies, but the qualifications of members and electors vary very considerably in the different provinces. Each province may decide for itself the qualifications of the electors, the distribution of seats, the qualifications of members, and the methods by which they shall be elected.

Four provinces—viz., Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and

Prince Edward's Island—possess Legislative Councils. The members of these bodies are nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. In Nova Scotia the Lieutenant-Governor is under no restriction in his choice of councillors, whereas in the remaining provinces certain statutory qualifications have been imposed. The numbers in each Legislative Council vary from thirteen to twenty-four. In Prince Edward's Island, however, an exception occurs: the councillors are elected, the electors being the same as for the Legislative Assembly, and in Charlottetown a fresh election is held every eighth year; whereas in the other districts of the province an election is held every fourth year. In the other provinces, however, councillors hold office for life. A Lieutenant-Governor is appointed for each province by the Governor-General in Council, under the Great Seal of Canada, and he is at the head of the Executive Council of the province.

He is responsible, not to the Crown, but to the Governor-General and the Executive Council for the Dominion. He holds office generally for a period of five years. As head of the Executive Provincial Council, he selects his own Cabinet, although he is constitutionally bound to choose his Ministers from the party which has the confidence of the Legislative or popular Assembly.

His powers are various, but that to which I wish to draw particular attention is his power to assent to or veto Bills, or to reserve them for the consideration of the Governor-General. The numbers of the Cabinet, or the Executive Council, as it is called, vary in the different provinces.

In British Columbia there are only four Ministers; in Prince Edward's Island there are as many as nine. To each Minister, as a rule, some department of State is assigned. In all the provinces the following departments and offices are already established, viz. :

The Department of	the Attorney-General.
„ „ „	Public Works.
„ „ „	Crown Lands.
„	Office of Secretary of State.
„ „	Treasurer.

And in addition to the above Ontario has a Minister for Education, Quebec one for Agriculture, and Manitoba one for Railways. Very extensive powers have been given to the Education Department in Ontario over the normal, high, public, and separate schools in the province.

The Dominion Parliament is constituted, as has been already stated, of the Queen, a Senate, and a House of Commons. The Crown is represented by the Governor-General, and may veto through the latter any Act passed by the two Dominion Houses, and indeed may even veto any Act to which the Governor-General has given

his assent. The Governor-General is appointed by the Crown, and as head of the Dominion Executive Council, acting under the advice of his Ministry, exercises all the powers belonging to the Crown of summoning, proroguing, or dissolving the Dominion Parliament. Persons with the necessary senatorial qualifications are selected by him to the Senate. By the British North American Act 1867, s. 22, the number of senators is limited to 72, but this number has since been increased to 80 by various Imperial statutes. A senator, it may be mentioned, holds office for life.

The House of Commons for the Dominion of Canada is of course an elective body, and consists of 215 members. Since 1885 a uniform franchise has existed throughout the Dominion. The duration of Parliament is quinquennial, subject to the power of the Crown to dissolve it at any time.

As representing the Crown, the Governor-General exercises the supreme executive power. The members of the Executive Council, or the Privy Council for Canada, as it is sometimes called, are chosen by him in accordance with the well-known constitutional principle that they shall be selected from that party which enjoys the confidence of the majority of the members of the House of Commons.

It is now possible to examine the relations which subsist between the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures. By section 91 of the British North America Act 1867, in addition to twenty-nine specific classes of subjects confined to the exclusive legislative authority of the Dominion Parliament, power is conferred upon the Dominion Parliament to legislate "for the peace, order, and good government of Canada in relation to all matters" not assigned to the provinces. And by section 92 of the same Act exclusive legislative powers are granted to the Provincial Legislatures over sixteen specific classes of subjects, No. 16 giving a general power to legislate "on all matters of a merely local or private nature in the province." Now, it might have been expected that this distribution of powers would have given rise to serious conflicts of law. To take one possible instance: "Marriage and divorce" is one of the subjects enumerated in section 91 as confined within the exclusive authority of the Dominion Parliament, and it is evident that the solemnisation of marriage would come within this general description, and yet "solemnisation of marriage in the province" is one of the subjects enumerated in section 92 as within the exclusive authority of the Provincial Legislatures. Upon this point the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council remarked in the *Citizens' Insurance Company v. Parsons*<sup>1</sup> that "it could not have been the intention that a conflict should exist; and in order to prevent such a result, the two sections must be read together, and the language of the one interpreted and, where necessary, modified by that of the

<sup>1</sup> L. R., 7 App. Cas. 96.

other." But the only serious conflict that has arisen has been due to the Governor-General in Council exercising his power to veto some Act passed by a Provincial Legislature. Between the years 1867 and 1878 some 4606 Acts were passed by the Provincial Legislatures, and of these only the infinitesimal number of twenty-seven were vetoed by the Governor-General as head of the Dominion Executive, for it will be remembered that the Crown has only power to veto Acts of the Dominion Parliament. Now, this fact alone goes to show that the Provincial Legislatures keep well within their rights, and that Dominion statesmen have shown wonderful self-restraint and sound common sense in refraining from harassing the Provincial Legislatures, and from interfering with the free play of local self-government. And, further, it is notorious that the decisions of the Appeal Court of the Supreme Court of Canada, the veto when exercised by the Governor-General in Council, the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the veto when exercised by the Crown, have been cheerfully and gracefully acquiesced in by the provinces, and loyally accepted by the Dominion of Canada.

It will be apparent that the comparison attempted here is not drawn between England and Canada, but has reference to the relations which exist between the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures of Canada on the one hand, and the relations to exist under the Government of Ireland Bill, 1893, between the Provincial Legislatures in Ireland and the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain on the other.

As in a Canadian province, so in Ireland there is to be a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly. The Irish Legislative Council, however, unlike its Canadian model, is to be an elective body, and the councillors are to hold office, not for life, but for eight years, one-half retiring every fourth year. In these respects, therefore, the constitution of the Legislative Council is more democratic than that of its counterpart in Canada. The number of councillors is fixed at forty-eight, and a higher property qualification is required to entitle an elector to vote for a councillor than is necessary in the case of the election of members to the Legislative Assembly. This safeguard to the interests of the propertied classes may be said roughly to correspond to the nomination of councillors by the Lieutenant-Governor of a Canadian province, already referred to.

The Legislative Assembly to be elected on the present Parliamentary franchise is the popular body. It is to be quinquennial instead of being limited to four years, as in the case of the Provincial Legislative Assembly in Canada.

By sec. 7 (1) of the Government of Ireland Bill, 1893, the Legislative Assembly is to consist of 108 members; and by sec. 7 (3), after the expiration of six years from the passing of the

Act, the Irish Legislature "may alter the qualification of the electors and the constituencies, and the distribution of the members among the constituencies, provided that in such distribution due regard is had to the population of the constituencies." It will be remembered that a Provincial Legislative Assembly is entitled to decide for itself the qualification of both its members and electors, and in 1871 Ontario actually re-arranged the constituencies and increased the Assembly from 82 to 89, and in 1885 the number was further increased to 90.

The charge is made that by means of this sec. 7 (3) the Irish Legislature will be able to jerrymander the constituencies. This has not been the case in Canada, and there is in the case of Ireland the further fact that such proceedings would be absolutely impossible, since it is expressly provided that in any such re-arrangement "due regard" must be paid to the population of the constituencies. Any such jerrymandering therefore would simply be *ipso facto* void. With the exception of the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, the crucial points in the Bill are the distribution of powers and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament.

The relations to exist between the Irish Legislature and the Imperial Parliament are almost identical with those already described as subsisting between the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures in Canada.

It has already been pointed out that certain conflicts of law have arisen in consequence of the inconsistency of sections 91 and 92 of the British North America Act, 1867. It will be remembered that each section did not entirely exclude the other, but that certain classes of subjects were included in both, and it was found necessary to appeal to Her Majesty in Council, who by Her Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided the interpretation to be placed upon the Act.

Now in the Government of Ireland Bill this blemish has been avoided and the difficulty therefore does not exist to the same extent. By section 2 of the Bill the powers reserved to the Irish Legislature are expressed in general terms, viz.: "with the exceptions and subject to the restrictions in this Act mentioned there shall be granted to the Irish Legislature power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland in respect of matters exclusively relating to Ireland or some part thereof." And then follow sections 3 and 4, containing in specific terms the exceptions and restrictions. It will be observed that the words, "to make laws for the peace, order, and good government," occur in section 91 of the British North America Act 1867. It would appear, then, that there is less likelihood of a conflict of law here than in the case of sections 91 and 92 of the British North America

Act, 1867, but if any should arise, by section 23 of the Government of Ireland Bill special provision is made for appeal to Her Majesty in Council, the question to be heard and determined by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It follows, then, that, if anything, Ireland will be placed in a more favourable position than a Canadian province in respect of the distribution of powers.

By section 5 (1) of the Government of Ireland Bill the supreme executive power is to be vested in Her Majesty the Queen and the Lord Lieutenant; by (2) an Executive Committee of the Privy Council of Ireland is to be constituted to aid and advise in the government of Ireland; and by (3) "the Lord Lieutenant shall on the advice of the said Executive Committee give or withhold the assent of Her Majesty to Bills passed by the two Houses of the Irish Legislature, subject, nevertheless, to any instructions given by Her Majesty in respect of any such Bill." Here again it will be observed that the Irish Legislature will be in a more favourable position than the Provincial Legislatures, since the Governor-General may veto any Bills passed by the latter bodies, and no appeal lies to Her Majesty. In fact, the supremacy of the Dominion Parliament is absolute and has never been impugned by the Provinces; why then should the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which is even more absolute, over the Irish Legislature be called in question? And if we compare the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament over the Dominion Parliament of Canada, we find it is as absolute as it will be over the Irish Legislature, since the powers of the Dominion Legislature are restricted by certain express and implied reservations in favour of the Imperial Parliament. The Dominion Parliament cannot impose any duties as between the different provinces, and cannot alter the leading principles of its Constitution. So much so, indeed, that when it was necessary to provide for the representation of the North-West Territories in the Dominion an Imperial Act had to be obtained for the purpose. I shall be told no doubt that the conditions in Canada and Ireland are totally dissimilar. I say that if they were not precisely similar they were even less favourable in Canada. Before her first instalment of Home Rule, Canada was in actual rebellion. There existed a powerful Orange party, there existed a numerous Roman Catholic party. The latter, in Lower Canada for instance, was in a large majority. Further, there existed not only a difference of race, but a difference of language. It was said that the so-called loyal minority, which posed as the English party, would be oppressed and persecuted by the French Roman Catholic majority. It was said that the Protestant minority would be plundered. And yet none of these apprehensions were fulfilled. The problem of dealing with various races of different creeds, possessing the strongest national and religious feelings, with minorities and majorities in different provinces,

has been solved, on the whole satisfactorily, in Canada. Ireland has now to solve essentially the same problem, and why should Ireland fail where Canada has succeeded? It is further objected that the Irish are incapable of governing themselves. The same apprehension was expressed in the case of Canada, and yet with the sense of responsibility came the capacity for self-government. It is also said that Home Rule means something more than local self-government. What if it does? I have shown that Home Rule, as set forth in the Government of Ireland Bill, is almost identical with Home Rule in the Canadian Provinces, and where it differs it only differs in being slightly more democratic, which is only reasonable, considering the progress in democratic principles that has taken place since the passing of the British North America Act, 1867. The principle of Home Rule under almost precisely the same conditions has solved the problem in Canada; and why, I ask again, should it fail when applied to Ireland?

At any rate, if the analogy which I have drawn is worth anything, appearances are all in favour of the application of this principle to Ireland proving a complete success. The retention of the Irish members at Westminster is, I admit, an anomaly which is not present in the case of Canada, for members of any Provincial Legislative Council or Legislative Assembly are disqualified from sitting in the Dominion House of Commons; but the anomaly is only technical, since each province is directly represented in the Dominion House of Commons, and so long as Ireland pays her share of the Imperial taxation I fail to see upon what principle the Irish members can be excluded.

In conclusion, then, Canada, once discontented, disloyal, and rebellious, has under Home Rule become peaceful, contented, and the most loyal of all our dependencies. The deduction may therefore be fairly drawn, that Ireland, agitated, discontented, and lawless, will under a similar measure of Home Rule become peaceful, contented, and law-abiding, and instead of a source of weakness, will become a tower of strength to Great Britain and a bond of union to the whole English-speaking race.

HUGH H. L. BELLOT.



# PARISIAN VIGNETTES.

## I.

### THE GINGERBREAD FAIR.

“La bise de Mars baleyait encore le Plateau du Polygone . . . poussait devant soi des nuages poussiéreux que se ruaient à travers la foire, gonflait les toiles de baraques et s’abattait les étalages du pain d’épice.”—HUGUES LE ROUX.

*PAIN d’épice, pain d’épice, pain d’épice*, in every shape and form, lie in stacks upon the wooden booths of the great popular Parisian fair which opens at Eastertide on the Place de la Nation, and closes when the infant potatoes become elderly and mealy. Gingerbread horses with gilt-paper saddles, bottles with high-sounding names of wines written in sugar on their necks, sheep with candied fleeces, belted generals and bomb-shells, in allusion to the late dynamite scare, are all to be had for a few centimes apiece. But the pig is most in demand. It is a thin slab of gingerbread roughly fashioned into the semblance of this ungainly yet affectionate beast. Should you purchase one, your name is stuck on with a brush, “while you wait,” from a saucer of pink melted sugar in permanent ebullition on a spirit-lamp; and the writing operator, after he has been at his occupation a week, will easily distance the average typewriter in the matter of speed.

Now the Gingerbread Fair is the resort of the people, of the great working and sweating classes, who have such an infinitesimal portion of their living to spend upon amusement that when they do get it they take it (their pleasure) anything but sadly. The great wide Place de la Nation, from which the exterior boulevards jut like so many sinuous rays from the body of a star-fish, was parti-coloured from the rain of innocent paper *confetti* with which the ground was besprinkled. On the first Sunday after opening day the Foire du Pain d’Epice presents a curious spectacle; for here the Parisian *ouvrier* may be viewed under his holiday aspect—gay, stalwart, and clean-bloused.

In spite of their exuberance the people are never vulgar. Watch them on the perpendicular swings, see-saws, and merry-go-rounds; how courteously the men will help the women and youngsters to climb into their seats! There is no selfish pushing and little horse-play,

and further—take the lesson to heart, oh ye of the middle classes, who happen to be snobbish and pretentious—that there is no concealment of the natural satisfaction felt at the pleasurable junketing. Amid the braying of trumpets and the sound of many a Jew's harp and penny whistle, amid columns of rotating dust, the *gamin de Paris*, the inimitably impudent yet fascinating *gavroche*, disports himself like a human eel—now here, now there; now emptying *confetti* down the purple necks of perspiring dames, whose arms are encumbered with baskets and big grandchildren; now shooting, like erratic teetotums, between promenading and closely-linked lovers; now chaffing the imperturbable *sergeant-de-ville* or the *pompriers* on duty, who are stationed beside the easily inflammable wooden sheds; now gorging himself with gingerbread hunks, glutinous lengths of striped candy, or treacly-hued *réglisse*; but wherever he may be, this urban demon in his early teens is, you may be sure, radiantly content.

The chief source of amusement at the fair is of course the merry-go-round, of which there are many varieties. Some consist of a circle of tossing schooners on a fictitious ocean; others are in the shape of monster wheels, from the spokes of which dangle square boxes for the accommodation of the pleasure-seeker—save the mark; once the people are seated, this instrument of torture revolves slowly for about a dozen times in succession, and when it comes to a standstill most of them emerge therefrom in the unmistakable throes of nausea. The steam bicycles and elephant merry-go-rounds are perhaps the most in demand. Neat-waisted seamstresses sit daintily on the side-saddles, and their obese mammas lean back puffing and blowing in the ramshackle car; young smelters, and bricklayers, and leather-workers, and apprentices of all the trades, together with the ubiquitous *piou-piou* bestride the biggest beasts, and strive to add to the propelling power of steam by the force of their own knees and elbows. The superior nerve of the sterner sex may be observed at these popular places of amusement. Youths and men think nothing of dangling by ropes from precipitous heights, or of hanging on to the rotatory wheel with one leg in space; while the women, even the most fearless among them, never attempt to add to the danger of the exercise by taking up abnormal positions. Only perhaps little girls of the hobbledehoy age seem as careless of their own safety as their brothers, but with the accentuation of their sex comes linked with the fastidiousness proper to maidenhood a certain shrinking from physical danger, as if Mother Nature desired to prepare them for the duties of maternity. Partisans of the shrieking sisterhood would do well to study men and women in the open air at their pleasuring as well as at their work; they would then, we feel sure, cease to advocate the equality of the sexes, or any other windbag notion based upon illogical premisses.

Enough of philosophy, for at a little distance the Stout Woman of the Batignolles is beating a big drum to attract sight-seers. She says, advertising herself freely: "Only three sous; walk up, walk up, there's standing room for fifty. When you have seen me you will be able to talk tall about obesity, for I am the Stout Woman of the Batignolles." And you deposit your three sous and walk in, to find a disgusting mass of red flesh with a cauliflower head to it, attired in red tights and seated on a table beating a drum with both podgy fists. *This* is the phenomenon you have paid your money to see, and you decamp as soon as you can conveniently elbow your way through the crowd.

Further on, the *Marionettes du Pays Bleu* are going through a complicated series of scenic exercises. If you can manage to ignore the painted framework of this booth, these figures appear at a distance to be really human beings seen at the end of a long tunnel. Stiffly gracious is the little Watteau lady and her eighteenth-century shepherd swain with the elegant ivory crook and rose-coloured satin knots at hip and knees; stiffly gracious and strangely out of place in this popular latter-day festival, known as "La Foire du Pain d'Épice." As you watch, the conviction grows on you that the little figures indeed belong to the Pays Bleu—le Pays Bleu du Rêve—and without waiting for the *dénouement* of the quaint pastoral, you seek another distraction more in accordance with the spirit of the times.

The sad pink eyes of performing mice appeal poignantly to the animal lover, so that he makes a long round to avoid seeing them painfully ascend their skewer-like greased pole and accomplish other tricks dear to the heart of the sightseer.

Suddenly inspiring military strains strike upon the tympanum, and the band of the Union of Young France, bearing banners inscribed with ancient devices, défile solemnly round the wide, roomy square. The youths are between the ages of fifteen and twenty; they march steadily, with a kind of serious triumph in their bearing, as if they felt that they held the future of their country in trust, and are likely to prove worthy of their great mission. An old priest, supported by two hoary grandsires, walks at their head, and these three venerable figures lend a patriarchal air to the youthful procession.

The people step back to let them pass; the gyrating merry-go-rounds and steam see-saws come to a standstill; the stout woman of the Batignolles forgets to puff out her cheeks for the benefit of spectators, and leans her enormous head out of her booth to watch in her turn. Motherly matrons murmur tenderly, "Le bon Dieu vous garde, mes enfants," and the great crowd is touched for a moment into reverent silence.

I had found the impression I sought—poor little Clairons and Tambours majors. Life's cruel disillusion is ahead of them, but

something tells us that they will prove good citizens when in the near future they usurp the sceptre and crownship of manhood.

Ten minutes afterwards the procession has broken up, and the lads have dispersed all over the ground; the saintliness, too, has disappeared, to make way for uproarious laughter and boyish hilarity.

Abstractedly I give my palm into the horny clutch of an old gipsy who proffers to tell my fortune. "This is the hand you are born with," she begins, fixing her piercing black eyes on my face, "and this is the hand you make"; but at this I slip a small silver coin between her leathery finger and thumb, and draw my hand away. No, I would rather *not* be told, even by an ignorant gipsy, of the good seeds which were sown in my path at my birth, and which have been choked by weeds. Others are not of my opinion: a pretty young woman advances shyly and offers her palm for the inspection of the *Bohémienne*. "You will not marry him," she says curtly, and the poor child retires, forgetting to blush in her distress at the sinister announcement, and by the vague light of the April sun I see that her eyes are brimming with tears. "What can she know of your future?" I tell her; "she is an impostor. Whoever he is, you will marry him by and by!" The girl choked back her tears and said dreamily, "Mais non, madame, c'est une sorcière, elle sait plus loin que nous, voyez vous, puisqu'elle le dit, cela ne sera jamais." And nothing could alter her belief. Very deeply rooted is the faith of the people in necromancers and fortune-tellers. These infantile understandings touch the infinite on all sides, and no rags and tatters of learning come between them and the vast beyond.

Others have taken the damsel's place beside the gipsy—men as well as women, including a greybeard or two, to my immense astonishment.

What can the prognostications of a zingari matter to a man who is well on in the sixties? Being keenly alive to the business side of her craft and the probable depth of her victims' pockets, the gipsy cuts her prophetic coat according to the breadth of her pecuniary cloth. A florid pork-butcher goes away jubilant, for the 'cute sorceress has foretold that he will enlarge his premises and drive a roaring trade during the next twelve months; similar satisfaction is displayed by a laundress, whom the gipsy has divined to be at the head of a flourishing establishment, and to whom she promises a succession of pleasurable events. She tells a poor little *piou-piou*, however, that he will leave his bones in Tonquin before the dawn of the twentieth century, and the lad departs as crestfallen as he had been gay. I turn away to escape from the basilisk glare of the gipsy's eyes, which are fixed upon me again, but she says mockingly as I pass her chair: "Go back to your pothooks and hangers. The ladder of Art is very steep; you will not even mount the first half-a-dozen rungs."

How had she guessed my calling, the demon woman? At her words an unconquerable feeling of depression took possession of me; the joyous crowd, of which I formed a unit, appeared all predestined to a terrible doom; the painted merry-go-rounds, with their human freight, twirling in space, seemed like dying planets; the shrill and pleasant pipe of flutes and hautbois, and the jovial accompaniment of drums, spoke of damnation; and, alas for common sense! I wished I had never come to the Gingerbread Fair. Fortunately, my nerves soon recovered their tone, and I was able to leave the Place de la Nation in my usual spirits.

At a little distance the statue of Ledru Rollin, the promoter of universal suffrage, seems to look paternally down upon the people in whose service its prototype expended a laborious life. One hand rests upon a stone slab upon which some words are inscribed. I approach the railing and read.

It is only the old, old tag which has been repeated parrot-like through the ages since the first inspired Roman electrified the Forum with its curt majesty: "Vox populi, vox Dei"; but I walk away refreshed and inspirited, and my last little vestige of melancholy thaws before the metaphorical sun-warmth evoked by this time-honoured maxim.

## II.

### POMPIER ANATOLE.

The firemen of Station 10, Arrondissement X., had had a hot night's work, and were reposing uneasily in cubicles, while they diverted themselves by relating incidents of the catastrophe which the brave fellows had helped to render less terrible by their imperturbability and adroitness in danger.

One of their number, a young man of about five-and-twenty, sat apart engrossed in a newspaper, which he appeared to be reading intently. The others took no notice of him, except to cast an occasional glance of contempt in his direction, and he, for his part, did not seem to care whether they included him in their conversation or not.

About a month ago a frightful conflagration had taken place in an *impasse* of the district at the premises of an oil merchant. The fire was due to incendiaries, it was said, and owing to the inflammability of the contents of the warehouse, in half an hour the building was surrounded by a ring of belching flame, such as only trained men would dare to combat. An old woman, sole night-custodian of the building, lodged in the attic, but the roaring of the flames awoke her, and she came to the window, stretching out

her skinny arms in pitiful plea for help. Young Anatole Ferrand, who had but lately joined the corps, was ordered to her assistance with another fireman, but when the former had scaled the heated ladder and saw that the back attic seemed like a pit of fire, from which the one agonised human figure stood out like a child's cardboard *silhouette* on red paper, he lost his nerve, and said shudderingly to his companion: "I dare not, I dare not; I shall be burnt to death!" His intrepid companion, rapping out an oath, cried: "Pull yourself together, man; in a minute it will be too late; the flames will have gained the woman. Climb—you are barring my way." But being irresistibly panic-stricken, Anatole buried his head in his arms and remained immovable. The other man tried vainly to stretch past him and climb to the aid of the unfortunate creature, for the flames seemed to be already licking her garments; but it was too late, for, with a shriek of terror, she leapt from the window into the courtyard, fracturing her skull in the fall.

And she dragged with her, morally, the young fireman who had been unequal to his duty. From that day Anatole Ferrand was a disgraced man.

His comrades avoided him, his chief treated him with unmitigated severity, and his relations regarded him askance when he came their way. The youth was ostracised without being able to enjoy the privilege of solitude which exile from one's fellows occasionally brings. His duties tied him to the common room, but he was inexorably shut out from its convivialities. Needless to say, he took refuge in books and in the accomplishment of his minor tasks. None of the corps were so spruce with their accoutrements as this man; he was a model of cleanliness, and would often beg his comrades to hand him over the work which they disliked so cordially, but which they would not relinquish, so as not to be beholden in any way to a man they despised. It was not owing to any natural inclination for pipe-claying and burnishing that made Ferrand desire to double his duties, but to escape the terrible company of his own thoughts. His comrades might despise him, but what could equal the loathing and contempt with which he regarded himself? He might have saved a life, and he had meanly given it over to Death without one manly effort for its release. Yes, nothing could equal his hatred and horror of himself. No one could fathom his misery or the depths of his loneliness. Had he been alone he could have hurled his cowardliness to the back things of memory, and by the exercise of intellect partially restored his self-respect; but to face daily and hourly those inimical faces was almost unbearable. There were times when he felt he *would* not endure it, there were times when all the youth in him cried out against this treatment. If he had not deserved it, if he could have posed to himself as an injured martyr, half the sting would have been drawn from

the wound, but the sense of his own unworthiness, coupled with their knowledge of it, crushed him to the earth. Sometimes, after long broodings over his great misfortune, he would fancy that it was not himself, but some other man, who had clung like a scared infant to the fire-escape when every pulse of manliness in his body should have urged him to action; and then he would address long condemnatory soliloquies to the poltroon with whom he was linked, and advise him to lay in a stock of courage for the next emergency.

At other times he would ask himself forlornly: "Why in the name of fortune had he joined such a corps as that of the Parisian *pompier*s, who were liable to be called out to do battle with the most destructive of the elements at least once a day?" He had never been remarkable for nerve, and bravado had actuated him in the choice of a career. With that intense admiration for courage which distinguishes imaginative cowards, joined to an insane fancy that the fireman's helmet and his regular duties would bring hardihood and *sangfroid* with them as a matter of course, he had embarked upon what was to prove to him an ocean of troubles.

How deeply he repented it we have already shown; how he set about redeeming the past and acquiring a well-founded reputation for courage, we shall now see. This, however, was less easy. Two or three little fires had taken place in the neighbourhood since the terrible one of a month ago, but they had been put out by a few squirts from the coiled tubing, and no lives had been endangered or even property destroyed; everything had gone upon oiled rails, and half an hour or so after having been called out, the firemen were back again in Station 10. Not that Anatole laboured under the delusion that he would be enabled to rub out the bad mark against his name on the first opportunity which presented itself, or that he would suddenly and miraculously become endowed with courage to encounter the terrible enemy on his own ground. No; he was well aware of the difficulties in his path, and as he could not construct artificial scaffoldings, pitch-daubed and containing lighted wicks, for the express purpose of learning to be brave, he employed his spare hours in swimming, gymnastics, and other exercises profitable to the soul and body. Now he would swim well in the big tank of the *Samaritaine*; but directly he tried further flights in the Seine itself, and felt himself carried out of his depth by the current, his courage sank, not into his boots, because he wore none, but down to zero, and he precipitately returned to the bank, there to upbraid himself anew for his lack of nerve. Of course he succeeded in going through the ordinary curriculum of gymnastics, otherwise he would never have been admitted to the corps of *Pompier*s; in fact, he was considered to be rather good at this branch of athletics; but when it came to do risky jumps, leaps in the air from rope to rope—which were the tasks he set himself to accomplish—then he felt he dared

not quit his hold of cross-bar or chain-rope, and he would squirm down again to the floor in utter discomfiture.

No one, of course, guessed at the war the poor youth waged with his own weakness; no one guessed the mute but deeply-seated horror of himself which soon began to take possession of him to the exclusion of all else. He was like a man possessed by a hatred, only his hate was turned against his own heart, and there was no chance of his outliving or conquering it.

He also bought a little book, called *What to do in an Emergency*, which he studied at odd moments; and, thanks to his imagination, after these perusals, fully believed himself equal to any of the startling and superhuman feats described therein with such naïve gusto, but the illusion was of short duration. He had covered the book with cloth, so that his comrades should not know that he had invested in a manual purporting to instil courage and coolness into the most craven and nerveless individual that ever served, to his misfortune, in a brigade of firemen.

To do them justice, the majority of the men left Anatole severely alone; but one, a Picardy peasant, who had been a private in a regiment of chasseurs prior to his advancement to the *Corps des Pompiers*, laid himself out, whenever leisure and opportunity permitted of it, to convey to his comrade his unmitigated contempt for him. This man, very naturally, Ferrand detested; his situation was hard enough to bear, in all conscience, without having to encounter, at least once a day, the covert and envenomed attacks of the ex-chasseur. Having no redress in his power, he endured this mode of feline warfare without manifesting any open resentment; only, of late his tormentor had become doubly offensive, and Anatole felt weary of existence.

One night, the brigade were called up suddenly by the electric bell, and having harnessed the horses to the escape and made preparations in an incredibly short time, set off at the fast jog-trot affected by the horses of Parisian fire brigades towards the site of the conflagration. This time their presence was indeed necessary. The fire had broken out in a private house, through carelessness of servants, and it had been raging several hours before the household discovered their perilous situation. The firemen set vigorously to work, directing the waterspouts with precision exactly where needed, and climbing with the agility of man-o'-war's men, hand over hand, by wall and balcony, until not a soul of the family remained in jeopardy of the flames, but all were huddled together, a small band of shivering persons, in the middle of the road. Anatole, strange to say, for the first time in his life and to his immense joy, felt no fear; he climbed like the others, conducted his section of the hose-serpent, with its salutary fount of water, from storey to storey, until his conduct attracted the attention of his chief, who mentally deter-



mined to congratulate him on his felicitous change of front directly the flames had been got under and the brigade were back again in the common room. Carran, Anatole's enemy, had also done good service, and was the last to leave the hissing and fuming building. In his descent, however, his foot slipped, and he rolled on to an overhanging ledge, to which he clung, so to speak, by the skin of his teeth. In almost less time than it takes to write, the escape was clamped to the spot, and three firemen simultaneously set foot upon the ladder. The foremost happened to be Anatole, who had been actuated to rescue his enemy through no sentimental reasons ; no doctrine of angelic forgiveness of injuries prompted him to do it ; he merely thought, " He has been surely too busy to have observed my new behaviour. I will now prove to him that I am not the miserable creature he thinks me." Thus instigated, he scaled the ladder, and clasped Carran's feet in his arms to set them upon the rungs ; but, as he was the heavier of the two, they both lost their balance, and fell—not, luckily, to the pavement, but on to beds prepared for their inevitable fall.

Once in safety, Anatole Ferrand had an hysterical attack, and trembled, laughed, and wept alternately, as his comrades gathered eagerly round him, each and all of them eager to atone for past unkindnesses. It was indifference to any manner of death, he always maintained, which converted him that night from a coward to a brave man ; he had suffered too much to care particularly what became of him : despair had conquered fear. He has since had to wrestle often with his constitutional weakness, though he had the sense to retire from the brigade soon after his rehabilitation in the eyes of his comrades. But I do not think he will soon forget that terrible three months' probation in the corps of *Parisian Pompiers*.

### III.

#### PARISIAN PHANTASMAGORIA.

It was a dull, grey afternoon in March ; powdery snow lay upon the thoroughfares and the housetops, and was marshalled by the dry, cold wind against the faces of pedestrians. Though it was not actually snowing, few people were abroad ; probably they found the fireside a more desirable resting-place than the melancholy paving-stones.

Something impelled me to go out ; I could not rest in the house ; the wind sung shrilly in the crevices and in the chimney-pots. " Come out into the great city," it said, " where the foodless sparrows spring from branch to branch of the leafless planes ; where

the beggars walk haltingly, searching for cigar-ends in the frozen slush; where the ownerless dog, like a phantom, wanders, 'careless whither he goes and of the flight of time.' Come out into the great city, and I, even I, the North Wind, will be your companion, and you shall feel that you are one with its life." And I came. I passed through the deserted streets of the fashionable quarters, but the cold, fierce wind seemed to have forgotten his promise, for I did not meet him until I stood upon the Place de la Concorde. The scavengers had struck work, and the snow lay in blocks everywhere, while the nymphs and tritons of the fountains, in their ice garments, were like strange Scandinavian deities, or the beings sailors of the last century saw seated upon the icebergs that drift in the Polar Sea. A great omnibus with one passenger passed slowly, the brown horses steaming painfully and their breath rising in columnar wreaths into the frosty air. It was like a dream-conveyance, and when it had gone the wind took me in his grasp, and in his company I made the round of the square.

Then the Louis Philippe ladies that represent the commercial cities of France rose from their marble thrones and looked from their vantage-ground over the city. Strasbourg tossed off her mourning-crosses and trappings of woe, and gazed with a look of inexplicable tenderness at the worn towers of Nôtre Dame. The ships from the limits of the world sailed to the feet of Marseilles, and she bent to unload their multitudinous cargoes with her flexible white fingers; Lille waved her sceptre with the ungainly gesture of an old woman brandishing an umbrella; and dove-eyed Nantes smiled and nodded across the square to majestic Rouen. The wind that afternoon had it all to himself upon the Place de la Concorde; but he would not linger there, and he swept me onward to the quays.

A sort of fictitious twilight had settled over the city; the river swished the bridges with a mournful energy, and, it being high tide, made the boats at anchor dance just as children's toy-ships dance on the pond in the Tuileries gardens. Well as I knew Paris, well as I knew the long straight line of the quays, the irregular houses, and the grey rolling riband of the Seine—well as I knew that pleasant vista, it seemed to me that day as if I had never seen it before.

The wind had taken me into his confidence, and aided and abetted me in my forward progression; and as I struggled on, I felt, strangely enough, as if I were not alone, as if some one was walking behind me; but it was not the North Wind, because for the moment he had left me, and was sweeping the traditional cobwebs off the sky.

I half turned, and saw a tall lady, all robed in grey, with a turreted Cybele-like crown upon her head, and eyes whose brightness was

as the shield of Baldur the Beautiful, so that I dare not gaze therein. I would have spoken, but she laughed a laugh that mingled with the riotous sigh of my friend the wind as he swept the snow from the housetops into the river. I would have spoken, but she raised her hand, and turned into a little narrow alley that cuts across to St. Séverin; but when I followed her I saw nothing but a little child seated in the gutter, and a stationary costermonger's cart drawn by a meagre donkey. Then I knew that it was Paris herself who had come to me, "to me, the stranger within her gates," and that in doing so she had honoured me as few have been honoured. And a wild sense of triumph surged up in my heart. For the moment I was one with the city, with her churches and quays and sad-grey streets, and lonely, hard-worked, miserable men. I was one with her life, and no one could take her from me—not all the worshippers of the gilded calf within the limits of the fortifications.

It was five o'clock; the hour was proclaimed by the chimes of St. Séverin, thin-voiced as an eighteenth-century spinet, and all the bells of the churches joined in the musical cry: "It is five o'clock, five o'clock, five o'clock; the day is done. Sing hey! for the darkness; let the lamps of the city be lit; let the prostitute set out upon her rounds, and the rag-picker gather the refuse into his panier. Sing hey! for the wretched, for the houseless, for the maniac, and the horror-driven. Sing hey! for the spirit's sickness and for the body's disease!"

As I wandered beyond the Ile de la Cité, beyond the pleasant open parterres of the Jardin des Plantes, now closed and tenantless, save for the captive wild things who form now also a part of this strange city that engulfs pitilessly the flotsam and jetsam of other cities and countries, so that they no longer possess a soul of their own, but have surrendered it into her keeping.

I passed onward beyond the Halle aux Cuirs, situated on the Bièvre, and the smell of the hides greeted my olfactory organs, as it did those of Rousseau when he planned his *Confessions* in his solitary suburban walks. In a week or two the waste grounds in this quarter of Paris would be green with the budding horse-chestnuts and limes; but now—oh, the desolation of it!—the winter was indeed "going out like a lion," as much as if he wanted to show that there was life in him yet.

I passed onward; the shades were falling, but I did not think of the night. Perhaps I was possessed. Surely there are still demons and devils that seek harbourage in tenantless souls; only to-day there is no Jesus to cast them out.

The North Wind had left the district, and by this no doubt was curling the Channel breakers, and endangering the lives of those that "go out to the sea in ships." I was alone; alone with the

river and the snow and the city ; and, worst of all, I was alone with myself.

Not alone, for suddenly from out of the shadow of the houses creeps a figure, an old, bent figure of a man weighed down with a heavy basket which he carried on his back, filled with rubbish and broken shards of crockery. He had no home, he said, and would sleep later upon the steps of a church or upon a public bench. I did not detain him ; he is old—Death will release him soon. Not alone again, for turning a corner of the road I met a young woman. She wore a Gainsborough hat, with flaunting feathers ; her cheeks were painted, and her high-heeled shoes made deep impress on the snow. She was making towards the quarter where the students live. “To her I will speak,” I thought. To be vicious is to be miserable ; under the feathers and the paint and the simulated laughter throbs a heart whose pulse beats to the tune of despair. I stopped her ; I spoke words of tenderness ; I told her there was an end of everything, even of the death in life which we call vice. I told her—I don’t know what I told her ; but my heart went out to her, alone there in her finery and wretchedness. She looked at me without replying, and I seized her hand to make my meaning more clear, but my fingers closed on air. It was no woman, but the spirit of Parisian vice which I had met in my wanderings. I shuddered, turned homewards, for six was striking from the neighbouring steeples, and I was far, very far, from home.

And then I met quite a procession of ghosts. I met the workman, orderly and law-abiding, and his fellow, the wife-beater and law-breaker. I met the thief and the murderer, and the scavenger, and hackney cabman, and small tradesman, whose term of buying and selling ends in the Bankruptcy Court. I met the maid-of-all-work, who came up from the country last summer, but who is no longer pure and innocent. I met the vultures and the pigeons of the racecourse—the fleecers and the fleeced in all walks and conditions of life. I saw the bourgeois ladies fair and fine, and pretentious as those of blue blood of a century ago. I saw the smart girls of the drawing-rooms, and the closely-veiled dame creeping stealthily through the streets to keep her clandestine appointment with her lover. I saw youths selling their souls to the devil at clubs ; I saw overworked schoolboys, narrow-chested and sad-eyed, and I longed to send them to play in the meadow grass of old Albion ; I saw the *Petites sœurs des Pauvres*, with the candid smiling eyes, and aged men and women leant on them as they walked. I saw others, Sisters of Charity, leading children. I saw priests of every denomination, and some were earnest and some were hypocritical ; some were benevolent and some mean ; some were pure and high-souled as Vincent de Paul, and others crafty as the incarnation of evil itself ; and some—that is, most—were neither

black nor white, but simply grey. I saw the missionaries of the body—the doctors, who strive late and early to fell their enemy, disease. I saw the Sorbonne professors and members of learned societies, Academicians, and soldiers and sailors, and the latter were gayer than the former, because knowledge weighs down the brain predestined for the worm. I saw judges, and senators, and notaries with ledgers, merchants with bags of gold under their arms, and all the sad army of unknown authors, and tutors and students. I saw the poets who have no place in the world, and they stumbled as they walked, and got in the way of saner pedestrians, who pelted them with mud, and flung abuse in their teeth. I saw their cousins, the madmen, and chains dangled from their wrists, but their poor souls were free to roam the triple kingdoms of earth, air, and sea. I saw many others, for all the life of the city defiled before me; and when the last set passed, the same tall, grey-robed dame with the turreted brow came gliding by.

“O Paris, Paris!” I said to her, “I have abandoned everything for your sake—friends, and gaieties, and joys; year after year have I wandered within the ancient *enceinte* of Philip Augustus, year after year have I sought you through the grey alleys and the quiet *banlieu*; and now that we have met at last, take me from this sense of solitariness which is so intolerable.”

The strange shape spake no word in reply, but passed slowly on, and I saw her no more. Only a rough lick came upon my hand, two tired eyes looked up at me, and a heavy paw was laid upon my arm. It was a lost dog, and I threw my arms about his dusty neck. Thank God for the animals, for the trustful and unquestioning things of the world that help to render it more tolerable a place of sojourning.

MARY NEGREPONTE.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.

THE anomalies of the British Constitution are a frequent theme of ridicule. Yet the results obtained compare so favourably with those yielded by more logical institutions, that the average Briton is content, even though it be customary to compel those who are appointed to high office to seek re-election at the hands of their constituents and to allow a member of the House of Commons to vacate his seat only by accepting the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds.

But of the various institutions which in England make up the complex organism of government, the most illogical is her Majesty's Opposition. The recent election, with its attendant events, furnishes a fitting opportunity for speculations concerning the intrinsic absurdity of an official Opposition. Between the years 1886 and 1892 a body of men, united by close ties of party, occupied the benches upon the right of the Speaker in the House of Commons. It was their business to provide for the maintenance of good government in the Queen's dominions ; to devise measures for the amelioration of distress ; to smooth down difficulties ; and to advise the Sovereign in all matters of delicacy and concern. But at the present moment these same men are to be seen with unbroken front, but on the opposite side of the House. It is now their professed object to hinder and harass her Majesty's Government ; to ridicule, to maim and to defeat Ministerial measures, and to studiously refrain from tendering responsible advice.

Her Majesty's Opposition, in short, supplies an ample type of the anomalies of the British Constitution, and an inquiry into the unwritten laws and customs of this institution may be expected to furnish the reason why such good results are produced by so unpromising a system.

The first function of an Opposition is to oppose. A disciplined Opposition must be eager to give battle to the Government along the whole line, and, adopting an attitude of vigilant and persistent watchfulness, must criticise its proposals, expose its shortcomings, and denounce its mistakes. It is the duty of a critical Opposition to raise every objection that can plausibly be urged against the measures of Ministers, to point out the real nature of what is being done, and on every occasion, at every stage, by every means, to make a stand against propositions that can with any show of

reasonableness be branded as either impolitic or pernicious. Likewise must an aggressive Opposition direct attention to any neglect, on the part of the Government, of important public duties, and to any failure to devise measures for the correction of obvious anomalies and for the suppression of patent wrongs. Furthermore, an ardent Opposition should have a keen scent for the maladministration of the executive departments and for the mismanagement of national affairs, being ready at all times to lament the barrenness of the Session, to deplore the pecuniary difficulties of the Government, or to condemn the financial irregularities at the Post Office.

In the discussion of foreign affairs, however, it is customary for a patriotic Opposition to confine its strictures within a narrow compass. Whenever there are wars or rumours of wars, active opposition sinks to the zero point of suggestive criticism. The strife of party is suspended and the untrammelled Government is free to shape a consistent course. Any serious indictment of the policy of Ministers is put off until a later day. Those who sit on the Opposition benches and who can speak with authority are content to strengthen the hands of their opponents. It is their part to lay plainly before Parliament the obligations of the nation; to indicate in outline the policy which seems to lie upon the surface; to endeavour to elicit from the Government a statement of the line of action which it is their intention to pursue; to timidly criticise the more questionable measures which are adopted. Opposition may be offered to the financial expedients of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but there will be a hearty acquiescence in the votes of men and money necessary for the vigorous conduct of affairs. The professed aim of the Opposition, at such a crisis, is to refrain from embarrassing the Government and to extend to Ministers all needful support.

The wisdom of this reticence is not far to seek. Debates on foreign relations are attended with far higher responsibility than discussions on domestic affairs. Parliamentary speeches are read not only in England, but also elsewhere, and it is expedient that the Government, in its dealings with the external world, should have the support of a united Parliament. Besides, the Opposition suffers from a lack of information. It is the Government alone which is in possession of the precise and authentic documents upon which every serious step depends. So that any discussion must of necessity be inadequate and incomplete until the printed papers have been laid upon the table of the House.

But circumstances sometimes occur which render necessary a departure from this wise policy of restraint. In the time of war, the incompetence of officials and mismanagement in Government offices may reduce the troops to an evil plight. In this case it is the plain duty of the Opposition to bring to light the ineffi-

ciency of the Government; and that at once, while inquiry may be of use, and when it is not too late to rectify error. The Crimean war is a case in point. The Commissariat Department was badly managed. The system of transport was a failure. The troops were ill-furnished with supplies, and unprepared to cope with the ravages of the cholera and the rigours of a Russian winter. The condition of the army became a matter of public notoriety, and in the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck demanded the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the War Departments. The Government was compelled to resign, and Aberdeen's divided Cabinet was replaced by the strong War Ministry of Palmerston.

At another time an Opposition best fulfils the law of its being by engaging in work of a missionary character. There have been times when the leaders of an Opposition have seemed anxious not so much for the downfall of the Ministry as for its political conversion. When Lord Beaconsfield was in power for the last time the Eastern Question became intense, and Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to drive home to the Government by an unusual and irregular popular agitation the line of action which seemed to him to suit the crisis. In the Session of 1876 he had broken away from the traditional English policy, and had argued that the stream of tendency in the East was in the direction of some measure of self-government for the Christian subjects of the Ottoman Empire. But it was the barbarities practised upon the Christians by the Bashi Bazouks which kindled his fiery zeal. Public indignation was aroused by the horrors recorded by newspaper correspondents. Mr. Gladstone applied the match to the fuel in the shape of a pamphlet and an address to a great meeting at Blackheath, which were but the first movements of an untiring crusade against the Unspeakable Turk.

The object of the agitation was not a change of Administration, but a change of policy. The Government was ill-supplied with information about the Bulgarian atrocities, and the light and casual manner in which inquiries in the House were treated by Ministers, coupled with the sending of the fleet to Besika Bay, led to an impression that it was their intention to back up Turkey at all hazards. But a change of Administration was not desirable. It was the freedom of Opposition which alone gave Mr. Gladstone the right to express the inevitable consequences of Turkish dominion. Ministers were fettered by the responsibility of office. It was their duty to say everything that could be said on behalf of Turkey, just as much as it was the duty of the Opposition to demonstrate the decay of the Porte and the fruitfulness of the subject nations.

The success of the agitation is its justification.

The British Government plainly told the Porte that help would not be forthcoming, and a Conference was held at Constantinople to press upon Turkey some preliminary reforms.



As a matter of fact, Ministers vehemently repelled the assertion that if it had not been for the agitation they would have carried the country into a war on behalf of Turkey. It may be that in any case they would not have supported Turkey by an armed force, but there is no doubt that the popular agitation made plain the real nature of Turkish rule and helped to convince Lord Beaconsfield of the futility of any attempt to prop up the decaying corpse of the Turkish Empire.

In the treatment of home affairs also, as well as in the consideration of foreign policy, it is not always the duty of the Opposition to oppose. They must be careful not to lend colour to charges of factious resistance. It not infrequently happens that a Government is returned to power supported by a triumphant and overwhelming majority, and with a mandate to pass a party measure of the first magnitude. In such a case an insignificant and discredited minority can do little except express disapproval of the principle of the Bill, and criticise its more questionable details. The will of the majority must prevail. The Bill will become law. And the Opposition best manifests its loyalty and patriotism by bowing to the inevitable and by refraining from aggravating hindrances which serve to delay, but cannot effectually check, the progress of legislation.

Legitimate opposition must stop short of obstruction. It is quite possible for a resolute minority which does not scruple to abuse the forms of the House to practically paralyse the Government. The frequent repetition at inordinate length of threadbare arguments; the interposition of innumerable delays; the constant challenge of the formal expression of the opinion of the House; all these are weapons which in the hands of a little knot of irreconcilables may bring about the complete collapse of the business of a Session. There have been cases in which the policy of reticence adopted by the dominant party has aggravated their opponents into an opposition scarcely justifiable: cases in which a phalanx of colonels has carried to the verge of obstinacy opposition to an Army Regulation Bill. But these are merely instances of obstructionists before the days of obstruction. It has been reserved for the Irish Brigade to demonstrate to the full the latent possibilities of obstruction possessed by the English Parliamentary system. The Parliament which lasted from 1874 to 1880 witnessed the introduction of systematic obstruction as a normal engine of party warfare. It was during this period that Mr. Parnell assumed command of the representatives of Ireland, vice Mr. Butt deposed; and that the mild sway of the latter gave place to the policy of exasperation pursued by the former. The historic event of the Session of 1875 was Mr. Biggar's speech; a speech which was inaudible, which was filled out with lengthy extracts from Blue-books, and which occupied four hours in delivery. The next ten years the obstructionists devoted to perfecting

their plan. Question time was extended to an unprecedented length. In the committee stage of a Bill time was wasted by frequent motions to report progress, and that the chairman should leave the chair, and by unnecessary divisions which sometimes disclosed a minority of a single Irishman. On one occasion the House sat till seven o'clock in the morning, and the Chairman of Committees had frequently to be relieved. Members went so far as to talk about interruptions from the Chair, and it became necessary for the Speaker to cause notes of the proceedings to be taken from the side gallery of the House. It was, however, in the late Parliament that the crisis came. In 1887 the Crimes Act was not carried until three months after the opening of the Session, although the House gave up almost all the Easter holidays. The regular Opposition did not escape its share of the odium caused by the delay of public business, and the popular feeling was expressed by *Punch* in the cartoon, representing Mr. Gladstone with his hand upon a Bill, the motto of which is the following adaptation from the rhyme of the *Ancient Mariner* :

"It is an ancient mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three  
By thy scant gray locks and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me."

If government by Parliament is to be successful, the majority must rule, and that the majority shall be conciliatory and the minority docile has hitherto been the honourable tradition of English public life. For one thing, an Opposition may at any moment be called to the seat of authority, and its members know full well that in such case, with the same measure that they have meted shall it be measured to them again.

In the beginning, therefore, the House was slow to deal with the rising difficulty. The House of Commons is always loth to interfere with its own privileges, and especially does it hesitate to sap the right of freedom of debate. And a special difficulty of the situation arose from the fact that during stormy seasons it not infrequently happened that the only speakers who technically were not out of order were the obstructionists themselves. But the final result of their excesses was the curtailment of the privileges by which the rights of the minority had hitherto been safeguarded. In 1881 the Speaker was given dictatorial powers whenever urgency demanded, and in the early days of the late Parliament a stringent system of closure was established. In this way was brought about by compulsion that which before had been effected by good feeling and by respect for the dignity of Parliament.

In the Commons, then, opposition must not degenerate into obstruction. But the ultimate limit of constitutional opposition is the House of Lords.

The constitution of the two Houses is such that a conflict between them may easily be precipitated. Party relationships are more permanent in the Lords than in the Commons, and it often happens that the party which supports the Ministry in the Commons is in a minority in the Lords, the Opposition being in the majority. When this is so two courses are open. Either the Lords may throw out party Bills which have been sent up to them, or they must pass Bills the principles of which they cannot endorse. The House of Commons is a mirror wherein is faithfully reflected the mind of the community. Any measure which has secured substantial recognition in the Lower Chamber may be regarded as the desire of the nation, and to such a measure it is customary for the majority in the Upper House to give their consent, even though they be doubtful of its expediency. This custom was established at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, and has since been strengthened by innumerable precedents. In 1868 a Liberal majority of 120 was returned, pledged to disestablish the Irish Church. The Bill was received in the House of Lords with threats of opposition, a meeting of Peers promising a majority of 80 against the measure. But the opposition collapsed, and the second reading was carried mainly by the influence of Lord Salisbury, who declared that the nation had decided against Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

But the House of Lords is not merely the echo of another voice. It possesses an independent voice of its own, which is the voice of the judge rather than the voice of the advocate. When the majority in the House of Lords is content to efface itself it thereby pronounces its judgment that the particular proposal represents the will of the people. And the necessary corollary of this is the right to put into practical shape its opinion that some other measure does not express the deliberate intention of the nation, and to insist that when a matter of far-reaching import is to be decided, one clear project, confused by no side issues, shall be placed before the electors. This phase of Parliamentary strife is exemplified by the present attitude of Lord Salisbury to the Home Rule question; and his position is logically unassailable. As soon, however, as the electorate shall have decided, at the instance of the House of Lords, in favour of a proposal, that proposal must be inscribed upon the pages of the Statute Book, for all the resources of constitutional opposition have been exhausted.

The Opposition may occasionally lend to the Government a more positive support than mere abstention from obstruction, by defending them from the extreme section of their own party. At times, and especially during a Liberal Administration, the most trenchant criticisms a Government has to face come from its professed followers. At such times the Conservative Party joins hands with the official Liberals, the moderate men on both sides combining to

defeat the amendments of the extremists. But the acme of accord is reached when Government and Opposition alike agree in the principles of a measure, and both sides work together, united by a common desire for a common end. The Redistribution of Seats Bill furnishes the best modern instance. In 1884 the Liberals brought in a Bill for the representation of the people. To this the Conservatives would not consent unless it were accompanied by a redistribution of seats. The Liberals agreed to the addition. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote conferred with a special committee of the Cabinet; and in the Commons the Redistribution Bill was read a second time without a division, while at the same time the Franchise Bill was passed by the Lords.

The right view of a Constitutional Opposition combines two opposite but not contradictory statements. In the first place, it is sufficient for an Opposition to oppose. A definite constructive policy is not a necessity. Exceptions to this rule have not been wanting. Instances can be cited in which an Opposition has formulated a matured plan when the Government has been unable or unwilling to conceive and carry into execution a necessary measure. In 1875 it was abundantly evident that the mode of expelling strangers from the House of Commons required revision. On behalf of the Government Mr. Disraeli declined to take up the question, whereupon Lord Hartington gave notice of three resolutions on the subject. Again, during the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, Mr. Gladstone, who was heartily opposed to the measure, traced out his views in a positive form, and placed upon the table a series of six resolutions. Such instances are, however, exceptional. Under normal circumstances an Opposition is essentially a critical body, whose duty it is to expose all the shortcomings of Ministers, but of whom it is not required that it shall provide substitutes for unsatisfactory Government schemes. And this is reasonable, for an Opposition cannot rival the knowledge possessed by the Government. There is a vast quantity of information which is in the hands of Ministers alone, so that access to the archives of Downing Street may completely change a statesman's views. An Opposition lacks, too, the sense of responsibility which is attached to a seat in the Cabinet. And it is this fuller knowledge and greater responsibility that gives to the statements of Ministers a weight which is absent from the suggestions of the Opposition. It is for this reason that an Opposition which has been called to office suddenly and without due warning may plead that it is not prepared with an elaborate legislative programme, and that little apology is expected from the heads of the Army and Navy Departments for laying before the Committee the estimates of their predecessors. And for the same reason also, an Opposition which has casually defeated the Government may rightly decline the responsibility of taking office, even though her Majesty's

Ministers shall have handed in their resignations. It is quite impossible for those who sit on the Opposition benches to produce a matured policy at a moment's notice. No doubt they possess definite principles, by which they are guided during the course of business, and in their treatment of measures. But principles alone do not constitute a sufficient ground for an appeal to the country. And without an appeal it may be impossible for the Opposition to carry on the government, for in such a case the defeat of an administration is generally effected by a temporary and unpremeditated junction of parties between which there can be no real lasting affinity.

All this is, however, but one-half of the complete doctrine. There is, in addition, another and an entirely different aspect in which an Opposition may be viewed. It must not be forgotten that an Opposition is a potential governing body, and that in good time it will again be called to the helm of State. The period during which a party occupies the benches upon the left of the Speaker furnishes it with an opportunity for recasting the lines upon which it will move in the future, and for outlining the legislation which will be expected from it when it has once again succeeded to the direction of affairs. A factious and rancorous Opposition, the sole aim of which is the expulsion from power of the existing Ministry, recoils upon the heads of those who pursue it, and delays instead of hastening the return of the exiled party. An Opposition must be capable of formulating a policy when it has wilfully expelled the Government of the day. A militant Opposition which has successfully assaulted the position of the Cabinet, either by vote of censure or by address of want of confidence, must be prepared to replace its defeated opponents, and to justify its attack by carrying into effect the measures which it has advocated. The action of the Liberal Party is in this particular most instructive. The Liberal Party is the party of legislation, while the Conservative Party is the party of administration. And whereas the watchword of a Conservative Opposition is that the country requires rest, a Liberal Opposition has for its battle cry the denunciation of inequalities and demands for their redress. Throughout the late Parliament the Opposition advocated in general terms, and without committing themselves to details, for which there was no occasion, a policy of Home Rule for Ireland. In the first Session of the present Parliament they ejected the Unionist Government, and then, with the added information gleaned from official sources, they set about the elaboration of their measure. And such is the constitutional practice.

If the business of the nation is to be carried on with smoothness and despatch, a Leader of the Opposition is indispensable. Occasions frequently arise when an arrangement must be made between the two sides of the House, and on such occasions the Opposition, no less than the Government, needs an authoritative exponent of its

wishes. Besides this, there are duties of a purely formal nature pertaining to an Opposition which render imperative the intervention of its acknowledged representative. Motions which express the unanimous opinion of the nation, as, for instance, motions that the thanks of Parliament be conveyed to the troops, are fitly seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, who is a servant of the State only one whit less important than the First Minister himself. It is to the State that a Leader of Opposition owes his primary allegiance. It is his duty to do all in his power to advance the business of the nation, especially by seeing that the Government receives fair-play from the party of which he is the head; to restrain his followers when they are inclined to overleap the bounds of a moderate opposition; to persuade them to withdraw futile amendments; and when there is danger of a division over some trivial detail to expedite matters by supporting the Government in whichever course they elect to adopt.

The second duty owed by an Opposition leader is a duty to his own party. An Opposition can only properly fulfil its functions when it presents a hopeful and firm front to the majority. A dispirited and divided party is quite useless for purposes of effective opposition, which demands that the different sections of the party shall be united into a compact band. The members who form the rank and file ought loyally to work under their leaders, animated by the hope of snatching a victory from the dominant party. The leaders themselves should be prepared to abstain from individual self-assertion, and act in concert with their chief. And it is the task of this last to put heart into his followers; to justify to the House his too ardent adherents when their actions have subjected them to the menaces of Ministers; and to demonstrate to the more ambitious amongst his disciples that they are not doomed to everlasting exile from the paradise of office. As John Bright once said of Mr. Disraeli, he must be the medicine man of his party, who weaves for them new symbols of faith and cries of battle.

The Leader of the Opposition is the established opponent of the Government, and he is nothing if not critical. As a critic his duties are multifarious. In his speech in the debate on the Address he will call attention to omissions in the list of measures which are to be proposed to Parliament, and lament the questionable wisdom of those which have been accorded a place. When the progress of business is not as expeditious as is desirable, he will remark upon the capricious manner in which the time of the House is being wasted, and will grieve over the paralysis of Parliament. When party strife runs high he will ask with all due concern whether the character of the debates has been raised under the leadership of the First Lord of the Treasury. When the addition of a penny to the Income Tax is an important item of the Budget, he will gravely proclaim that an

increase of the Income Tax ought not to be the refuge of a distressed Minister. When the consideration of the expenditure of the country has been postponed to a period inconveniently late, he will roundly censure the unpardonable neglect of Supply. But it is when Parliament has run its accustomed course, and the party in power possesses no longer the confidence of the country, that his opportunities reach their culminating point. Then it is that he is able to adorn the tale of recent bye-elections, to affirm that Parliament ought not to be prolonged to the extreme limit of its existence, and to demand an immediate dissolution.

Finally, the Leader of the Opposition is in a peculiar degree the custodian of constitutional precedents, and it is his part, whenever the Government has adopted an unaccustomed course or created a precedent, to protest. When Mr. Disraeli announced that he had agreed to purchase the shares in the Suez Canal which belonged to the Khedive of Egypt, Lord Hartington objected that Parliament should have been called together to decide the matter. And when the consent of Parliament was asked to the cession of Heligoland to Germany, Mr. Gladstone denounced the procedure as an inroad on the Royal prerogative. The protest in each case was unavailing. But a Leader of Opposition must not hesitate to raise objections because want of success on his part may redound to the advantage of Ministers. Ofttimes must he resemble that archer of ancient writ, who drew a bow at a venture. Perchance he, too, may reach the joints of his adversary's harness.

These various considerations account in some measure for the good results yielded by a system which at first sight presents few features to recommend it. But an authorised Opposition is not without actual advantages, which are of two kinds, direct and indirect. Of indirect advantages two stand prominently forward. The existence of an Opposition tends to maintain a high level in the government of the country, for Ministers are fully aware that ill-considered schemes and slovenly administration will call down upon them the thunders of an active antagonist. In the second place, a jealous Opposition is the only safeguard against the temptation, which is always present to the party in power, to pull down the work of its predecessors and to pass retrogressive measures.

And the direct advantages are no less obvious. Firstly—Opposition gives to overworked Ministers an opportunity for repose. The toil of a Minister of the Crown is very arduous, and it is an open secret that on this account a Prime Minister has even welcomed the defeat of his Administration.

Opposition ensures also that any real national grievance shall gain a hearing. In Opposition a statesman has leisure to polish his armour and to repoint his weapons. He keeps in touch with national movements, and is ever on the look-out for a stirring war-

cry. Any grievance, therefore, which fails sooner or later to achieve party importance may be written down a fad.

And lastly, the division of the Parliamentary army into two opposing camps provides full scope for the energies of rival generals. There are, as a rule, in Parliament two men of commanding ability, and the limits of a single Cabinet are not sufficient to contain them both. The ideal Cabinet, according to a humorous definition, is composed of ten individuals, one of whom represents the 1 while the 0 is made up of the remaining nine. And it is a matter for congratulation that the peculiar genius of English institutions makes possible the employment on the nation's behalf of a statesman's powers even though he has no official share in controlling the destinies of the Empire.

The fact that these various advantages predominate over the disadvantages is the result of the circumstances of English political life. After the establishment of Parliamentary government, government by party follows as the natural sequence. But in the English system the drawbacks of this method of governing are reduced to a minimum because the Opposition is the minority. The English House of Commons is unused to the spectacle of a number of parties which can do little except prevent one another from governing. The Fourth Party was a party of four. And it is because the country is accustomed to the alternate guidance of the two historic Parties in the State, and because one of them is an ineffectual minority, that a measure of the success achieved may rightly be claimed as the contribution of that department which in English Parliamentary institutions plays the part of Devil's Advocate,

WILLIAM HAMMOND ROBINSON.



## ARE BACILLI CAUSES OF DISEASE?

IN the high courts of science the question whether the bacteria are really the cause of disease or not, is at present on trial. It has already, indeed, been once decided in the affirmative, but there is a growing conviction that the case has not been proved, and must therefore be re-tried.

When these minute and ambiguous organisms—plants according to the decision of science, but which might almost as well be called animals, or neither—were first discovered by the Dutchman Leeuwenhoek more than 200 years ago, there was little thought that to them in after-times would be attributed so many of the ills that afflict humanity. It remained for the men of this generation, led by the brilliant researches of the Frenchman Pasteur, to ascribe to the bacillus the production of a large proportion of human disease. Since the Frenchmen, Davainne and Rayer, traced back the cause of splenic fever in cattle to a special bacillus, bacterial research has formed the happy hunting-ground of scientific medicine. Here the rising practitioner and the man of science have of late years won their spurs in tracking to earth the bacillus of one disease after another.

There are now few well-marked diseases for which, as their immediate cause, characteristic bacilli have not been found, described, and labelled in the catalogues of science. Almost every disease, then, being furnished with its appropriate bacillus, we, perhaps naturally, turn back to the question, Do we really *know* that the bacillus is the cause of the disease? And, in spite of the fact that Koch is reputed to have discovered the bacilli of cholera and of consumption, that Pasteur has discovered the bacillus of rabies, and that many other investigators have discovered the microbes of many other diseases, the answer must be, We are not certain!

And yet the evidence that it is so is powerful, and has been accepted by many eminent men of science. The working medical profession as a body have, I believe, been slower of conviction. Thus the opinion expressed to me by a medical practitioner was to the effect that the bacillus had been *proved* to be the cause of disease in one case only—viz., erysipelas.

To estimate the strength of the evidence for, and to perceive the loopholes in the same which admit of doubt against, the theory, an outline of the method of experimentation is necessary.

When a drop of the blood or portion of the tissue of an animal which has died of a certain disease is examined under the microscope, it is found to be full of a particular species of bacillus or other microbe. This microbe is then "cultivated." That is to say, the drop of blood or portion of tissue is placed in a substance, such as meat broth, &c., capable of affording the microbe nourishment. Keeping this under suitable conditions of temperature, &c., the microbes are found to increase rapidly, and to render the originally clear liquid turbid. If, then, after the microbe has been thus cultivated outside the animal body, a portion of the liquid be injected into the veins of a healthy animal, the original disease is reproduced in it. This is the foundation for the belief that the bacillus is the cause of the disease. But it might be objected that something besides the bacillus might easily be conveyed along with it, and be the *real* cause. To meet this objection *successive cultivations* are made. That is to say, a portion of the first cultivation is placed in a fresh supply of the nourishing medium, and allowed to multiply. A portion of this, again, serves to start another cultivation, and so on. It is *assumed* that, after several such successive cultivations, all possibility of the presence of anything else from the original diseased animal is prevented. The position is a strong one, and it seems almost hypocritical to insist that there is still room for doubt. There are, however, certain facts and considerations which must be put into the opposite scale.

One point which at once strikes the ordinary observer as extraordinary, on the supposition that bacteria are really the cause of disease, is, that various species of them are constantly present in the human body. In the mouth, in the alimentary canal, and other parts of the body, in perfectly normal health, are to be found numerous bacteria. It was on the white substance adhering to his teeth that Leeuwenhock found the bacteria first made known to science. And it is on this account that bacteriologists distinguish between pathogenic bacteria, or those producing disease, and asphilia, or those which may be present without harm in the human body.

One of the most remarkable results attained by Pasteur in his studies is what he has termed attenuation of the virus, or bacterial cultivation. The first cultivation of the microbe from a diseased animal was found to produce the disease in its original intensity when injected into the veins of a healthy one. But, using the successive cultivations in order, the disease produced was gradually diminished in force, until, finally, the latest cultivation did not produce it at all. Taken by itself this would seem to decide that the microbe is *not* the *cause* of the disease—for it is present and

alive in the innocuous cultivation—but that some more subtle poison is the real agent. Unfortunately, the case is not quite so simple; for it is only under *certain conditions* of culture that this remarkable *attenuation* takes place. The successive cultures require to be exposed freely to the action of the air, and not to succeed each other too rapidly. When protected from the air and made in rapid succession, they retain their power unmodified.

Other investigators have succeeded in attenuating the virus by the use of compressed oxygen, by carbonic acid gas, &c.

The suggestion, then, that a something present in the original blood or tissue, and reduced to an infinitesimal quantity—practically made to vanish—by the successive cultivations while the microbe still lives, is the real cause of the disease, is rendered improbable. For under certain conditions of culture by which the same reduction ought apparently to take place, the full power of producing disease is retained. There remains, however, the suggestion that free exposure to air, compressed oxygen, carbonic acid gas, &c., gradually *destroys* the original poison and real cause of disease, while mere quantitative subdivision of the same may not be enough to reduce its disease-producing power.

As illustrating how far a poison may be attenuated without losing its specific power, and as indicating the extraordinary delicacy and care requisite to obtain positive results, the case of the jequirity bacillus may be cited. This bacillus is found on the seeds of a plant (*Abrus precatorius*), commonly known as jequirity, and is present in infusions made from the same. Inoculation with this infusion was found to produce ophthalmia, and it was believed that the bacillus was the cause. Indeed, Sattler *proved* the case in the same way as other observers are said to have done for cholera, typhus, and other diseases. That is to say, he made several cultivations in the usual way, and found that these successive cultivations retained the power of producing ophthalmia. Like other observers in similar cases, he *inferred* that after several cultivations there could be nothing but the bacillus present to cause disease. But the jequirity bacillus, as it exists originally on the seeds, is a "septic" or harmless form, and if the bacillus of the infusion really produces ophthalmia, then we must believe that a "septic" can be changed into a pathogenic form by the conditions of culture. It is to the difficulty of this conception that we probably owe the rigid examination to which one of our leading bacteriologists, Dr. Klein, has subjected this particular case. In doing so, he has thrown light on the question we are discussing. Dr. Klein believes that it would be as easy to change the wholesome onion into the poisonous colchicum, by altering the conditions of culture, as to change a harmless into a disease-producing bacillus; and he claims to have shown that it is *not* the bacillus, but the poisonous principle in the

seeds, which produces the disease. In the first place, he has shown that the jequirity solution rendered absolutely free from bacilli still produces the disease. Then he has shown that the solution is incapable of doing so, if the specific poison is destroyed, while yet the spores of the bacillus remain. This was accomplished in the following way. It is known that while bacteria, as a rule, are destroyed by boiling, their spores are able to stand it for a few minutes. Also, the peculiar poisonous properties of the jequirity solution are *destroyed* by boiling. Hence, Dr. Klein took an infusion which had been allowed to develop sufficiently to produce spores, and boiled it for a few minutes. He then inoculated with this, and found that it had lost its power. Yet the spores of the bacillus were there to develop, and produce the symptoms, if they had the power to do so. If, then, the poison of jequirity solution could still be present in sufficient quantity to produce disease after the attenuating effects of several cultivations, may there not also be certain poisons derived from the diseased animal still present in the successive cultivations of other bacteria? It is to be remembered that the *proof* that the bacillus is the cause of disease rests on the supposition that anything derived from the diseased animal is so diminished in quantity by successive cultivations as to be practically absent. The original drop is spread through a test tube of the medium, a drop from this is spread through another, and so on.

One of the strong points in favour of the view that the bacillus is the cause of the disease is, that after death its peculiar bacilli are found abundantly in the body of the animal. Yet there is the possibility that the great increase in the number of microbes really takes place *after* death. Dr. Klein has, in fact, shown that if an animal be killed when the disease is at its height, few microbes, and in some cases even none, may exist in its blood and tissues. Yet in the blood of a healthy person who had died from strangulation, he found bacilli a few hours after death.

Another remarkable point is, that purified cultures have in some cases failed to produce disease. Thus MM. Vaillard and Vincent assert that, with the bacillus of tetanus, if inoculation be effected with a culture not sufficiently advanced to have produced its toxic principle, or washed free from the same, the disease does not follow. The bacillus is doubtless the cause of the toxic principle which is found to produce the disease; yet if it fails to produce this toxic principle in the body of the animal, it can scarcely be regarded as the cause of the disease itself.

The gradual progress of discovery has tended to show that each disease has its bacillus, but there are not wanting signs that investigators have been a little too eager in this direction. Thus Pasteur announced the discovery of a bacillus of rabies, yet much doubt has been thrown on his assertion. And now Dr. Haffkine of the

Pasteur Institute, in an article on "Vaccination against Asiatic Cholera," tells us that the microbe of rabies is still unknown. Nor has the microbe of small-pox yet been found. Such, again, is the statement of Dr. Haffkine in the paper already referred to. Yet as long ago as 1868, Berkeley announced, on the authority of Hallier, that the microbe of variola (or small-pox) had been discovered. Other observers, again, have thrown doubts on the alleged discoveries of the microbes of other diseases. The bacillus of Asiatic cholera is an important case. In 1883, Dr. Koch discovered the comma bacillus, and asserted it to be the cause of the disease. It is to be presumed he *proved* it in the usual way by successive cultivations. Subsequently the matter was thoroughly investigated by an eminent English physician and bacteriologist, Dr. Klein, who came to the exactly opposite conclusion—viz., that the comma bacillus is not the cause of cholera. And in his remarkable little book, *Cholera Curable*, Dr. Chapman brings forward many striking facts tending to show that neither comma bacillus, nor any microbe, nor specific poison of any kind, is the cause of cholera.

Thus the comma bacillus has been found in the mouths of perfectly healthy persons. This single fact, taken alone, seems sufficient to prove that the comma bacillus is not the cause of cholera. The only escape from such a conclusion is the suggestion that this comma bacillus of the mouth, although apparently identical in form with Koch's cholera bacillus, is different in physiological action, and is, in fact, not the same bacillus. This, however, seems an improbable suggestion, and, moreover, pure assumption. Of similar import is the fact of the occurrence of the comma bacillus in the intestines of persons who have died of other diseases than Asiatic cholera. And here the only escape would seem to be the far-fetched suggestion, that these persons would have had the cholera had they lived.

But further, the comma bacillus has been found in the intestines of perfectly healthy animals; and the bold suggestion has been made that this "deadly" microbe is a harmless, and even necessary, inhabitant of the animal economy. Their action, or the nourishing medium on which Koch grew them, lends countenance to this idea, which was suggested by Professor Waters. Dr. Koch noted that the microbes *dissolved* to a certain extent the sterilised proteids on which they were nourished. "Presumably," says Professor Waters, "the proteids were thus converted into peptones." Hence there seems some support for the startling suggestion, that the microbe, which has been a source of alarm to the civilised world, may, after all, be a necessary aid to digestion! Certain parts of the digestive process are of the nature of fermentation, and the researches of Pasteur and others have shown that fermentation is produced by microbes. Yet one more fact throwing doubt on the supposed causal connection between the comma bacillus and cholera may be noted. *Various*

*other microbes* are present in cholera cases. Such being the case it seems a little arbitrary to assign to *one* the cause of the disease.

If, then, we accept all these facts, the only possible conclusion seems to be that Dr. Koch also was mistaken. It can scarcely be denied that such mistakes of eminent observers in certain cases tends to throw a certain amount of doubt on all. They indicate rather the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, than any lack of skill and acuteness on the part of the investigators. Certain facts in connection with Pasteur's experiments with silkworm disease must, I think, be put into the same scale.

The silkworm sickness known as *flacherie* is produced, according to Pasteur, by germs of microbes occurring on the surfaces of the mulberry leaves, and eaten by the silkworms along with their food. If the digestive system is in full activity, these germs are digested along with the leaves, and produce no ill effects; but if from any cause the digestive system is weakened, these organisms multiply, and produce *flacherie*. But while healthy worms take into their systems with impunity the microbe germs from the mulberry leaves, it is otherwise if *infected matter* from other worms which have suffered from *flacherie* be introduced. "Giving to some very healthy worms a meal of leaves covered with the dry dust of a silkworm nursery infected the year before with *pébrine* and *flacherie*, Pasteur produced *flacherie*, and not *pébrine*." This excites the suspicion that the *microbe itself* is not sufficient to produce the disease, and that something more than the microbe must exist in the infected matter.

If the microbe caused the disease, then those from the mulberry leaves should produce it equally with those from the infected silkworms.

Again, Pasteur found that the contagious matter of *pébrine* can only act when fresh; when thoroughly dried it loses its virulence, so that, as indicated in the above quotation, the corpusculous matter of one year is powerless to produce the disease the next. Now, according to the general analogy of the history of bacteria, this dried-up matter should contain the reproductive spores of the *pébrine* bacillus. And reproductive spores do not lose their vitality by mere drying up; hence we should expect the disease to be produced in the worms which partook of the corpusculous matter. And the following fact in connection with Pasteur's study of rabies seems to contradict the idea that it is caused by a living organism: "Using the nerve tissue, Pasteur has determined by several experiments that when a large quantity of virus (that is to say, of the medulla oblongata of a rabid rabbit pounded up in a perfectly neutral or sterilised broth) is injected into the veins of a dog, the incubation period is seven or eight days; by using a smaller quantity he obtained an incubation period of twenty days; and by using a yet smaller quantity, one of thirty-eight days. It is very important to

note that by using a still smaller dose Pasteur found that the dog so treated escaped the effects of the poison altogether."

For if the disease were really produced by a living organism, the introduction of a few of such with the smaller portion of the nerve-tissue should produce it as certainly as the many introduced with the larger portion.

Such are some of the facts which must be taken into consideration and weighed against the strong evidence which has been brought forward, that the bacillus is the cause of disease. They do not *prove* that it is not, yet they throw considerable doubt on the proposition that it is. The conflicting testimony of the various highly trained and skilful experimenters arises from the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, and indicates, perhaps, that we are yet far from a final solution.

The question may seem of purely theoretical interest; it is not, however, without its practical importance. If the bacillus is really the primary cause of disease, then it is well that the whole force of the medical and scientific world should be directed to its detection and means of extermination; while medical theory and practice should be remodelled on that assumption. If, on the other hand, it is not so, then, with the scientific world in full cry on a false scent, there is danger that the real cause may be theoretically and practically passed by. This is well illustrated by Dr. Chapman's book, *Cholera Curable*, already referred to. If, as he maintains, the disease is not due to the comma bacillus, but is, in fact, a nervous disorder, then the treatment indicated will be entirely different. Attempts to destroy the microbe will be useless, and, indeed, most probably, hurtful; protective inoculation will be a painful, troublesome, and unnecessary evil, if not actually dangerous. And further, if Dr. Chapman is right, cholera cannot be infectious or contagious, and all our elaborate precautions to guard against the introduction of cholera from abroad are labour thrown away. Some very striking and convincing arguments in support of this opinion are brought forward. First of all, we have the remarkable fact that in India, the home of the cholera, it is looked upon by the medical profession as non-contagious. Cholera cases are treated in the wards along with the other patients.

Secondly, there is the comparative immunity from the disease enjoyed by those who nurse and attend cholera patients. It is stated, again, that medical students, who in cholera times have generally nothing else than cholera patients for dissection, are not thereby affected with the disease. Many other facts regarding the origination and spread of cholera epidemics, similarly pointing to the non-contagious nature of the disease, are given.

This is one side of the question; the other is represented by Dr. Haffkine's article, "Vaccination against Asiatic Cholera" (*Fort-*

*nightly Review*, March), already mentioned. In it Dr. Haffkine claims to have discovered a vaccinal fluid which will protect against cholera. The whole article, the preparation of the fluid, the explanation of its action, &c., are founded on the hypothesis that the microbe is the cause of the disease, and hence that cholera is contagious. The insusceptibility of animals to inoculation with cultures of the comma bacillus has been held to indicate that cholera is independent of the same. Dr. Haffkine found this insusceptibility in rabbits experimented on a difficulty, but he explained it as a result of the peculiarity of rabbit blood, which rendered it impossible for the microbe to live in it. And further, he claims to have overcome this insusceptibility and, so to speak, trained the comma bacillus to live in rabbit blood. The ingenious method adopted was to add a minute portion of rabbit blood to a culture of the microbe, and larger quantities to each successive culture, until finally it was able to live in pure rabbit blood. By means of this modified microbe Dr. Haffkine has prepared a fluid—which yet contains no microbe—which he claims is able to confer immunity from Asiatic cholera.

Thus the question which forms the title of this article is really one of life and death.

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## WILL SOCIALISM BE A REMEDY FOR PRESENT SOCIAL ILLS?

REVOLUTIONS, wherever they occur, are great object-lessons for subsequent ages, and the lessons they teach, whether of warning or of guidance, under the manifold changes to which human life is subject, are never lost. But when States, Kingdoms, Empires are threatened with a revolution so extraordinary in its character and so far-reaching in its effects as is Socialism, it becomes a duty to inquire into the origin, growth, and present condition of society; to ascertain what are the evils from which it suffers, if any; and if such evils exist to ask, Is Socialism, from the magnitude and wisdom of its proposals, the best-fitted instrument by which to overturn the present order of things, and to set up in its stead an entirely new form of government and of life, from which all that is now recognised as evil shall be eliminated?

The leading characteristics of modern society do not differ widely from those that distinguished the earliest representatives of the race. In the first ages, strength, energy, will, mental capacity raised their possessors above their fellows, just as these personal qualities do to-day; the essential difference between the characteristics of the earliest and of the latest ages is caused, not by the characteristics being different, but by the circumstances surrounding them in their respective ages being widely different; the numbers of the people and the material condition in which they now live have changed enormously: the evolution from a state of barbarism, or of semi-barbarism, has been gradual, but continuously progressive, through many centuries, until it has attained to that state of society denoted by the term "Modern."

Like causes are still in operation that will produce like results. Two thousand years ago, while Rome boasted of her advanced civilisation and her mastery of the world, Britain was semi-barbaric; to-day, whilst the civilisation of Great Britain is the first among nations, and her dominion over the human race is wider and greater than ever before known, races in Africa and elsewhere are just emerging from an anthropophagous condition, and are taking their first lessons in civilisation. On this point, Stanley and Lugard's testimony relative to Africa is definite; and a recent writer \* on the

\* *The Times*, December 27, 1892.

introduction of cheap coloured labour into the sugar plantations of Queensland, Australia, thus describes the Kanakas, and the first steps taken by them towards civilisation: "The principal open-air labour of the sugar plantations is furnished by Kanakas, who are the native inhabitants of certain groups of South-Sea Islands not at present under the protection of any European flag. They are a very intelligent, active, and docile people. . . . Having been allowed everywhere to inspect the Kanaka quarters, and to have perfectly fair talks with the Kanakas, I am in a position to state that a great and significant advance is observable between the huts of what are known as 'time-expired boys'—that is, Kanakas who, having served the time for which they engaged, have preferred remaining in Queensland to returning home—and the huts of newcomers. The life of the newcomer is the life of the savage. He has no furniture but the wooden bed and blankets provided for him, and no possessions. If he has a wife and family, he lives with them in the same animal simplicity as in their own island. The time-expired boy, as a rule, has adopted the household customs of civilisation: he has a bedroom and a living-room; his beds rise to the dignity of mosquito curtains; his kitchen boasts of table, and chairs, and pots and plates; his wife becomes a fairly good cook, and I have seen suppers prepared in Kanaka huts which an epicure need not disdain. The household life depends greatly upon themselves; that is to say, it is outside the limits of probability that savages, not far removed from cannibalism as many of the islanders are upon their first arrival, should lead a life even so relatively dignified or elevated as that of the European labourer. That they improve as they do in this respect is an indication of the effect which is produced upon them by prolonged contact."

So modern society is constituted of a congeries of masses of people, forming in the aggregate one common whole: to-day, it is the final outcome of the progressive onward march of the race through many centuries from obscure and savage originals; its foundations were laid in prehistoric times, and in consecutive order the race has passed through the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages, and at last has emerged into the age of gold, the "almighty dominant" that rules the world.

Through these ages the British people have had their periods of battle, of defeat, of conquest, of struggles and revolutions; from small beginnings they have been welded into a mighty united commonwealth, and they have now reached that era of the world's history in which the sun never sets upon their dominions, and their Sovereign rules over a mightier empire and a more multitudinous variety of races than any other monarch the world has known.

Such is the condition of the people of Great Britain in the aggregate: what is the status, socially, of those who form this aggregate?

and are there any recognised lines of demarcation that separate one portion from another? Naturally and inevitably the state of society is unequal, and, however much it may be regretted, there is not much difficulty in marking the lines of separation. Society may be classified into:

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|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Submerged Classes.  | 4. The Lower Middle Classes. |
| 2. " Labouring "           | 5. " Middle "                |
| 3. " Artisan "             | 6. " Wealthy "               |
| 7. The Aristocratic Class. |                              |

The "submerged" are the poorest of the community—"General" Booth says they form "one-tenth." They consist mostly of the idle, the shiftless, the criminal, the incompetent, helpless members of society, for whom, once drawn into "the vortex of the submerged," there would seem to be little chance of subsequent escape.

The labouring classes ever lie on the border-land of poverty—they are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the classes above them. With wages limited—often of the lowest—the most that they have it in their power to offer in return is animal strength and endurance. Possessing little manual skill and very limited education, their capital is of the smallest, and their net personal returns, perforce, are in keeping. And yet within the ranks of this class thousands and tens of thousands lead most honourable, heroic lives; they bask not in the world's sunshine—they live lives of struggle from the cradle to the grave, but they so live uncomplainingly, content with the day's supply as the day comes, and live and die honourably, within the limited means at their command. But there must often be much sorrow, suffering, and want endured by many of the labouring classes, and for them the hand of the benevolent is ever ready to be outstretched.

The artisan classes form a large and compact portion of the body politic; to-day the skilled workman, as a whole, is fitted for his handicraft far beyond anything known by his forefathers, and education is helping to produce still greater skill, greater thrift, greater self-respect. In special handicrafts, however, there is much leeway to be overtaken; the handicraftsmen of the Continent in many things are in advance of our own people, but the intelligence of the English artisan, and the opportunities given him for obtaining technical knowledge, are so rapidly increasing that soon every deficiency will be removed, and the British workman will again hold his own in every branch of trade against the world. The artisan classes are now a great power in the State—they command in most, if not in all electorates, a majority of votes, so that they may almost be said to be the political masters of the commonwealth. If they combined as one body for the purpose of returning a House of Commons wholly devoted to their interests, who could hinder them? But happily there is no likelihood of such a combination.

The lower middle class consists of small tradesmen and small manufacturers, who seek to reap for themselves the full reward of their labour. With multitudes of these it is a struggle for life; ever on the verge of bankruptcy, yet escaping by the skin of the teeth, they are scarcely ever able to provide for days of storm and tempest. This is an industrious, thrifty class, and many of them, animated by personal ambition, emerge from their difficulties into a higher sphere with honour to themselves, and with advantage to the class to which they attain.

The middle classes are the backbone of the State, and are made up of the educated, professional, commercial, and enterprising members of the community; they originate and carry on works of many kinds which necessitate skill, industry, and wealth, to bring to successful issue—the moving or acting impulse undoubtedly being, primarily, personal; secondarily, national advantage. And the result is, the trade returns of Great Britain far exceed those of every other nation with a similar total of population. In this century these returns have advanced by leaps and bounds. Outnumbered by “the classes and the masses,” the middle classes are nevertheless the mightiest of them all; they hold within their grasp such an amount of wealth, of educated skill, of organised and experienced power, that no revolution can shake them from their pedestal, nor any upheaval from below can ever overturn them.

The wealthy classes form a small unit when compared with the total of the population, and are made up of landowners, merchant princes, bankers, large shipowners, members of the Stock Exchange, &c. As money judiciously laid out generally fructifies, so its possessors are ready to embark in enterprises that promise adequate returns for risks incurred, and by so doing incalculable benefit is conferred upon the whole community. Capitalists seldom embark in schemes that give little or no prospect of personal gain: in successful outlay the interests of the payer and the payee must be mutual, for without this mutuality, risks, speculations, legitimate enterprises would speedily come to an end. The masses of the people are vastly indebted to the wealthy classes for this nation to-day holding the first position in the world for enterprises that have conferred unending benefits upon the human race, and which, at the same time, have made splendid financial returns for the capital embarked and for the labour expended.

The limited number of the aristocracy is pithily denoted by the concrete sentence, “The Upper Ten Thousand.” Formerly this class stood distinct and separate from the general community, and compressed within itself all the powers of government. But this is no longer. Still distinguished by its titles and honours of various degrees, its position has materially changed; power is now in the people, wealth is much more widely spread than formerly, and the

aristocracy of to-day forms essentially an integral, and not a separate, part of the body politic.

The whole structure of modern society is crowned by the Sovereign : she is the embodiment of the Empire in its national, social, commercial, political, and moral potentialities. In her hands the nation puts the power of the sword for the defence of its liberties ; the power of the law for the administration of justice ; and the power of the State for the maintenance of free speech, a free press, freedom of the subject in all questions religious, moral, political, that tend to the social and material well-being of the Empire.

This conglomerate nationality is gradually interwoven in all its parts, and is interpenetrated with living impulses as completely and efficiently as the body is with blood through its arteries and veins ; and as in the body an injury to one part causes the whole to suffer, so with a people—an injury to one part of the kingdom or of the Empire is an injury to all, and is felt more or less powerfully as the interests of all are more or less thereby affected.

In this complicated state society is governed by laws written and unwritten ; in many cases the latter are more powerful than the former. Separated into classes as we have seen, there is no class that can refuse admission to an applicant from a lower platform on his giving proof of fitness for entrance ; there is nothing in the Constitution that can prevent the humblest from rising to the highest honours in the social scale if, in each step of his ascent, he shows himself worthy to rise.

But society is somewhat nervous as to its future. Within itself it sees forces at work anxious to re-organise it from its foundations upwards ; there is a spirit of discontent spreading among the masses inimical to the public weal. Statesmen, poets, politicians, demagogues, socialists are peering into the future, vainly endeavouring to forecast with precision the social arrangements by which peoples, nations, empires shall be governed, or shall be free from government, as this term is now understood. Of necessity, therefore, the question arises, Are there any real, just grounds in the present conformation of society for agitation and discontent ? and if so, what are they ? and can they be remedied ?

Over-population is a cause of serious injury to the State. Taking the numbers of the people and their ever-increasing demands for profitable employment, we see that the supply of such employment falls infinitely short of the demand, and this, therefore, is a fecund cause of discontent. In this century the numbers of the people have enormously increased as compared with the accretions of former centuries, and so also have their trading capacities and wealth. For a long period, the competition of Continental nations against us in the trade of the world was comparatively of little note, but now the tables are turned. Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, France and

America confront us in every mart, imitate our goods, and undersell us, drive our wares from markets primarily ours, place limits to our exports, drive us to depend mainly upon our colonies and dependencies, and attack us even in these. This means less home production, intermittent and uncertain employment of skilled labour, and in many cases complete cessation of works, or their transference to other lands. With lessened trade the evils of an excess of population become still more pronounced, and the supply of labour for the working classes is proportionately decreased.

Over-population produces intense competition, from which no trade nor profession escapes. Take the mining, the cotton, the shipping, the iron, the general commercial industries of the country, and what do we find? Intense competition everywhere. If there is a vacancy, the number of applicants for the post in many cases is incredible, and the competition is not confined to the producing classes, for even in the field of brain-work the same cause operates. Here is a case in point: Last January, owing to resignation of the official, the office of reader in the Temple Church became vacant, and when the patrons, the benchers of the Middle Temple, met to consider the new appointment, they found four hundred candidates for the office! "It is common knowledge," said the *Times*, on January 30 last, "that there is a rush of applicants for a public post in which, after passing a stiff examination, the remuneration is about 25s. a week." This competition is also a serious evil in the field of labour.

Thus in many parts there are hundreds, sometimes thousands of persons who, finding little or no demand for their services, live in the most *exigant* of all circumstances. Honest, skilled, industrious, in every way capable, they are yet devoid of employment, and conscious that when the last shilling is spent they are unable to say whence the next shall come. It is difficult to picture a more appalling spectacle in the midst of civilised society! An industrious, honest, capable citizen, living on the borders of starvation because he can find no demand for the skilled services he is able and ready to render. From this cause wages are kept at a low figure, and no effort of the individual, or of a combination of individuals, will be able materially to raise them so long as this cause continues.

The supply of the precious metals in circulation is inadequate to the demand. Were gold obtainable as easily and as plentifully as the Manitoba farmer raises and reaps his crops, then this evil would soon be brought under control; but as things now are, wealth is unequally distributed among the masses of the various countries they inhabit. For this ill there is no present effectual remedy—no one holds an Aladdin's lamp in his hands by which to discover an infinite supply of hidden treasure, and so the annual accretions of new bullion raised are scattered over the face of society as widely as circumstances will permit.

The liability of society to suffer from crises in trade is a great evil, from which few trades are free. Sometimes it is a single branch of trade that is attacked, then many trades interwoven with each other have to bear the brunt, and then again all classes of society suffer from the general depression of the trading community: land is a drug in the market; farm produce is sold for its cost, or for less than its cost of production; the stores of the merchant are filled with goods for which the demand is gone; shipping is laid-up in every port; and the general retailer moans over the slackness of trade, and the working classes suffer of necessity. The peasant abandons his open-air pursuits and his cottage in the country for pestilent slums in towns and cities, and the skilled artizan bemoans his fate as he passes his days away in enforced idleness from which he sees little chance of escape.

The conflict waged between capital and labour is an unmitigated evil, and is eating like a cancer into the very vitals of the social system. In this conflict men rush into strikes, forgetting that generally labour succumbs, but not until the accumulated funds of their unions have been exhausted, and the enormous sums that would have been paid to them as wages have been lost, and the terms first offered by their employers have been accepted. No workman, and no combination of workmen, can compel a capitalist to expend his capital contrary to his own will. A few strikes have benefited those who took part in them, but the general result is disastrous to the strikers. Labour and capital working in harmony is best for all; in conflict, the result is far more injurious to the working than to the wealthy classes, for in this conflict labour is bound to suffer. An instance in proof is given by the recent strike of the cotton trade in Lancashire. At the end of the first twelve weeks of the strike it was calculated that the operatives had sustained a loss in wages amounting to no less than £960,000. The stoppage was continued, the operatives being determined not to be beaten "if they can help it"! How can they help it, when the employers were considering at the same time "the propriety of combining for the protection of their interests to a still greater extent than they had hitherto done"? In addressing his workmen at Homestead, Pittsburg, U.S.A., Mr. Carnegie said last January: "I have not come to Pittsburg to rake up, but to bury the past. It should be banished as a horrid dream; but the lessons it teaches should be laid to heart for future application. When employer and employed become antagonistic, their antagonism can only be described as a contest between twin brothers. No genuine victory is possible for either side, only the defeat of both."

And this must be the inevitable result—nothing is so sensitive as capital; if it be fostered and encouraged where embarked, it is a perennial source of social benefit; if treated with suspicion, or

reproach, or unjustly, its equanimity is first disturbed, then the outflow is lessened, then it becomes fugitive, and at last the fountain is dried up: the capitalist has the right to the free use of his capital—to close his works, or to transfer them to other districts, or into a foreign land, or to keep them open as before, as his workpeople by their action towards him may induce or compel him to determine. In this country many works have been closed, and others have been opened in other lands in consequence of the hostility of the workpeople to their employers.

The inequalities of modern society furnish a great sentimental grievance to large numbers of the working classes. They see the distance that intervenes between them and the millionaire, and they mark the distinguishing characteristics of the classes above them with envious longing to participate in their possessions and enjoyments. Failing in this, they determine that the next best thing is to bring all down to a common level, to destroy all lines of cleavage that now exist; and for this, in their opinion, Socialism offers the readiest, most likely, and most effectual means.

Whilst these evils, and others correlative with them, are prejudicial to society as a whole, yet the enormous advantages that belong to, and are interwoven into, its present constitution are not lightly to be uprooted and thrown aside. We grant that the evils are great and far-reaching, but are not these vastly outweighed by the benefits accruing to society by continuing it in its present forms rather than to substitute Socialism in their stead?

The currency of the Kingdom is gold, with silver as a subsidiary. Of this currency every one has a right to get as much as he can honestly; he may keep it and hand it on by will as he may determine, or he may buy lands, or houses, or both, and deal with them in the same way. Stocks, bonds, shares, lands, houses, factories, inventions, copyrights, &c., are the property of individuals or of companies, and their possession by the one or by the other is a public benefit; these also can be kept, or sold, or added to, as their owners may please.

The all but total absence of State interference with the individual in this country is a great fact—it exists to the same extent in no other country in Europe. Here a man may go where he will, live where he pleases, open his shop or close it as it suits him, and he may remain in the kingdom or go out of it at pleasure; so long as he honourably meets his liabilities, civil and social, no one has a right to question him. On the Continent, on the contrary, no native can pass from one town to reside in another without notice to the authorities; should he desire to commence business anywhere, he must first submit his intentions to the authorities to consider if there be room for another competitor; if refused, he must go elsewhere, as many are compelled to do; on leaving their country they



must give the home authorities full knowledge of the places in which they take up their residence.

The moving principle that spurs men to-day to any labour, to the exercise of their intellect and their inventive genius, to bold speculations, and great feats of engineering skill, is the hope of reward, of personal gain, and enlarged social position; destroy this hope, and the moving principle dies naturally. Place a man as a simple unit among a multitude of units, all on the same plane, none permitted to rise above a common standard, and all paid with the same wage—where is the motive, and whence can the impulse come, that shall induce him to make any effort for anything beyond what is necessary for his subsistence? To-day the political and civil rights of every man are secured by the State, and all the power of the State can be invoked to protect him in their exercise.

The religious freedom of all is assured—whether High, Evangelical, or Broad, Conforming or Nonconforming. In matters of religion there is no personal constraint, or a man may abandon religion altogether, if he be foolish enough to do so. This is not so in all countries; in Austria, for example, if a man changes his religious opinions he must give notice to the authorities of the fact, and he cannot pass from one Church into another until notification of the change is sent from the Church forsaken to the Church joined; entry of the change must also be written upon his police certificate of identification, which every Austrian must produce on demand, and which is renewed annually.

The benefits which these and many other advantages resulting from the present form of society (want of space prevents their enumeration) confer upon the people are incalculable, and they are some of the chief causes that have succeeded in placing Great Britain in the front of the civilisation of the world.

Seeing, then, that there are still, in spite of the advantages, many and grave evils affecting modern society prejudicially, and seeing also that many regard the forms of modern society with abhorrence, and are prepared, if possible, to substitute Socialism in their stead, it becomes a duty to inquire, "What is Socialism?" and, "Does it contain within itself a Remedy for Present Ills?"

It is essential that a clear and authoritative statement should be given of what Socialism is, so as fully to realise its scope and power. For this purpose it is scarcely possible to appeal to any higher authority than Dr. Albert Schäffle, a past Minister of Finance in Austria, and "one of the most eminent of German economists." He says: \* "The question is undoubtedly one of economics; it is primarily a question of the stomach; it is the result of a fundamental revolution in the organisation of the social circulation of products—an economic phenomenon which grew out of the destruc-

\* *The Quintessence of Socialism*, by Dr. A. Schäffle. London, 1892.

tion of the system of small producers and small traders. The Socialistic movement is primarily directed towards a fundamental transformation of the existing industrial system.

"The economic quintessence of the Socialistic programme, the real aim of the international movement, is to replace the system of private capital (*i.e.*, the speculative method of production, regulated on behalf of society only by the free competition of private enterprises) by a system of collective capital—that is, by a method of production which would introduce a unified (social or collective) organisation of national labour on the basis of *collective* or common ownership of the means of production by all the members of the society. This collective method of production would remove the present competitive system by placing under official administration such departments of production as can be managed collectively (socially or co-operatively), as well as the distribution among all of the common produce of all, according to the amount and social utility of the productive labour of each."

The immediate effect of this system would be, the destruction of all private enterprise, and the bringing of all society as a common unit under the control of the State, or of such other power as would have the right to control placed in its hands. The individual would receive his quantum of payment from the fount of supply according to the quality of his work and the time spent upon it, and this payment would be in "kind," or in "credit-notes," but never in money, and he would have no voice in the manner or in the time of payment.

"The theories of Socialistic science declare labour to be the fundamental factor in value; that private income in future is to be regulated by the labour-time bestowed in social production; that the present use of money shall be abolished, &c. Critically, dogmatically, and practically the cardinal thesis stands out: collective instead of private ownership of all instruments of production (land, factories, machines, tools, &c.); 'organisation of labour by society,' instead of the distracting competition of private capitalists—that is to say, corporate organisation and management of the process of production in the place of private businesses; public organisation of the labour or all on the basis of collective ownership of all the working materials of social labour; and finally, distribution of the collective output of all kinds of manufacture in proportion to the value and amount of the work done by each worker. The producers would be, individually, no more than workmen; there would no longer be any private property in the instruments of production—in fact, all would be working with the instruments of all—*i.e.*, *collective* capital. But they would not be working as private manufacturers and their workmen, but would all be on an equal footing as professional workers, directly organised and paid their salary by society as a whole. Hence there

would be neither *profits* nor *wages*, but all incomes would equally represent a share in the national produce, allotted directly by the community in proportion to the work done—that is, exclusively returns to labour. Non-producers of material commodities, such as judges, artists, teachers, &c., would receive a share in the products of national labour proportioned to the time spent by them in work useful to the community.

“The ultimate goal of Socialism is to transform the existing system of private capital, which is already bound up with co-operative social labour, into the common property of the co-operating labourers, into ‘the property of the whole community,’ into collective capital. In fact, *the Alpha and the Omega of Socialism is the transformation of private and competing capitals into a united collective capital.* Karl Marx thus roughly expresses it: ‘The total product is a social product. Part of this product serves to replace used-up capital as means of production—it remains social. But another part must be consumed by the members of the community, and hence must be distributed among them. It may be assumed for the moment that the share of each producer in the necessities of life will be defined by the time he works. Thus the time of work would serve both as the measure of the producer’s individual share in the common labour and also as measure of his share in the common product for individual consumption.’

“Socialism forbids the future use of property as private means of production, as a private source of income, and thus necessarily puts an end to all inequalities of income which are not the result of pre-eminent services performed. Inequality is then, as a Socialist has expressed it, *organically* impossible. Let us try to realise in a concrete form what enormous significance these propositions have. Let the Rothschild family possess, say, £100,000,000, and let us further suppose that they are fully compensated, viz., by receiving in the course of from thirty to fifty years the estimated value of £100,000,000 as an annuity, but only in the form of provisions, clothing, furniture, luxuries and amusement. They would thus be in a position to be profuse in enjoying and in giving. But they could no longer capitalise—no longer turn their superfluity into a source of new income; they would hence in two or three generations, without any interference with the law of bequest, be thrown upon personal labour, like any other family, unless they preferred to emigrate, in which case the Socialistic state would be hardly likely to send their annuity after them.

“Socialism is proud of such far-reaching effects—its particular boast is, that it would pluck up by the roots all the swindling of speculation and the Exchange, all usury, all private property; no trace would remain of private gain founded on speculation, or of unearned income. All *private ownership* in the instruments of produc-

tion in the future is abolished by Socialism—capital is not ignored as an economic factor, but it must be collective in all instruments of production and must not be individual.

"In answer to the question, Does Socialism annul individual freedom of demand? it must be confessed that it has given every cause for alarm as to its tendencies in this respect. Many of its representatives have insisted on variety of enjoyment, but not on individual domestic freedom; others have promised to the proletariat an almost regal collective luxury in the way of festivals, artistic delights, and so on, but would leave them next to no freedom in their private households, or in their individual tastes and requirements—next to no room for free family life and comfortable homes. Socialism will bring with it changes of enormous significance and extent in the constitution of social demand. Owners of large incomes of all kinds would have disappeared, and hence the consumption of private luxuries would be enormously cut down. It would be in the power of the State to check entirely all demand for what seemed injurious by simply not producing it.

"In the field of production and exchange, and the capital necessary for both, there will be no private capital, and hence no competition of private capitals can any longer exist: both will be set aside gradually or suddenly. In their stead we should have a State-regulated organisation of national labour into a social labour-system, equipped out of collective capital: the State would collect, warehouse, and transport all products, and finally, would distribute them to individuals in proportion to their registered amount of social labour, and according to a valuation of commodities exactly corresponding to their average cost of production. This organisation of capital and labour would evidently be incompatible with the continued existence of speculation, private enterprise, the market, the Exchange, the use of money, private rents of all kinds; and it is in this that, according to Socialists, its greatest merit lies. Economically considered, Socialism is the universal application of the special principle of the State and the municipality, the extension over the whole range of social production of the idea of an official public service.

"Socialism, as at present formulated, has absolutely not attempted to establish by what means it intends to bring such an enormous mass of collective labour and collective capital, in all its minutiae, to the pitch of profitable, individual work. From one central point it is impossible to secure, either by means of punishment, or by appeal to the popular sense of duty, or by any other means, that everywhere, throughout the whole circle of the unified social production, every one shall work at the lowest possible cost and with the greatest possible result; that production shall be economical in every sense of the word; that no one shall defraud the public of his

time; that no one shall dissipate or abuse the stock of national capital; that in every department the stock of the means of production shall be renewed at the right time, and in the most profitable manner, both as to quantity and quality; that different labour qualifications shall be rightly and fairly valued; that from the smallest trade officials up to Fourier's 'Omniarchs,' there shall not be more exploitation and embezzlement; more surplus value absorbed and undue profit-making carried on than exists to-day in the liberal capitalistic State. *To be successful*, Socialism must give the individual at least as strong an interest in the collective work as he has under the liberal system of production.

"The principle of Socialism is thus opposed to the continuance not only of private property in directly-managed means of production (*i.e.*, private businesses, joint-stock and other associations of private capital), but also of individual ownership in indirect sources of income, *i.e.*, to the entire arrangement of private credit, loan, hire, and lease—not only to private productive capital, but also to private *loan-capital*. State credit and private credit, interest-bearing capital and loan-capital, are incompatible with the Socialistic State. Socialism will put an end to national debts, private debts, tenancy, leases, and all stocks and shares negotiable on the Exchange. At the most it would only concede compensation for such investments by a payment in consumable commodities. A permanent hereditary aristocracy of wealth, whether landed or commercial, founded on rent and interest, would be impossible. Socialism recognises only an aristocracy of personal merit, publicly acknowledged. The community would be the owner and renewer of all instruments of production—it would be the universal capitalist; there would be no more private capital and no more private enterprise. There would be no such thing as a lease, all private property being merged in collective ownership; no hiring of shops and warehouses, as speculative private trade would have entirely ceased; all hiring of dwelling-houses would be excluded, for there would be a profound repugnance against payment for the better, or better-selected, sites and houses. National credit would be in its nature superfluous—whatever was assigned to the State as an extraordinary requirement could only be obtained by taking it in kind, with constitutional sanction, from the stores, which are public institutions to begin with.

"The producer does not receive his own product in payment for his labour—the object of Socialistic production is, that all shall, by division of labour, produce for one another. The work done by each is estimated in terms of the unit of value of the social labour hour: the better by more, the worse by fewer, fractions of the social labour-time; he would get back the equivalent of his individual labour in the form of social products for his enjoyment. All private incomes, without distinction, would be the income of labour. The

assignment of produce would be accomplished at the public delivery store, as a liquidation of credit for labour rendered.

"Among the Socialists of the present day there are some who raise the 'free' point of view respecting marriage and family life—sometimes to the very level of 'free love.' Even among the well-to-do and educated, 'free love,' like 'free religion,' is theoretically and even practically very widely spread.

"The abolition of private property would raise a strong indirect barrier against any far-reaching disparity of household expenditure, of family training, and of inherited property. The present arrangements for kitchen-work, washing, lighting, heating, &c., would be differently organised, simply because domestic servants would cease to be, and would have to be replaced by mechanical arrangements, and partly by free professional services. Such things as luxurious private kitchens and private drawing-rooms would not be conceivable. The whole configuration of the house would be different—there would be no palaces and no dens of squalor.

"Socialism of the present day is out-and-out irreligious and hostile to the Church; it says the Church is only a police institution for upholding capital, that the Church deserves to perish. The Church, indeed all religion, is fanatically hated by many Socialists. It is simply impossible to predict whether the Christian Church or 'black international,' on the one hand, or the 'red international,' on the other, will govern and influence hearts in the Socialistic state."

Here, then, we have the principles and objects of Socialism, pure and simple. Expressed in the fewest words, they mean:

*Nationally.*—Complete disruption of the Empire; forcible overthrow of the monarchical principle of government, and the substitution for it of an entirely new and novel system in which, all men being equal, the result will be, logically, a State in which no man would be capable of passing judgment upon his fellow, and then, in all probability, anarchy of the worst description would speedily follow.

*Socially.*—Absolute obliteration of every class distinction of society as now existing, and the creation of a common level for all, above which level no single member of the community would be permitted to rise.

*Individually.*—Under any and all circumstances the necessities of life would be universally supplied; but every ordinary incentive to industry and action would be removed; there would be no field for the cultivation of personal ambitions or benevolent aims. Complete subjection to all orders of the State would be enforced, in what form soever that State should be constituted.

Under such a system it is not difficult to forecast the condition to which the people would be speedily reduced. At present the

numbers of the people are so greatly in excess of the capacity of the country to supply them with the necessaries of life that we are compelled to rely upon foreign sources for the supply of our daily-recurring necessities, as is proved by the following details, taken from returns issued by the Government, of the quantities of bread-stuffs, pulse, animals living and dead, &c., imported yearly during the last four years, viz. :

	1889. Cwts.	1890. Cwts.	1891. Cwts.	1892. Cwts.
Wheat .....	58,551,887	60,474,180	66,312,962	64,896,799
Barley .....	17,400,910	16,677,988	17,465,698	14,277,342
Oats .....	15,990,567	12,727,186	16,600,394	15,661,394
Pease .....	1,695,179	1,842,488	2,419,381	2,501,492
Beans .....	3,579,579	3,344,918	3,672,413	4,442,439
Maize .....	36,192,325	43,437,834	26,825,625	35,385,224
Flour .....	14,672,082	16,013,350	16,778,703	22,279,673
Total.....	148,082,529	154,517,944	150,075,176	159,444,363

## LIVE STOCK IMPORTED.

	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.
Cattle.....	555,222	642,596	507,407	502,237
Sheep.....	677,958	358,458	344,504	79,048

## DEAD MEAT IMPORTED.

	1889. Cwts.	1890. Cwts.	1891. Cwts.	1892. Cwts.
Bacon and ham.....	4,484,108	5,000,016	4,715,012	5,134,507
Beef, salt and fresh	1,648,220	2,129,319	2,168,270	2,355,101
Pork .....	386,700	300,106	354,316	360,431
Mutton, fresh .....	1,225,058	1,656,419	1,662,994	1,699,966
Preserved meat.....	641,705	734,811	776,261	799,501
Totals .....	8,385,791	9,820,671	9,676,853	10,349,506

From these immense importations it is evident that the farmers of this country are quite incapable of supplying the daily demands of the people ; and even if, under Socialism, the producers should prove capable, would they not be beaten by the foreigner by the costs of home production ? So that a foreign source of supply would be obtainable at a less cost than the same articles could be raised in the British Isles. There would be no markets anywhere, as the State would make all purchases, and distribute all goods so bought. Under such circumstances the condition of agriculture would be far worse than it is at present, and all the community would suffer in sympathy therewith. Now farming is conducted without a profit—in many cases at serious loss—and scores of farms are lying idle, or are thrown upon the hands of their owners. A few words of Mr. Chamberlain's upon these points are very telling ; he said recently : “ Those people who want you to have a little Empire must make up their minds that with a little Empire will go a little trade. This little kingdom of ours is, after all, but a mere speck upon the surface of the globe, and it would be absolutely im-

possible that, from our own resources alone, we could find employment for our crowded population of 40,000,000 of souls."<sup>1</sup>

The magnitude of the monetary and commercial transactions of this country will be seen from the following returns of the yearly business of the Bankers' Clearing House during the last three years. It amounted—

In 1890 to over	£7,801,000,000
„ 1891        „	6,847,000,000
„ 1892        „	6,481,000,000

For so small a kingdom, what a prodigious amount of commercial activity is here represented, and how enormous must be the wealth that is drawn from these sums by multitudes of people—wealth that spreads a benign influence through all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest!

The net returns accruing to this kingdom annually from dividends payable on *foreign* stocks, bonds, shares, and other investments made outside Great Britain are reckoned by scores of millions; under Socialism all these sources of profit would be cancelled. It is impossible to estimate the immensity of the benefit such perennial springs of prosperity confer upon these islands, but of their influence upon society, and the position in which they have placed Great Britain among the nations of the world, Mr. J. H. Tritton, a leading member of the eminent banking firm of Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co., Lombard Street, thus speaks: "As a banker, I ask you to stand at my side and look into the bill-cases of one or other of the large banks of the City of London. What do we see? Bills drawn from all parts of the world, in respect of every conceivable commodity or product of nature available for the service of man, all represented in terms of British sterling, and all payable in London. Is there any city in the world can show anything like it? Has Protection put any one in possession of a tithe of these millions? No. Whence are the largest amounts drawn? From the great debtor countries of the world—India and the United States. This impresses upon us the fact that England is the great creditor country of the world. All the world owes us for our exports; we have this in common with every other nation; but over and above payment for these all the world owes us a tribute year by year in the shape of freights and interest. We are the great carrying country and the great lending country. Our position as banker and clearing-house, carrier and lender, has been won, not because other nations love us, but by the merits of our policy. . . . Exchanges are good, whether between man and man, or country and country—who can controvert it? The whole history of the nation forms the inspiration of the British character to-day—adaptation to ever-varying circumstances, and a dogged determination

<sup>1</sup> Vide *The Times*, February 6, 1893.



not' to be beaten. But let us weight neither with artificial restraints."<sup>1</sup>

The cessation of these and other sources of wealth will entail incalculable loss upon the nation, and that without any chance of recoupment elsewhere. From land, factories, workshops, houses, all income would be at an end—these would be transformed into parts of a collective capital, the common property of all. All income from bonds, stocks, shares, and every other form of investment would be dried up; the only objects left for man's existence would be to produce and to consume, and that in the simplest forms; as nearly the whole community would be producers, and that mainly of little beyond the necessities of life, with few of its luxuries, whence would come the demand that would give full employment to all in the production of a very limited list of articles? As, from the very nature of things under Socialism, the demands of the public would be of the narrowest limit compatible with life, so the productive power of the State in certain directions would far exceed its consumptive power, and hence the workers would have to cease work and remain idle, or they would have to enter other spheres of production, and work until there also the results of their working became superfluous.

Contemplate for a moment the condition to which this country would be reduced with every private enterprise and every shop closed; all Stock Exchange operations a dream of the past; all dealing in banking, railway, mining, and other shares at an end; no more interest payable for money borrowed, as there would be none to lend, and there would be none in circulation; every description of Consols cancelled, as there would be no more National Debt—the existing National Debt having become an item in the total of "collective capital"; all distinctions between man and man destroyed; all impulse to active individual effort crushed out; every earnest, active labour without reward, and the work of all reduced to one common level and standard! Is this a condition to which to reduce a great and mighty nation—a nation that for many generations has held the foremost place in the history of the world? Granting that there are many and serious evils in existence that affect society, is it yet possible to formulate a shadow of cause for the demands of the Socialists? Are not the evils that Socialism would bring with it ten thousand-fold more terrible, more repugnant, and more humiliating than any that now exist?

Under Socialism the nation would be defenceless, as the Army and Navy would be disbanded. Its active principle, "The Brotherhood of Man," forbids the use of any weapon of war, even in self-defence. It also presupposes the establishment of Socialistic principles in other kingdoms *pari passu* with their existence here,

<sup>1</sup> Vide *The Times*.

and hence there would be no need for defensive preparations. But should France, or Russia, or any other powerful State, continue the present order of society, and determine to capture these islands, what would then become of Socialism?

As, then, nothing is offered by Socialism as a panacea for present social ills but the lifting up of the lowest classes to the level of the artisan, and the bringing down of every class above that level to the same plane, and as the evils it would create are manifestly far greater, vastly more onerous, and profoundly more mischievous and demoralising than any at present existing, it follows that every attempt to establish its principles is opposed to the best interests of the individual, of society, and of the State; that Socialism is visionary, unpractical, destructive, and repulsive to every civilised community, and therefore its condemnation as a system for the betterment of humanity cannot too strongly be pronounced.

J. RUSSELL ENDEAN.

## THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

So much has been said and written on the above subject that it seems a work of supererogation to endeavour to add anything to the existing stock of knowledge. Knowledge, did we say? Is it really all knowledge, well-ascertained truth? Is it purely the golden grain of wisdom, winnowed from the chaff of sham dialectics and biassed reasoning? The answer might be doubtful. This much is certain, that a large part of the literature on the above is a literature *pro domo*, inspired by a desire of the respective writers to buttress foregone conclusions and personal objects. The two rival parties which between themselves dispute the field of Social Ethics—viz., the Individualists on the one side, the Socialists on the other—have seen in the above issue a convenient battle-ground, and have not scrupled, in a good many instances, to deflect economic reasoning in the sense of their own individual predilections. It will be the aim of these lines to hold the balance evenly and to point out what, from an eclectic point of view, are the consequences likely to arise from the legal enforcement (trades union action being practically unavailing) of the eight hours movement. In doing this, it will be chiefly our purpose to follow, on the one hand, the views laid down by Messrs. Sidney Webb and Harold Cox in their well-known work, this being perhaps the most competent exposition that has appeared up to date; and on the other, the arguments, wherever clashing, brought forward by some leaders of the Secularist party.

It will also be understood that we deal with the matter on economic grounds only, this being the one to which all others—i.e., the sanitary viewed from the individual or collective standpoint—must be subordinate; and that we cannot be expected to enter into the particulars affecting the working of the eight hours statute in any given industry or body of industries, such, for instance, as mining.

Neither would it be conducive to our purpose to enter into the wording of the Act calculated to legalise the eight hours movement. This for obvious reasons, chief among which is the consideration that economic facts—and factors—have an awkward tendency to elude the provisions framed by statute for their enforcement (as history shows).

Above all, stress must be laid, in the interest of the reader, on that particular feature appertaining to the science of economics—viz., the inter-dependence, the reciprocity between cause and effect, which renders investigation here so difficult and reduces the student to the position of an explorer in a dark cavern, where he is beset by pitfalls and met by a network of threads projecting themselves at all angles across his path. Little, very little, can be predicted in economic science with apodictic certainty; most of it is correlative, subject to contingency. Thus, given the issue under consideration, it cannot be affirmed beforehand that the short hours movement will either raise wages or lower them; or that it will affect prices, cost of production, or export trade either in a favourable or unfavourable sense; it may do either or neither. All that the economist can say is: Given certain concurrent circumstances, such-and-such a course is likely to be the result. In other words, the economist had better—we beg to submit—be of an eclectic turn of mind. Thus, looking backwards and forwards at the same time, he will be able to draw deep from the well of accumulated knowledge, and, on the other hand, he will not hesitate to predict fearlessly the future.

The starting point of the present inquiry will be the sentence of Mr. Sidney Webb's article in the *Contemporary Review* of November 1889, where he says (p. 875): "The problem is not merely one of wages or of products, but also one of profits, interest, the rate of accumulation, price, the limitation of demand, and international values."

*Product.*—The inquiry under this head, for the moment, can be brief. Seeing how closely this matter is allied with the aspect of wages, it will be dealt with more fully under the following head. For the present, it may be granted that, under the new departure, the total product of the country would not be lessened. How far, however, the individual productivity per worker might be curtailed, is a question which, in a general way, can be answered by contemplating improvements in production and greater stress on the operative; but which, in a more satisfactory way, could only be met by a separate inquiry into each and every industry. Thus, for instance, it is difficult to see how the individual output per eight hours day, in the building and clothing trades, in decorative work, in the printing and lithographic industries, even in the spinning and weaving trades, can be increased. The speed at which spindles can be run has its limit; the operations in which chemical processes—gasmaking, tanning, glass, soap, and alkali industry, &c.—come into play, require a certain time; no intensity of the labourer's work can accelerate them; and, moreover, it is to be feared that the maximum speed consistent with economy has, in most instances, already been attained.

*Wages.*—Here Mr. Webb quotes the well-known dictum of Lord

Macaulay to the effect that a diminution of the hours of labour would not be tantamount to a reduction of wages. His forecast has been fulfilled, no doubt. But why has his prediction come true? Has it been for the reasons which Mr. S. Webb adduces? Hardly. Has the short-hours (at that time the ten-hours) movement any innate virtue, any magic potency, to raise wages? No sane person would suggest this. If wages since the time Lord Macaulay spoke have risen, it has been—does it need to be said?—owing to the expansion of trade, brought about by the greater efficiency of labour, which itself was the result of improved processes of manufacture, superior mechanical skill and appliances, cheaper and more abundant sources of supply of raw material, reduced cost of freight, &c., all of these factors having been brought into play—and here is the essential point—by a quickened desire of the respective employers of labour to counteract the (to them) prejudicial effects of the shortening of the hours of work. Again, is it not true that the rise of wages aforesaid has been due also to the opening of new markets and the extension of old ones? The spread of commerce since Lord Macaulay's day, the predominance of English manufactures abroad, has been such as to fill us with wonder. But now, what are the facts? On all sides we are met by contracting markets, by the unwillingness (had we not better say inability?) of people to increase their expenditure; by Custom-house barriers and international rivalries; by the scanty exchange-resources offered to us from African and Australian wildernesses. Having climbed in the course of the last two generations to the apex of stimulated production—to that goal which, according to Adam Smith and the older economists, we never were to reach—we have arrived now on the opposite face, and are sliding down, more or less obstreperously, on the inclined plane of insufficient consumption. Is it likely that, under such circumstances, the wages of the worker will rise? "The product of labour being the reward of labour"—in a certain platonic sense—the reward will only then *not fall* if, everything else remaining stationary, the cost of production of the respective commodities can be diminished. But what proof have we that it will be reduced? Mr. S. Webb has none to offer. "Because wages have risen since the time of Macaulay's advocacy, we may be sure they will rise henceforward also," he says in substance. Beautiful argument! Can we, or can we not, diminish the cost of production? Can we, or can we not, open up new markets? This is the real point at issue. If we can henceforth introduce such improvements as will materially lower our cost, or increase the stress of labour, or do both, well and good; the danger of the curtailment of hours will not only be averted, but may even be more than compensated. Mr. Webb says that there will be a general rise in wages owing to the universal demand for workers

which will spring up in order to fill up the void created by the shortening of the hours of labour. This is an argument to which we do not attach any weight, for reasons which will be set forth later on. Reverting, however, to our above position, that a reduction in working time can only be prevented from becoming a detriment to the workers themselves on condition of their lowering cost of production (barring other far-reaching contingencies), we go farther and say, there is every likelihood of the workers being made to suffer first and foremost through a diminution in their *real* wages, the purchasing power of their wages. How so? Obviously enough. The elements of the cost of production of any given commodity are three: reward of the capital employed, or interest; the premium paid for the use of land on which the operations are carried on—that is to say, rent; and, lastly, the cost of the labour employed, or wages. We desire to call special attention to the former two of these three factors—namely, *interest* on money employed in the production, and *rental* (including “royalties” and “wayleaves” so far as they are not chargeable on the basis of product obtained) paid for the use of the land where the wealth-producing process has to be carried on. Let us suppose that the eight hours day applies to an industry in which the amount of capital sunk is large, and where the superficies occupied by industrial buildings, plant, is considerable—the consequence will be that the output for eight hours work, all things equal, being correspondingly smaller than the output for ten, and the outlay for fixed charges, rent, interest on capital, sinking fund, being the same as previously, the cost of production of the respective commodity will obviously be enhanced, and the operative, as consumer of the commodities thus produced and rendered *pro tanto* dearer, will be the first one to pay the penalty for his dearly bought leisure. Proofs to illustrate this contention abound. House-rent will rise owing to the increased cost of building, and not only—please observe the fact—will this affect the rent of those houses which have been built under the new system, but it will also tend to induce a rise in the rent of all other buildings previously existing (*vide* Ricardo’s Law of Rent). The same fact will hold good in all other industries—in mines, in agriculture, factories, in shipbuilding yards, public works (the worker being here made to surrender his gain in the form of increased taxation)—unless arrangements of a counteracting nature be adopted.

Not only the *real* wages of the worker will be affected, but his apparent or money wages also. If it be true that there is a proportion—a certain proportion—between work and reward, it goes without saying that the operative cannot expect to receive a ten-hours remuneration for eight hours’ labour. His wages will suffer, although not necessarily *pro rata*, and although, under the stimulus

of increased zeal, higher efficiency, and of possibly widening markets, they might even be enhanced.

In saying this we hope we shall not be accused of endeavouring to uphold the wages-fund "heresy." However ill-conceived and indefinitely expressed Stuart Mill's *dictum* was it cannot be denied that there is a substantial element of truth in it.<sup>1</sup> Might we not say with Adam Smith that "labour is limited by capital," qualifying the sentence in this wise, that wherever capital is embodied in the form of labour-saving machinery the relations between the two will operate to the detriment of the former (*i.e.*, labour), but on the other hand will operate to its advantage wherever the tillage of the soil is the fullest both in intensity and extent, where access to the means of industrial production is freest, and where the channels of distribution are most opened up and developed.

We spoke above of the arrangements calculated to counteract the economically detrimental consequences which are likely to accrue to the workers, and also to the employers, under a short hours day.

First, as to the employers: the urgency of such arrangements to them is manifest. For in seasons of brisk trade it would be impossible for the employer to fill orders within a given period if tied down to a legal working day, unless the Legislature provides him with an escape-valve (as in Switzerland), or unless he erect additional plant (by securing additional capital, the non-obtainment of which may spell ruin for him), and thus in any case consent to the leasing of more extended premises. In any case, he will be placed between the alternative of raising his cost of production, or foregoing orders, or curtailing notably his rate of profit. The remedy for him, as for the worker, is the adoption of double, or half-double shifts. That is to say: by employing in any given industry two gangs of operatives, working either twice eight hours, or eight and four hours respectively. In the latter case, as it would be manifestly unfair to keep one set of workers employed at half-shift only, while the other set were kept working full shifts; justice would demand that the two sets of operatives should relieve each other alternately—that is to say, the fully employed set of one week would in any given trade be the half-employed set of the next week, and *vice versa*. In this wise the average number of hours worked by each individual of the respective gangs would be, in each fortnight, six per working day; but, as the aggregate hours per working day would have been lengthened beyond what exists at present, a reduction of the general rent-charges, &c., would ensue, the cost of production of the respective commodity would have been diminished, and thus, though the money-wage be smaller,

<sup>1</sup> See Prof. A. Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, p. 572. See also Dr. Adolf Wagner, *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, vol. v. p. 337.

the real wage, the purchasing power of the worker, would be considerably enhanced.

This result would of course be much more apparent—in other words, the beneficial effects to the wage-earner would be much more considerable—in the case of double shifts being introduced; say, for instance, in the textile industries. Every factory-owner is anxious, as a rule, to work his establishment with the least stoppage possible; the longer he runs the better. Whether he works single, double, or treble shifts, his charges for interest on capital sunk and rent on land are the same, and those for depreciation of plant would be but slightly enhanced; while the worker, *as a consumer*, would benefit to the extent of the lowered price of the respective commodities produced.

In this connection, we may say a word with regard to the internal or domestic working of the Eight Hours Act, irrespective, we mean, of its relation to general economic laws.

In all industries which for the very sake of their existence have to be carried on day and night without interruption—such, for instance, as the iron and steel making industry, most metallurgical processes, and a great many mines—the application of the eight hours system would of course be quite easy and obvious.

In a number of other industries which, owing to the change of seasons, owing to climatic conditions, and owing to the remoteness of the scene of operations from the residence of the workers, have to be carried on intermittently or with greater vigour at certain periods of the year, it would be necessary that the respective trades settle among themselves a variable length of the working day in such wise as to bring about a due and proper compensation, and to establish an average for the year equal to an eight hours day. We will mention here as cases for the first instance the building and (to a certain extent) the decorating trades, outdoor painters, brick-makers, &c.; as instances for the second case, the hewers and providers of natural ice (a very important industry in Canada and the United States of America); and as illustrations for the third point, we would mention the fishing industry in general, and also the case of the American woodcutters (Minnesota, Michigan), where the industry can be carried on only in winter, and where the village residences of the respective woodcutters are situate at a considerable distance from the scene of operations. In all those occupations, and in a great many others, it would be necessary that the respective trades, taking one week with another, should bring about a distribution of the hours of labour for the whole of the year, giving an average of eight per day.

It may be appropriate in this connection, and before proceeding with the review of Mr. S. Webb's paper, to enter into an argument which is often brought forward by Socialists, but which, it seems



to us, has never been adequately worked out. When Socialists are desirous of impressing upon a doubtful working-class audience the excellence of an eight hours movement, they never fail to extol its many beneficent results in the way of absorbing the vast army of the unemployed, and, by converting these into active workers, of giving a new stimulus to trade and an all-round spurt to industry at large. This argument, it will be admitted, looks rather plausible, but at the same time it is, we think, a fallacious one. To begin with: the absorption of the army of the unemployed into the ranks of the workers would not, in the first instance, raise wages unless it were accompanied by a simultaneous expansion of trade (which it is, of course, futile to expect); but the absorption aforesaid would have this good effect, that it would diminish our poor-rates—in other words, alleviate one of the numerous burdens the active worker has to bear at present. It would do good also in another way: it would remove from the worker that sword of Damocles which constantly hangs over his head; we mean that fear of dismissal, of curtailment of wages, that dread of lessened reward and increased hardship which constantly threatens him, at least in the unskilled ranks of labour, as long as there is that standing menace of an army of unemployed by his side. But when we have mentioned these two points in favour of the above contention, we fear nothing can be added. More, however, there is to be said on the other, on the adverse side of the argument. In order to deal with this contention fairly, it is necessary to look at the workman thus enrolled in his double capacity as a *consumer* and as a *producer* of commodities.

Let us look upon him first as a consumer—as a consumer, we mean, of the necessaries of life, of articles of food. Suppose the statute enacting the eight hours labour day has come into force; what is the consequence so far as the demand for foodstuffs is concerned? At once there enter as competitors into the food markets of the world all those formerly unemployed whom it had been the intention to relieve by curtailing the fully employed operatives' hours of labour. Now, as every physiologist knows, there are two great classes of foodstuffs entering, in different proportions, into the diet of every human being: the non-nitrogenous or starchy, and the nitrogenous or non-starchy substances. The former comprise all classes of cereals, potatoes, rice, Indian corn, &c.; the latter comprise meat of all kinds, game, poultry, eggs, and so forth. Now it is evident that the non-employed becoming at once fully employed through the operation of the above statute, they will forthwith enter the food markets of the world as active competitors not only for the breadstuffs, but also for the higher and more nutritious substances, such as meat, game, poultry, eggs, &c. This increased competition for the foodstuffs

of the world will, in our opinion, not have a perceptible influence so far as cereals or bread stuffs alone are concerned, but *it will* have a very perceptible effect so far as the higher grades of food, that is to say, the nitrogenous substances aforesaid, are concerned. Why? A slight acquaintance with the circumstances under which the production of food takes place all over the world will show that, whereas breadstuffs belong to the category of commodities producible in increased quantities either at the same or at a slightly advanced cost, the nitrogenous foods, that is to say, meat, game, poultry, eggs, &c., belong to the category of commodities the augmented production of which *can only go on at an increased cost.*

The consequences of this fact are far more portentous than would appear at first sight. For not only will the price of high-class foodstuffs be raised with regard to one section of the workers only (the formerly unemployed), but with regard to the whole working community at large; and a glance at the numerical strength of the surplus army (say three millions, in order to make up for the deficiency of "time" caused by the contraction of working hours on a total of thirteen million wage-earners) will bring home, even to a superficial mind, the enormous pressure of such an additional effective demand.

We have thus dealt with the position of the formerly unemployed worker, and his influence as a competitor in the food markets of the world. We now proceed to examine his influence as a consumer, not of foodstuffs, but of manufactured goods. This aspect of the case can be dismissed in two words.

The manufacturing capabilities of this country—and of every highly industrialised nation of the globe—being so enormous, so much in excess of requirements, it is quite evident that any surplus demand created by the formerly unemployed will only have a nominal effect on the "trade" of the nation, will pass by almost unnoticed. Our manufacturing facilities, our plant and mills for producing yarns and woollens, clothing or hosiery, boots and shoes, crockery or hardware, are so enormous, that the active demand of two to three million additional consumers would neither alter prices nor affect wages in a perceptible or lasting degree; it would simply put so much more money as additional profit into the pockets of factory owners and of ground landlords.

Having thus considered the influence of the absorption of the unemployed (or partially employed) on *consumption*, it remains to examine the effects of the same in relation to *production*. This also can be disposed of briefly, especially when the ulterior economic consequences of heightened industrial production are duly taken note of.

Whether the work of the nation be done by, say, six millions of individuals making sixty hours per week, or by eight millions working forty-five hours, or by seven and a half millions working

forty-eight hours per week, the result is all the same so far as the industrial aspect of the case—the output, in one word—is concerned. To curtail the hours of labour in order to make room for new-comers, seem to us to be a case of Peter divesting himself of his mantle in order to clothe Paul. Not even the argument of greater production per head of the working population can be invoked, for it can hardly be said that seven and a half million of workers, working each eight hours a day, will do more work than six million of workers working each ten hours. Mr. Webb, however, seems to lay stress (pp. 144, 165, &c.) on the fact that in the former case the operatives, having had their morning meal before beginning (at 8 A.M.) can get through their day's work with one break only. To this it might be answered that, were the ten hours (resp. nine hours) day to be maintained, nothing is to prevent from beginning operations at the hour suggested (8 A.M.), thus giving operatives the desired opportunity for breakfast; work could then be carried on without intermission from 8 A.M. until 1 P.M., and from 2 P.M. to 7 P.M. Experience in factories on the Continent, at any rate, has shown that no break need occur during a five hours "stretch"; this consideration varying, however, materially according to the stress of labour demanded from the operative.

However, assuming that there were a surplus of production over the old or actual system, the consequence would be that, in order to dispose of this surplus production of manufactured commodities, and seeing that all industrial production is *possible* only on the basis of a correspondingly increased return from the land—speaking generally, the consequence will be that new markets would have to be opened up either abroad or at home. To do this abroad would seem to be increasingly difficult under the keen system of international competition actually existing; to do it at home would seem to be even more so, seeing that large agricultural domains are jealously guarded by the stern portals of the law, these stern portals being themselves clogged with all kinds of parasitic growth, privilege, and monopoly.

Clearly considered, the eight hours movement, economically and socially viewed, is, so to speak, the battering-ram of a moving force hidden behind it, of a force which most persons do not seem to discern, and which its own advocates do not care to disclose. If we are prepared to say the word, let us say it: the eight hours movement, from whatever standpoint we may choose to study it, whether from that of insufficient reward to labour, entailing as a double alternative either the utter extinction of some industries, or the abrogation of all interest on capital and rental on land, or whether we regard it from the standpoint of necessity of opening up new markets and settling the agricultural population on the soil, is in reality the preparatory step to a new system of society, is in truth

the entrance-hall to the temple of Socialism. It would not be the thin end, it would be the middle of the wedge of Socialism.

With regard to the influence of the short hours movement on the question of wages, it is often urged that the main profit accruing to the workers from the scheme lies in the disappearance of that huge reserve army of unemployed which at present hangs like a millstone round their necks, thwarting all their efforts towards a higher reward of labour. But to this it may be replied that the argument is more weighty in appearance than in reality. For, with regard to the *skilled* artisan class, the margin of unemployed at large has always been, and is to-day, virtually non-existent, seeing that these trades are grouped into close corporations, access to which is only permitted so far as the circumstances of the respective trade or the commercial conditions of the country at large at a given moment may allow. It may even be argued that the trade union leaders proceed in this matter with a rigour and an exclusiveness which are not always creditable to them. With regard to the *unskilled* trades, it is no doubt likely that, by curtailing the hours of labour, the "margin" could be absorbed, and thus the standing menace could be removed. But the answer to this is twofold. For, even were it not certain—which it undoubtedly is—that the depletion thus created would rapidly be filled up by the natural increase of population, the fact still remains that the unskilled worker, by consenting to a reduction of the hours of labour, and absorbing into his ranks the army of the unemployed, would have lost in earning power what he would have gained in increased permanency of employment: his position would not be one whit the better; gaining on one side, he would have equally surrendered on the other.

Having thus dealt with the objection of our Socialistic friend, we proceed to discuss the influence of the eight hours movement on the aspect of *wages*, following to this effect Mr. Sidney Webb sentence by sentence. He says under this head on page 876 (*Contemporary Review*): "A general reduction in the hours of labour is precisely equivalent to a diminution of the supply of labour daily offered for sale to the employers."

This assertion calls for a close scrutiny. On the face of it, the contention would seem to be perfectly true; but it is so apparently and ostensibly only. The total of working hours, as embodied in the number of short hours operatives, would be smaller per week than it was before; but the number of working hours daily available in the aggregate would remain just the same as it had been formerly. Under the new departure there is an amount of labour-force hidden, stored away as it were; it is *latent*, speaking in the language of physics, waiting only for a favourable opportunity to spring forth and to make its influence felt. Suppose the workers feel that they have spare energy left over and above the eight hours demanded

from them per day; suppose they feel the reward, the *real* wages attributed to them for an eight hours day is not commensurate with their wants (an emergency very likely to arise); then they will be sorely tempted to break through their self-imposed restraint and make the eight hours day illusory. The amount of labour-force available, the potential energy represented in the workers as a body, is precisely the same as it was before. The result, as instanced by the introduction of additional workers and measured by the national output, will be precisely the same; we will only have succeeded in spreading the work to be performed over a greater (labour-) area. But will the reward to the individual artisan be a larger one? So far as the individual employer is concerned, he can afford to be quite indifferent in the matter (broadly speaking); what he aims at—and necessarily must aim at—is to secure a given output—whether this output be coal or ironstone, yards of cloth, or cases of boots—within a given time for a certain maximum sum to be laid out in wages. Whether this outlay in wages is to be spread over, say, 600 men working each ten hours per day, or over 800 men working each seven-and-a-half hours, or over 750 men working each eight hours, can be, and is, quite indifferent to the employer—in each case he has to pay for 6000 working hours per week, no more, no less. We would refer, in this connection, to an interesting paper read by Professor Munro before the Political Economy Branch of the National Liberal Club, London.

The essence of Professor Munro's lecture—which even himself did not lay sufficient stress upon—is that the employer of labour makes up his mind to get a certain amount of produce—whether raw or manufactured produce it does not matter—out of his workshop, factory, or mine, whatever it is—in a given time, and *he also decides what is the maximum sum of money he can give for getting that produce.* If he can give it, it is really of little consequence to him whether he distributes it among fifty or a hundred people, or *how long* each individual works in order to turn out that produce. If he cannot give it, there would seem to be an end to the matter; that is to say, the employer stands then before this alternative: either he must secure a higher efficiency of his output, or he must suspend his operations, temporarily at least, until prices have attained to a higher level, or he must stop his operations altogether—that is to say, he goes to the wall. No other contingency would seem to be discernible.

We come back to the proposition of Mr. Sidney Webb, that "A general reduction in the hours of labour is precisely equivalent to a diminution of the supply of labour daily offered for sale to the employers." Now, we insist, this statement is a very plausible one on the face of it, but at the same time it is exceedingly misleading. No doubt "a general reduction in the hours of labour is equivalent

to a diminution of the supply of labour " as embodied in the respectively available number of short-hour operatives ; but it is not at all equivalent to a diminution of the supply of labour available in the aggregate, to the *collective* supply of labour. Surely Mr. Sidney Webb cannot ignore the fact—patent to every impartial observer—that *there would not be* the same number of hands offering to work under the eight hours plan as there were formerly under the ten hours system ; *there would be far more*, owing to the fact that all the formerly unemployed operatives would rush in and fill up the void created by the reduction of the hours of labour. This void would be met not only from the ranks of the home supply both in skilled and unskilled trades (the unions have generally a " reserve army " of unemployed, varying between 7 per cent. and 15 per cent. of their number ; moreover, these bodies represent altogether but one-ninth of the total working community), but by immigration from abroad. From all quarters of the world, from the United States, from Canada, Australia, not to forget the Continent of Europe, artisans would flock in, expecting to find here, with reduced working hours, an unaltered rate of pay. Consequently his whole contention as to the supply of labour getting diminished, and as to wages being raised, falls to the ground. In spite of this, and proceeding on his vitiated assumption, he continues : " The demand (for labour, he means) remaining the same (as there is the same amount of product required), the value will inevitably rise." Now we have shown that the supply does not decrease, that the amount of labour available *in the aggregate* would be the same, consequently the value, the reward of labour, would not rise.

For reasons adduced above, it is even extremely likely that its value would fall ; in other words that wages, both money wages and real wages, would decrease. Mr. Webb's view is, indeed, alluring, and seems to be borne out by figures. For if we assume the total number of adult workers in the United Kingdom to be ten millions equivalent to (actually) 600 million working hours per week, and if we consider their working time, curtailed by one-fifth, to be 480 million hours per week, it follows that  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million additional workers, at the new standard of time, will have to be set going in order to furnish the working quota required by the national output. Yet, prodigious though this figure be, and though a temporary maintenance of the old rate of wages might be expected, yet it will not be forgotten that this vast surplus of human labour could easily be furnished both from the home supply and from the enormous horde of unemployed swarming all over the globe ; and also that it would largely be counteracted by the increasing adoption of mechanical appliances and labour-saving processes.

Then Mr. Webb goes on to say (p.22): " Every employer admittedly expects to have to pay more in wages." Not by any means ; why

should he? Every employer expects and knows beforehand that he will only pay under the eight hours system the same wage per hour as he paid formerly under the ten hours; and he knows also that he will stoutly resist the demand for enhanced wages—should it be made—unless the prosperous or relatively prosperous state of his industry will allow him to do so. Why does the employer, generally speaking, oppose the eight hours movement as he has indeed—often unreasonably and even inhumanly—opposed all movements for the limitation of the hours of labour? Not because he is hostile intrinsically, or even afraid of an increase in the rate of wages, as Mr. Webb would have us believe (the employer has excellent reasons for not being afraid of that), but because he foresees that under the eight hours movement the *cost of production* of the respective commodities will be so much enhanced (for reasons we have given above) as to preclude the possibility of his successfully competing with his foreign, that is to say Continental and American rivals; and that further, in order to counteract this rise in prices, he will have, so far as practicable, to introduce new machinery, new supplies, and processes, which, of course, means ruinous depreciation of his old plant. This is the reason, the real reason, of the “bitter and persistent opposition of employers to each successive reduction upon the hours of labour”; but Mr. Sidney Webb, not aware of this fact, and aiming only at strengthening his own position—viz., that employers are actuated only by a fear of the rise in wages—goes on to say: “If wages were really expected to fall in proportion to the shortening of hours, the employer would have but little motive in resisting the shortening.” Quite true; but since the employer opposes the shortening of hours, does it necessarily follow that he does so from a fear of an increase in wages? Not by any means. The employer, generally speaking, does not resist a shortening of the hours of labour on the ground of his being compelled to pay higher wages; he resists it on the ground of *cost of production being raised* (without speaking of the direct loss entailed on himself through depreciation of plant, patents, &c.), and therefore on the ground of his being *unable to withstand international competition*. And proceeding in consonance with my own views, Mr. Webb goes on to say: “He, the employer, would have no motive at all in resisting the shortening of the hours of labour, provided he works his labour in shifts.” Quite so; whoever said he did? We do not anticipate there is a single employer either in this country or in the United States of America or elsewhere, who does object to the eight hours day combined with shifts, unless it be on the paltry ground of the inconvenience caused through the change of hands when the respective shifts begin and end.

The final part of Mr. S. Webb's paper as to the influence of the eight hours movement on the question of *wages*, is to our mind, not

satisfactory. And first of all it is not clear; perhaps—Mr. Webb will pardon us for saying it—by design and intent of the author. He says first, clearly enough, no doubt, on p. 877: "It is, however, sometimes objected that this rise in wages would be counteracted by a diminution in demand for labour, due either to diminished production, or to a rise in price. We have seen that the assumption of an aggregate diminution of production is an illegitimate one, and that even an increase might conceivably be looked for. This fact of itself implies the maintenance of the aggregate 'demand.'" Now this argument is, first of all, vitiated by Mr. Webb continuing to assume a rise in wages, an assumption which, as we have shown above, cannot be admitted. If this rise in wages were to take place, the consequence might be, as he points out, either diminished production, or a rise in price. We are quite ready to admit that diminished production is not to be apprehended, but we do contend that without a rise in wages taking place, there will be a rise in prices (owing to circumstances we have set forth above), and consequently there will be not what he so strenuously asserts, a maintenance of the aggregate demand, but a falling off of the same. After this sentence of Mr. Webb there comes a passage quoted from Professor Cairnes: "The total demand of a community would, under such circumstances, be represented by all the commodities and services there offered in exchange for other commodities and services; and these would also constitute the total supply in that community." This passage, if it means anything, is to our mind nothing but a commonplace, and a badly worded one at that.

Another passage is quoted by Mr. Webb, in which Professor Cairnes asks: "Why should the nine hours movement (or, for that matter, the eight hours movement) affect the relations between commodities in general and money?" It seems to us somewhat surprising that a University professor should ask such a question, and more surprising still that Mr. Webb should not seem to see his way to give the reply. The nine (and proportionally the eight hours) movement *will* affect the relations between commodities in general and money. As shown above, it will, all things being equal, render commodities in general *dearer*—that is to say, it will *depreciate* the value of money, and therefore diminish the purchasing power of wages.

A line lower down, Mr. Webb goes on to say: "Even granting, however, that some commodities might rise in price, the rise would, *c. hypothese*, merely equal the increased amount paid in wages, so that, in the worst possible case, the 'real wages' of the whole wage-earning class could not be less than before." Mr. Webb grants here that *some* commodities might rise in price; and the fear of this contingency is not at all counterbalanced by his assumed rise in the rate of wages: an assumption which we have



seen is an unwarranted one. He then proceeds: "It is, however, almost certain that the necessary absorption of a large portion of the 'reserve army of industry,' the unemployed and the partially employed, would so strengthen the power of labour in its negotiations with the employer, as to enable it to obtain even a rise in real wages by an Eight Hours Bill." Does this mean that the *real* wages of the worker, should they be in sufferance through the operation of the Eight Hours Act, had best be enhanced by some means of practical Socialisation, whether of articles of consumption (national stores for the distribution of food, &c.), or through granting him relief from certain public burdens, as by the municipalisation of ground rents, erection of free dwellings, State-feeding of school children? Mr. Webb adds, somewhat mysteriously, "That this has been the result of previous Factory Acts is undoubted." True; but success then has been obtained on the lines of improved industrial production and of opened markets, but not through Socialistic enactments, as Mr. Webb seems to convey at present.

We have thus dealt at length with the influence of the eight hours movement on *wages*, because this, to the wage-earning class at any rate, is the most important aspect of the issue; and we can therefore deal more briefly with its influence on the aspect of prices, of international competition and export trade, on the rate of profit, and of accumulation of capital. Turning first to its influence on

*Prices.*—The reader will readily infer, from what we have said already, that a general, an all-round rise in the price of commodities is likely to take place. This rise will be comparatively the greatest where the amount of capital employed—whether for raw material, for plant, for tools, &c.—is the largest, and where the superficies covered by the respective undertaking is the most considerable, it being understood that the return for capital employed—*i.e.*, interest—and the return for land occupied—*i.e.*, rent—will accrue in an inverse *ratio* to the output respectively secured; that is to say, in all cases, where the product for eight hours work has not been equal to the product of the former ten hours day, the cost of production will have been *pro tanto* enhanced. And be it observed again that the workman himself pays, in increased cost of consumption, the advantage he may have derived otherwise from a shortening of the hours of labour. Of course, the contingency of a *fall* in prices of certain commodities under the eight hours movement, *quod* eight hours movement, is altogether problematical, although it is not denied that other agencies may arise conducive to such a result.

*International Trade.*—Here Mr. S. Webb goes with much ingenuity into an elaborate argument in order to show that international trade does not depend on the superiority of one country over another, a view which always has been held, and is commonly held to-day. He even goes so far as to say that: "Were the

expenses of production of all commodities raised and with them their prices, it may be shown that the total exports would not be reduced." We must confess, with due diffidence, that we entertain a deep distrust of paradox, especially in the field of economics. An eminent writer of modern days, Mr. Oscar Wilde, we believe, has said that "paradoxes are dangerous things." For ourselves, we would (1) rather stand to the homely and common-sense view that each nation produces and exports in greatest abundance, and with most advantage, that for which it has the greatest—either natural or acquired—facilities. We are told by Mr. S. Webb that "we find ourselves profitably exporting cotton goods to America, woollens to Australia, knives to Sweden, and copper kettles to New South Wales, although these could all be produced with less labour on the spot." Does Mr. Webb say this in order to prove that we—British labour being the most efficient—can afford to go into the eight hours movement with less risk to ourselves than any of the aforesaid countries? Perhaps he does. But, albeit it is a truism, we will not only repeat the contention laid down above, but we will also say (2) that among all the industrial nations of the earth there is a tendency to equalisation of production; that is to say, in their mutual struggles they aim at securing the advantages of their rivals: cheap and efficient labour, low rate of interest, latest improvements in tools and processes, cheap transportation of goods, &c.; so that it is only a matter of time when each nation will be able, not only to supply its own wants, but also to underbid its rivals in their own markets. We have not gone into statistics of commercial exports, but we should be rather surprised to find, in a general way, that cotton goods are the bulk of British exports to America, woollens the bulk of British exports to Australia, knives the bulk of British exports to Sweden, and copper kettles the bulk of British exports to New South Wales. For we do not think that they are. And (3), if it is pointed out, as John Stuart Mill has done, that "England might import corn from Poland, and pay for it in cloth, even though England had a decided advantage over Poland in the production of both the one and the other," and when Mr. Webb says (page 879 and page 116), "We weave our wheat on Rochdale looms," &c.—then that proves mainly that the situation of the country is unhealthy, that the production of foodstuffs has been unduly hampered, while manufacturing industries have been nursed to such a pitch of magnitude as to allow of the curtailment of the hours of labour without danger to the industry of the nation, though not without serious drawbacks to the social and ethical status of the workers themselves.

In proof of this let us inquire into the agricultural possibilities of the United Kingdom, as laid down in a recent issue of a London weekly. We there find the statement:

"If the soil of the United Kingdom were cultivated only as it was thirty years ago, 24,000,000 people instead of 17,000,000 could live on home-grown food; and that culture, while giving occupation to at least 750,000 men, would give nearly 8,000,000 wealthy home customers to the British manufacturers. If the 1,590,000 acres on which wheat was grown thirty years ago—only these, and not more—were cultivated as the fields are cultivated now in England under the allotment system, which gives on the average forty bushels per acre, the United Kingdom would grow food for 27,000,000 inhabitants out of 35,000,000. If the now cultivated area of the United Kingdom (80,000 square miles) were cultivated as the soil is cultivated on the average in Belgium, the United Kingdom would have food for 37,000,000 inhabitants; and it might export agricultural produce, without ceasing to manufacture, so as freely to supply all the needs of a wealthy population. And, finally, if the population of this country came to be doubled, all that would be required for producing the food for 70,000,000 inhabitants would be to cultivate the soil as it is cultivated in the best farms of this country, in Lombardy, and in Flanders, and to cultivate the meadows, which at present lie almost unproductive around the big cities, in the same way as the neighbourhoods of Paris are cultivated by the Paris *marais*. All these are not fancy dreams, but mere realities; nothing but modest conclusions from what we see round about us, without any allusion to the agriculture of the future.

"(Signed) PIERRE KRAPOTKIN."

It is clear, therefore, that were British soil cultivated only to a moderate extent of its capabilities, the country would be, agriculturally speaking, self-supporting, without losing the advantage of its facilities for export; it would find its best customers at home, and might receive, moreover, supplementary wealth, as much as it liked, from foreign nations. Thus our contention above—the contention of common-sense and of ordinary experience—would seem to be borne out.

Proceeding further, Mr. S. Webb goes on to say (page 879 and page 117): "If the cost of labour entered in equal proportion into the expense of production of all commodities, no shortening of hours or rise of wages would effect the relative advantage of one occupation over another, and, accordingly, this would also have no influence whatsoever on our international trade."

Now, the latter part of this sentence is, to say the least of it, startling. With the former part of the sentence it is easy to be in accordance. But what we must take exception to is the second part—the "and accordingly." It is not at all an "accordingly"; it is a case of *non-sequitur*. The second part of the sentence does not at all follow from the former. And, first of all, the contention misses the mark. It is not primarily a question of the cost of

labour; for, as we have shown above, money wages, under the short hours' system, are not likely to rise, and "real" wages are almost sure to fall. But it is a question of *the cost of production*, and this is the point Mr. Webb has missed. What has to be considered in international competition is *the cost of production*—that is to say, a factor into which the cost of labour enters no doubt as an element, but only as a subsidiary element: there are other elements quite as important, which go towards making up the cost of production, such as interest on capital, rent on land, restrictions on trade, &c.; and all these elements play a decisive part in the cost of production of any given commodity. It is a truism in economics as well as in arithmetic to say that "two factors which are equal each to a third, are also equal," *inter se*—cost of labour, *ex hypothesi* equal 50 per cent. of the cost of production; all other elements, *ex hypothesi* equal 50 per cent. of the cost of production; then, obviously, cost of labour equals the sum of all other elements entering into the cost of production—but this statement teaches us nothing. It is altogether different when Mr. Webb, out of a commonplace, draws this utterly reckless conclusion: "And accordingly, this would also have no influence whatsoever on our international trade." Now, does this sentence really want replying to? Suppose we curtail the hours of work to the fullest—that is to say, we reduce the producing capacity of the worker, or, in other words, we stifle and cramp the industries of the nation as a whole—does that affect the relative advantages or disadvantages, the relative inferiority or superiority, of one industry as against the other, with reference to the cost of production? Not in the least. It is evident, therefore, that, although Mr. Webb's premiss must be granted—namely, "If the cost of labour . . . one occupation over another," the conclusion which he draws therefrom—namely, "and accordingly . . . on our international trade," cannot be granted for one moment—unless, indeed, the eight hours movement has become truly a living reality among all nations, a contingency which does not seem to enter into Mr. S. Webb's anticipations.

Mr. Webb feels the unsoundness of his own position so much, that two lines lower down he exclaims: "This conclusion may be derided by the practical man"—and, indeed, so it will, it must be. Mr. Webb, however, is comforting himself with the assurance that he is keeping on the side of the unanimous economists, and enumerates those reasons which, from a practical man's point of view, would seem to vindicate his position: (1) because former reductions of the hours of labour have not adversely affected our export trade; (2) because the English cotton-spinner works fewer hours than his foreign competitors and finds their competition keenest where their hours are shortest; (3) because it has been predicted and empirically proved that the reduction would not

affect prices generally; and (4) because other countries are rapidly increasing their factory legislation also. Out of these four reasons, it seems to us the last only is the really valid one as regards this issue—viz., international trade as affected by the short hours movement. The reasons adduced under Nos. 1, 2, 3 are more apparent than real. With regard to reason No. 1, it will easily be seen, bearing in mind what we have said already, that this cannot be a sound argument. With regard to No. 2, it is to be observed, the fact being admitted, that the reason of the English textile operative competing successfully lies in the fact of his battling not against longer hours, but against the less improved processes and mechanical appliances, plant and engineering skill of his foreign rivals; that, moreover, these difficulties are, more or less rapidly, being overcome, and that, so far as the Massachusetts textile operative is concerned, his "short hours" are more apparent than real, it having been ascertained by the Massachusetts Labour Bureau, and by common observation, that the so-called legal eight hours day is often infringed by mutual consent. This fact simplifies the issue and confirms again our original view, viz., that all shortening of the hours of labour, if it is not to redound to the detriment of the national industry and of the workers themselves, must be accompanied by improvements in processes of manufacture, by greater stress of labour, by cheapened means of transport, &c., factors equal or superior to that of the curtailment of the hours of work. This being so, the third of the reasons given by Mr. Webb does not need consideration: it is met by the above. As to his fourth reason, we have already said that this is the only sound and valid one. Then Mr. Webb adds a fifth one, which, so far as it goes, is perfectly unimpeachable, viz., that foreign competition would not be at all concerned in purely national and local trade, such as railway and transportation services, domestic supplies, &c. But against this fact it must be urged that the bulk of the industries of the British Kingdom are precisely those which supply articles for export—that is to say, which have to withstand international competition, and, therefore, those which would be most sensitive to any restrictions, either of time or otherwise, curtailing the productive power of labour.

*Demand.*—It is evident that the demand for any commodity, all things being equal, is the direct and proportionate consequence of the price of that commodity (within certain limits either way, of course); therefore, the treatment of this point would hardly seem to have been necessary. However, as Mr. Webb has seen fit to make a special chapter of it, we cannot avoid following him. At the very outset he challenges criticism when he says (page 880 and page 118): "There may arise, in the cases where prices are raised (*i.e.*, in trades using relatively little machinery and inexpensive raw material)," &c. Our view, in the case, is precisely the opposite.

We should submit that, under the new movement, prices would be likely to be raised precisely in those trades where most machinery and where the most expensive materials are used, because there the fixed or permanent charges are the heaviest, and because, under an output curtailed by a short working day, these charges must necessarily affect disastrously the cost of production—that is to say, the price. In industries situated contrariwise, of course the opposite view would hold good. We can afford, however, to agree with the sequel of Mr. Webb, namely, that a shifting of demand for labour may result. And as this shifting of labour, by direct implication, is the consequence of the curtailment of the working staff in some industries, and of its absolute displacement in others, we thus have again a vindication of the position we took up in a former part of this paper, viz., that the beneficial effects of the eight hours movement would be counteracted by the pressure of population, this counteracting influence making itself doubly felt—(1) by the “reserve army of the unemployed” filling up the void caused by the shortening of hours; and (2) by the displacement of workers from the “extinguished” industries rushing in to the same effect.

The next paragraph of Mr. Webb as to the East-End industries and the sweated workers there will not be disputed by any well-wisher to the human race. His intentions no doubt are praiseworthy; how far they can be carried out without prejudice to the workers from an economic point of view is of course another aspect of the question. But it is necessary to note this passage of Mr. Webb because it proves, on the obverse side, the truth of the very proposition which runs through the whole of this paper—viz., “that short hours would tend to raise the price of commodities.” Here Mr. Webb virtually admits that some of the East-End cheap industries are *possible* only because the operatives engaged therein are overworked as to time. As, under a system of short hours production, he foresees the extinction of these very same industries, it follows evidently that shortening of the hours of labour must have the effect of raising the cost of production, not only in these but very likely in most other commodities. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Proceeding, Mr. Webb says : “The notion of work being ‘found’ for the worker is a widespread but stupid fallacy.” We must say that this is rather harsh language for what is after all an undisputable economic truth. Whether work be “found,” or “organised,” or “started” for the worker, does not matter; it is only a quibble about words. Mr. Webb rails at the word because it jars on his Socialist susceptibilities, but he cannot suppress the *fact* that whether the owner of the means of production be the Socialist commonwealth or a private individual: only so far as there

does exist capital in its broadest and widest sense, and only so far as this capital increases in productiveness and extent—only so far can additional workers be taken on and employed beneficially, both to themselves and to the community at large. Of course this does not mean to say that, given land and labour, capital is always indispensable; what it means is that labour cannot accomplish anything of permanent value unless assisted by the result of previous accumulation.

*Rate of Profit.*—Having shown, to his own satisfaction, that the curtailment of the hours of labour cannot be to the detriment either of wages or of production, of demand or of international trade, nor of price, Mr. Webb naturally concludes that it must be to the detriment of profit. Now here we are willing to agree with him, at least to a certain extent. We are willing to admit that profit, both as to its quantitative rate and as to its collective return, will be adversely affected. It will be so—(1) as to its quantitative rate, because under the increasing stress of competition brought about by the raised cost of production capital will be forced to make some concession; and it will be so forced (2), as to its collective return, because under the new movement the national output of commodities may be so much smaller. And as profit can only accrue quantitatively, in proportion to the number and value of the goods produced, it follows that under a system which curtails the production of the nation the collective profit must be lessened. A lessened production is here contemplated, not on account of any diminished potentiality in its manufacturing and other facilities, but through the slackening effect exercised owing to the rise of the cost of production. We are also inclined to agree with Mr. Webb when he says that in consequence of this diminution of profit the rate of interest will tend to fall. But what we are not prepared to admit is that the "loss produced by a further shortening of the hours of labour" (page 881 and page 120) "is to fall only on the recipients of interest and dividends." Mr. Webb does not say "only," true; but he means it. What we do say is that a large share of the loss, both in proportion and in extent, is sure to fall upon the workers themselves as consumers of the commodities produced. To be sure we have no proof to give of this, nor has Mr. Webb either as to his side of the contention; it is only our conviction, and the future will prove which of us is right. As to his final sentence under this head, namely, "a similar rise in the margin of cultivation," &c., this is beyond dispute, and we sincerely endorse it.

*Increase of Capital.*—The contentions of Mr. Webb under this head, although in the main judicious, cannot be adopted without some important reservations. Although the impracticability be admitted of transplanting capital, which to a very large extent (say nine-tenths) is represented by fixed plant, machinery, and buildings, yet it should not be forgotten that the annual savings of the United

Kingdom—a large part of which has gone hitherto into home improvements—are in the form of liquid, or almost immediately liquid capital; ready, therefore, for investment abroad. But even if other nations were not “increasing their factory legislation parallel with our own advance” (page 882 and page 121)—in Austria and France, not to speak of Russia, there is a strong opposition to legislative action on the subject, while in Germany, Italy, and Belgium the movement is looked upon almost as a dream, and even in the United States is still doubtful—yet it may fearlessly be asserted, bearing in mind the vast superiority of England with regard to machinery and plant, cheaper sources of supply, greater shipping facilities, and enormous working capacity in general, that it need entertain no fear on that subject, at least not from its Continental rivals, nor in the immediate future.

*Summing-up.*—We now come to the final part of Mr. Sidney Webb's interesting essay. This is how he winds up (page 882 and page 121):—“A general shortening of the hours of labour may slightly decrease the average productivity per worker, but will, by absorbing a part of the unemployed, probably increase the total production of the community; supply, and therefore demand, will, in the aggregate, not be diminished; no effect will be produced upon prices generally, but some variations up and down may take place in the prices of some particular commodities; some industries may, therefore, be diminished, whilst others are increased; some few products may no longer be worth producing once the labour employed is properly treated; wages generally are more likely to be raised than lowered, though it is possible that they may remain stationary, or even temporarily droop, in a few industries; the aggregate payment in wages will almost certainly be larger, and that for interest on capital smaller than before; the total export trade will almost certainly not be affected, though it may be somewhat varied in its composition; and the main permanent results are likely to be a rise in ‘real time wages’ and a fall in the normal rate of loan interest.”

Alongside this summary we beg to present ours:—

A general shortening of the hours of labour is sure to curtail, *pro tanto*, the average productivity per worker unless counteracted by improvements in production, and it will, by bringing into play the reserve army of the unemployed, very likely not affect the total production of the community (so far as undisturbed by cost); supply will not therefore be diminished (unless affected by international competition), and demand will be governed by price; there will be a perceptible increase of prices through the whole scale of commodities (unless counteracted by sundry influences), this increase of price being most notable where the amount of fixed capital employed, the burden of ground charges, royalties, way-leaves, &c., are heaviest, and *vice versa*; all industries are likely to be injuriously



affected, and some even may be extinguished; the struggle of industrial competition will be keener and machinery will supersede largely manual labour; wages—money wages—are almost sure to decline (a temporary rise being possible at the inception of the movement under the influence of favourable circumstances), and their purchasing power will diminish—in other words, real wages will fall; the total amount of wages will be spread over a larger area of wage-earners, but will be smaller so far as the individual is concerned; profit on industrial undertakings will decline both in its quantitative rate and in its collective return; the total export trade will suffer unless the eight hours movement be adopted internationally; and the general permanent results are likely to be a rise of prices, a fall in the normal rate of profits, and, subsidiarily, in the rate of interest. This is our conclusion.

As a rider to the above summary, we may add that the features in it adverse to the working community (being a consequence of economic laws merely) may be counteracted not only by one, but by several different lines of policy; but to enter into these is beyond the scope of this paper.

We believe we have thus dealt with all the points—that is to say, all the economic factors—likely to be affected by the eight hours movement, as set forth by Mr. Webb. But we should not do justice to the issue at stake and to our readers, were we to stop here. The great drawback to Mr. Webb's otherwise excellent paper is that it deals with the issue only from the national—from the British point of view. Now it must be evident to any observer that no important question affecting the labouring masses can be solved from the purely national standpoint alone. We need hardly illustrate this, to most minds, obvious contention with reference to the present issue. Were the eight hours movement confined to one nation only—no matter how powerful, industrially speaking—the result would be that it would be vanquished and defeated, beaten even in its own market by those other nations who would not have adhered to the short hours principle. Why? Obviously through the cheapened cost of production. For whether they work three, two, or even only one hour per day longer than we do, the result would be that in their lengthened labour-time, *interest* on capital employed would be the same, rent on land occupied would be the same, general expenses, such as rates, taxes, sinking fund, &c., would be the same, while cost for depreciation of plant would be but slightly increased—only wages, of course, would have to be counted. In other words, the countries not won over to the short hours movement could show a greater out-turn (greater by  $12\frac{1}{2}$  or even by 25 per cent.) per labour-day than we could, and therefore their cost of production, spread over the whole day's produce, would be decidedly smaller than ours. And however small the difference, reckoned per unit of weight of

the respective commodity produced, it goes without saying that the handicap on our side would be serious, having regard to the enormous quantities involved in modern trade. This result would, of course, be inevitable unless we could counteract them by improvements in production, expansion of markets, and other economic factors.

This, then, is the stricture we have to pass upon Mr. Webb's paper ; and it is a very serious one. But we have a still weightier one to offer. We conceive it to be a very important principle that : were all nations agreed, either by legislative enactment or by trades union pressure, on the enforcement of an eight hours day, even then the scheme would be for the whole body of workers, we will not say impracticable, but that it would be very difficult indeed of execution. There are three reasons for this. Moreover, these reasons, adverse to the short hours movement, will not be the issue of any person or organised class or power, whether in Church or State ; they are rooted in *the organic constitution of things themselves*. It might have been hoped that Mr. Webb, being aware, no doubt, of the existence of these contending factors, would devote his attention to them ; especially so as in themselves they upset the whole fabric of his ingenious argumentation.

These factors, to which we cannot assign an order of precedence, seeing that they are all equally weighty, are as follows :

*The Difference in the Rate of Increase of Population.*—This matter is so very obvious—although none is more important—that it can be dismissed in a few words. As is well known, the working population does not increase, in different countries, in an equal ratio. Whilst in one country, say in the British Kingdom, it would take fifty-seven years to double the population at the rate it is actually progressing ; in another country, say in the United States of America, it will take thirty-one years ; in another country, say in Germany, it will take only twenty-eight years. More than that : in France the population is almost stationary—nay, due allowance being made for immigration, actually declining.<sup>1</sup> What more natural than that in those lands in which their inhabitants are most prolific, the short hours compact, if internationally applied, should be broken through under the increasing stress of daily wants ? The father, if he be burdened with a large family, will sorely be tempted to infringe the rule ; driven by the necessity of providing for greater wants, he will find himself crushed against the rising price of necessaries of life—that feature peculiar to all densely populated countries. The law of population once pointed out and grasped, its disastrous consequences on the short hours day will be readily apprehended. \*

A second point which, though not emanating from the workers themselves, yet operating through them indirectly, will tend to

<sup>1</sup> A rapid increase, both in the marriage and birth rate, has been observed in France during the late years.

counteract the practical realisation of the eight hours movement, is the *varying productivity of labour* in different countries, or even in different parts of the same country. We will not trouble the reader with definitions. The fact being admitted, the question arises, How is it that the labour of two men equally skilled, equally laborious, and both following the same occupation, is not equally productive? The answer is—(1) because the circumstances under which the labour has to be performed are onerous in the one case, but comparatively light in the other; (2) because the materials on which the labour is being carried on are in one instance very suitable, in the other they are not so, or not in the same degree; (3) because the artisan in the one case has the command of excellent appliances, tools, machinery, processes, &c.; in the other case he has not, or not to the same extent.

These are the three chief reasons why labour, apart from all consideration of individual skill or personal effort, is far more productive among certain sections of the working community than it is among others. Let us take the case of the German coal-miner, as against the English or Scotch coal-miner. In Mansfeld, in Northern Germany, there are coal-beds so twisted and broken, and at the same time so thin and slaty, that only by the greatest effort, by working long hours, can the German miner raise coal enough to enable him and his family to live on a scanty wage. His productivity, reckoned per head of the coal-mining population, is low—not through any fault of his, of course. But how can we compare his position with that of his fortunate fellow-workman of the Welsh coalfield, of Durham or Northumberland, whose coal-beds lie regularly, are strong, and comparatively clean? Is it a marvel if *their* output, in a comparatively short day's work, is large, and if their pay consequently is good? Or let us take the case of the cotton-spinner. Most of us know how very varying the staple, or what is called the fibre, of the cotton plant is in its composition; some, like the famous Sea Island cotton, is long and slender in its fibre, easy to be worked; another, from a different growth, is short, fluffy, unsuitable to any but a common kind of goods, and hard to be worked up even at that. Now, is it not obvious that the operative engaged in the utilisation of the latter kind of material is at a great disadvantage as compared with the former; that his produce per working day is so much less in value, and that his reward—his wage—being consequently smaller all (other things being equal), he will sorely be tempted to break through the statute, to work longer hours in order to increase his pittance? We see here is a social force—the varying productiveness of labour—which no legislation, however well meant, can overcome; a force which, operating in the very midst of the working mass, will constantly tend to render abortive the effects of short hours legislation. Moreover, looking around us in the

fields of industry, whether at home or abroad, we easily find instances of this stern fact. We can find plenty of proofs in the agricultural industry of Great Britain; we can find proofs in the different occupations followed abroad. Let us turn to our Gallic neighbours and examine the productiveness of the French artisan of the North—these busy centres of the textile industry, called Arras, Lille, Roubaix—as against the same number of industrial operatives in the South;<sup>1</sup> or again, let us compare the industrious and fairly thriving populations of the South-West of Russia with those of the North—of Finland and Archangielsk. Where eight hours in the former case would ensure to the worker a fairly comfortable living, nine, ten, or even eleven hours would barely provide a decent subsistence in the latter case, owing to the very different—that is to say, the very inferior—productivity of labour. What is the consequence? That the worker, in order to provide the necessaries of life for himself and family, will find it indispensable to make up for deficiency of production by working overtime, thus breaking through the rule. The English worker, in this respect, stands at a great advantage; for it is a well-known fact that he, working shorter hours than any other nation, turns out more value than any of them. If for that very reason he is better prepared to make concessions, he must also be more on his guard, lest the relative inefficiency of his Continental brethren may tempt him to overstep the limit.

The third factor which, acting among the workers themselves, tends to nullify the practical operation of the short hours system, is what is termed the *standard of comfort*. All observers of social facts are agreed that there exists among the operatives of different trades, and even among the operatives of different sections of one and the same trade, a difference in what is termed the *standard of comfort*. It is needless to particularise; every instructed reader knows what is meant. Differences of race and caste, family traditions, requirements of climate, social conventionalities and a sense, either way, of personal self-respect, bring it about that the members of different handicrafts in a given country have a different notion as to the surroundings in which they can or ought to live. Thus, whilst the members of one trade will consider it necessary to have sufficient nitrogenous food and to occupy ample house-room, the members of another trade—or even the members of the same trade, provided they have less efficiency and therefore less earning power—will be resigned to eat meat but once a week, and to huddle together in two rooms, or even one room only per family. Again, this standard varies also very much among members of one and the same trade in different countries, or even parts of a given country. Compare the surroundings, dwelling, &c., of a skilled artificer in the South of France with those of his colleague in the North; examine the

<sup>1</sup> This is speaking broadly; there are exceptions, of course.

dietary scale of the peasant living in Andalusia and compare it even with that of the agricultural labourer in the Basque provinces, *a fortiori* with that of the Scotch crofter or the Yorkshire husbandman. These differences are largely the result of climatic conditions: fuel, house-rent, and clothing being less needed, a substantial alimentation being less imperative in the former case than in the latter. Moreover, it is to be considered that these two factors—viz., diminished productiveness and lower standard of comfort—often go together, and thus concur in widening the gulf between those industrial populations whose average productivity is high, and those others where it is on the average low. Yet here there are exceptions: thus, in Central and Southern Russia, with its rich petroleum-wells and salt-beds, its bituminous shales, its sugar factories and distilleries, the average productivity per head of the industrial population is high, but the standard of comfort is decidedly low; again, in the North-Eastern States of America, with their highly-developed textile industries, the output per head of the working class is considerable, but, on the other hand, low wages, high house-rent, unfavourable climatic conditions, and adverse tariffs tend to make the situation of the worker an unsatisfactory one on the whole. If the universal enforcement of a short hours day carry with it the assumption that the daily out-turn of the worker will be sufficient to ensure him a fair state of decency and comfort, and if the tendency be, as it undoubtedly is, among the workers of all countries, to raise themselves in the social scale, then the inevitable consequence must follow that those nations or those workers whose standard of comfort had hitherto been the lowest, and whose productiveness is inferior, will strongly be tempted to break through the international compact, and by working longer hours, to attain to the same level with their stronger and more advanced colleagues.

We believe we have thus pointed out the reasons which render the adoption of the short hours system, internationally applied, very difficult, if not impracticable. In doing this, we trust we may not be misunderstood. We are not hostile to the movement; on the contrary, all our sympathies are in favour of every scheme that will give to the worker more leisure, more comfort, more self-respect, and a larger share in the product of his labour. But what we would wish to do is to put the working class community on their guard against the belief in the omnipotence and omniscience of labour legislation. It is perhaps a truism—but nevertheless a truism that cannot be too often repeated—to say: Any law is effective only so far as there is behind it the will and the power of the people to enforce it. The truth of this has been strikingly illustrated in the temperance legislation in the United States of America. Different States of the Union, such as Iowa, Nebraska, &c., have at various times enacted stringent laws against the manu-

facture and sale of intoxicating liquors; yet the people themselves, who have had the making of these laws, have evaded them in a thousand ways, so that they are practically to-day a dead-letter. This may be—it is already to a certain extent—the case with the short hours legal enactment. In Massachusetts, where it has been officially promulgated, it is repeatedly set at naught; contracts are drawn up between employer and employed with a view of eluding it; whole gangs of workers are engaged in order to defy it. It is practically the same here. So long as the operative is struggling, almost hopelessly, against the flood-tide of human multiplication, defending himself in the crushing competition for existence, so long as he is driven to battle against the diminishing productiveness of the soil or of the mine, of the fruits of the land, or of those of the sea; so long as his fellow-man, less provident than himself, will consent to vegetate in the meanest conditions, among the lowest surroundings—so long as all these things are there is little hope to be derived from any legislative enactment in the matter. It is for him, the workman, to decide along what lines this battle is to be conducted: whether along the lines of self-seeking individualism, or along the lines of mutual regard, of kindly and rational altruism. It is not for us to enter on this other field—sufficient if we have succeeded in awakening the sense of some of the working multitude to the necessity of higher aims and loftier ideals in society.

J. T. BLANCHARD.

## SECURITY OF TENURE FOR PRIMARY TEACHERS.

MANY of us remember "the good days of old" when the army pensioner, the broken-down tradesman, and the old dame kept the only schools that were within the reach of the masses. Anybody, in fact, man or woman, young or old, that had failed at everything else, "bought a birch and started a school."

It does not follow that they were all necessarily worthless, though the majority of them were; as a matter of fact, occasionally the foundation of a splendid education was laid under such circumstances; but as a rule they were inefficient. Goldsmith's *Village Schoolmaster* may have been the "Ideal," but not by any means the "Real" at that time.

As times advanced our legislators began to turn their attention to the question of Primary Education, and they soon found that there was a scarcity of good teachers. They proceeded therefore to make some, offering pensions to all who would qualify for the work, pass the required examinations, and come into the ranks.

Now I do not propose to trace the history of the Governmental plan of Public Elementary Education from its origin to the present time; suffice it to say that step by step the present system has been built up, and now we have a seemingly splendid monument of the energy and skill of many educational enthusiasts and many Vice-Presidents of the Council; but that monument is hollow, and is not the solid structure it appears to the amateur's eye to be; in fact, it is looked upon by experts simply as a "huge fraud," for instead of educating, teaching, training the "rising generation" to become good parents and good citizens, the fact still remains that, in spite of all efforts to prove the contrary, the rising generation are still looked upon in a vast majority of cases as "grant-earners" and "rate-savers," and nothing else.

Every one will admit that a properly qualified and skilful teacher is the main factor in any system of successful school-keeping—a *sine qua non*, in fact—and so it is; but in the majority of cases at present that factor is handicapped, paralysed, and disfranchised to an appalling degree which our legislators "wot not of," and neither the teacher's qualifications nor his skill have full scope. This is

mainly owing to the fact that the system of "local control" has not been properly studied, and its working thoroughly understood, or any safeguards erected against possible or probable evils which might arise.

Local Control is becoming a popular cry, and in the Queen's Speech we find mention made of Parish Councils, so that we may conclude that the present Government contemplate further developments of the principle, but the abuse of the power placed in the hands of some local bigwigs is a crying evil already; like "a little learning," "a little authority is a dangerous thing" in their hands, and, "drest with a little brief authority," they override and bear down everybody in their power.

The principle of Local Control is right enough, but it requires the utmost care to secure freedom and fair-play to the "locally controlled," and to prevent injustice and tyranny on the part of the "local controllers."

The Government frame, discuss, and pass "Codes" for this, "Instructions" for that, and "Regulations" for the other thing in matters educational, but they do not seem to sufficiently consider the fact that the teacher is left out in the cold in all their deliberations, and at the not very tender mercy of the local managers, and scarcely daring under some circumstances to think of himself as a free-born Englishman. In London and other large towns the schoolmaster is of course hidden in the multitude and can follow his own inclinations with impunity, but in rural and small urban districts not only is his every action watched, but the exercise of his rights is often deliberately denied him. He is looked upon in some instances as a man who, naturally evil-disposed, has become more dangerous by the "larnin" he has acquired.

"This man must be kept in check," say the bigwigs of the place. "He could lead the people, but we mustn't let him"—"we want to have our own ways, and as we pay this fellow, if he doesn't please us, 'out he goes'"—and, regardless of the fact that his primary work of schoolmaster may be excellently done, and that he is doing good, useful work among the youths and adults around him, *go he must*. He joins a political association or club at his peril, and utters the name of Gladstone, or Balfour, as the case may be, only with bated breath, and to his own particular and trusted friends. In one instance, where one very worthy man joined a certain club, he passed under an assumed name, for, said he, "My managers take an opposite view, and if they know that I am a member of this club, I shall be 'turned adrift' at the first opportunity."

Neither dare he to exercise his rights and privileges as a citizen or parishioner. He has been known to attend a vestry meeting, and been asked, "What right have you here?" and in one case, which is perfectly well authenticated, one of these men dared (!) to attend



a vestry which was held on a Saturday, simply to establish his claim, with this result, that ever since that time the vestry has met on a school-day at 10 A.M., so that, in case the audacious fellow dared then to attend, he might be at once dismissed for neglecting his school duties—for, be it remembered, the parochial authorities were also the school managers.

Now, the schoolmaster is necessarily a man of some education, with certain touches of culture and refinement. More often than not a daily paper is almost a necessity with him—"to keep in touch with the times." He has, like other people, his favourite political leaders, is interested in their speeches and policy, and is able to follow them more closely, and grasp and gauge their full import more accurately, perhaps, than any one else in the village—yet he dares not open his mouth unless his views happen to coincide with those of the men in authority over him. He has a knowledge of history, as well as present day politics, to back him up and support his efforts without the "bounce" of the rough agitator, yet with it all he is dumb, and why?—"that he dares not speak is often the only reason why he does not."

Now if he is able, why should he not be allowed to exercise the same rights as other people—the common rights of all, in fact? If he command the respect of the people—and he does—why should he not be allowed to educate them, and explain to them freely and openly his views of the matter under discussion—whether it be a question of electing a member to Parliament, or a matter of local interest only? Associated, as he is, so closely and for so long a time with them as children, what an influence he can exert over them! His clear statement of facts must necessarily recall to them school days, when Master was always right, and they will with comparative readiness follow his lead, allowing him to reason with them, and acting up to his advice, confident the while that he is actuated by motives high and noble.

But this mighty power is paralysed, this thunder-voice is dumb, this powerful speaker is silent—and why? Because his bread and cheese depend on his silence.

And ought this to be? Ought any man's political emancipation to cost him his character and his livelihood?

The village schoolmaster is often a factotum among the people—writes their letters, makes their bills, and sometimes their wills, and, being always amongst them, must be able to exert a powerful influence over them. They meet him in all their walks of life, and learn to respect him. He is constantly labouring for them and with them, conducts their entertainments, and tries to amuse and instruct them in various ways, and it is all willing service; but he has no recognised rights of his own—directly they claim any recognition, farewell to his comfort.

Under present arrangements some crotchety, tyrannical manager can turn him away without a character and without stating any reason. The man may be ruined by the venomous unprincipled action of a very questionable, though apparently superior being calling himself a school manager. No matter what his character or ability as a teacher may be, only let him move *contra* the quasi great man's wishes, and "Woe to him!"

No man can be appointed to a school without the consent of the Education Department, at least, that Department reserves the right to veto any appointment; every one of which must be reported to it at once. All changes in the school staff, too, must be notified in the same way; but they never ask: "Why is this man, who we see has been doing good useful work, sent away?"

Why should there not be the same report of dismissal necessary as there is of appointment; and why should not the dismissed one have the chance to appeal against capricious dismissal? Would any parson then dare to say, "He wouldn't teach in the Sunday-school, and play the church organ, so I sent him away?" Would any Tory manager say, "You voted Liberal, so out you go," or *vice versa*? Or would it be possible for a School Board to send away a master who wrote to the sanitary authority because he was fearful of being poisoned and poisoning the school children, and they wouldn't do anything to provide good drinking-water on the school premises?

At present such capricious action on the part of a school manager is incontestable. It is a grand sight to see him draw himself up to his full height, and say: "I won't have none of this"; "I'm master here, and I mean to be too!" But this cannot be allowed much longer. The proper way to face the question is to rule that, provided a schoolmaster does his work well in school, and leads a good life, he should be beyond the reach of, out of the power of tyrannical managers, who mostly consist—especially on small boards and committees—of illiterate farmers, overbearing parsons, and pettifogging shopkeepers and publicans.

Our schoolmaster offends the parson, and is a worthless fellow if he is a Nonconformist. On the other hand, if he goes to church he is tabooed by the Nonconformists.

If his school happen to be connected with the church, and the parson is chief or sole manager, then Mr. Schoolmaster *must* be a communicant, *must* play the organ, train the choir and conduct the Sunday-school, and often *must* do gratuitously many things which are not included in the "science and practice of pedagogy," and which he ought not to be expected to do for the salary paid him as teacher. Often, too, his wife is compelled to do much of what is euphoniously called "voluntary work."

He has no choice of freedom in these matters. The prevailing idea seems to be—"We pay you to do everything we wish, out of

the school funds; you must have no wish or will, likes or dislikes, of your own; you must never want rest or change if *we* require you to do anything." "If you do, you won't suit us; off you go!" In small Boards the same odious disposition is often shown, by the illiterate, vulgar manager, who says: "We are masters here, and mean to be; if you don't like it you have your remedy"; or the local tradesman, who says: "Buy yer goods at my shop, or I'll vote agin ye."

I have shown not only what the teacher is, but what he might be. It appears that there is only one matter of primary importance that needs to be done before we may be able to say: "The teacher is now able to become all he ought to be."

The remedy seems to lie chiefly in giving Security of Tenure to the teacher, protecting him from capricious dismissal and petty tyranny.

As the Education Department have to sanction every appointment, so should that Department sanction every dismissal *for just cause stated*. This would form a perfect safeguard for both parties, being a court of appeal in case of any unpleasantness or dissatisfaction arising on either side. The areas of small School Boards might be enlarged as another safeguard, even to placing the whole question with the County Council, or forming separate "School Board Districts." But these are secondary matters as far as this article is concerned.

I might go much further, and say: "Make the teachers Civil Servants in reality"—State-made, State-appointed, State-paid, State-dismissed, and State-pensioned; but this they neither want nor ask for.

They are already State-made and State-examined, and indirectly State-appointed; only give them State protection, and I am sanguine enough to believe that they will blossom out into some of our best and most earnest workers; also that they, feeling secure in their places, will be able to work more earnestly and successfully among the rising generation, moulding better citizens, better Christians, and better politicians, out of the pliable material in their hands than they could otherwise possibly have done, not thinking—as they are at present often compelled to do—that having passed a child through the Exemption Standard and obtained the grant for it, their duty to that child is done.

Feeling that he could act with freedom, and knowing that his bread and cheese were sure—and knowing too that, always provided his schoolwork was satisfactory and his character good, he could act as his inclinations prompted him, regardless of the displeasure of pettifogging local magnates, whom he would fail to please for long together under any circumstances, he would undoubtedly become the burning and shining light he ought to be, influencing all around him to higher and nobler aims and motives, instead of creeping into his

shell and not daring to do anything lest his managers should dislike it, and throw him out of a situation.

I am hoping that every Britisher will soon get to see this intolerable evil, and ask themselves this question: Why should this most worthy class of persons be deprived of those things of which other Englishmen are proud to boast as their inalienable rights—civil, religious, and political liberty? For deprived of them they are as surely as if such things had never been heard of, instead of being their birthright.

And when the question is thoroughly understood the answer will be somewhat as follows:—It is the result of legislation by those not practically acquainted with the subject, and not only ought not to be, but shall not much longer be, with so simple a remedy at hand.

Mr. Acland has now a splendid opportunity indeed, not only to right a great wrong, but to be the means of conferring on the country thousands of able and willing guides, men who can and will exert a mighty influence for good on all around, and especially on the “coming citizen.” Only let our present able Vice-President of the Council insert in his next New Code a clause stating that “no teacher may be dismissed without the permission of the Education Department, for just cause stated,” and we shall all soon see that that stroke of his pen will have done more for the cause of education, properly so called, than all the Acts of Parliament for a generation have done.

During the past sixty years a vast amount of money has been spent on primary education, and much good work has been done: but the work done has not been nearly commensurate with either the cost or the energy expended on it, and not only are other countries turning out better scholars than we, but they are also turning out better citizens. Why should we with the resources at our command be second to any country? We have now a more reasonable Code to work under, thanks to Sir W. Hart Dyke, and our educators have more scope to educate; but until something more is done, young John Bull will continue to be at a disadvantage in his education, for whilst he is paying for a full share of the best, he only gets a small fraction of it, because our primary teachers in whose hands we place the work of training, as well as teaching, are so handicapped and hemmed in that they cannot do their best.

# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

OF late years there has been such a continuous hail of geological text-books "that any newcomer must make out a strong case before it will be welcomed. The law of the survival of the fittest is undoubtedly the law with scientific text-books. But at the same time artificial selection—as in the case of the Spartan children—will greatly aid the process. The reviewer's duty is to act the part of Spartan nurse, and help to decide which are fit to live, and which—for the sake of the community—should be put out of the way.

As far as the volume<sup>1</sup> now before us goes, it is not particularly objectionable, but it is certainly one too many. It also shows a want of symmetry sufficient to condemn any text-book in a critical age like this. After conscientiously going through the book and reading the author's preface, we still cannot understand why the volume has been published, or to what class of students it can appeal. Dr. Roberts commences with the usual section on the "Progress of Geological Thought," and on the "Beginnings of the Earth-History." Part II. deals with the "Destruction of Land," and Part III. with the "Construction of Land." Part IV., occupying about a hundred pages, is headed "Evolution of Land-Areas"; but we are unable to understand the arrangement of this section, and the author seems to forget that evolution implies order and continuity, both of which are conspicuously absent.

It is so difficult to avoid a tendency to accept the geology of one's own country as an epitome of the geology of the world, that we are glad to welcome Dr. Kayser's excellent *Lehrbuch der geologischen Formationskunde* in an English dress.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Philip Lake, who has translated the volume, adopts the title, *Text-Book of Comparative Geology*, and suggests in his preface that there is no text-book in the English language which affords sufficient help in the comparison of the geology of different countries. That such is the

<sup>1</sup> *The Earth's History: an Introduction to Modern Geology.* (University Extension Manuals.) By R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Text-Book of Comparative Geology.* By E. Kayser, Ph.D., Professor of Geology in the University of Marburg. Translated and edited by Philip Lake, M.A., F.G.S., late Harkness Scholar in the University of Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 426, and 596 illustrations. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

case we do not deny; but it seems to us that the only essential difference between Dr. Kayser's volume and certain English text-books is, that the former accepts German types and compares with them certain foreign equivalents; whilst English writers pay most attention to the strata seen in Britain and less to the German equivalents. Dr. Kayser's original title perhaps more accurately describes the volume than the somewhat ambitious one adopted by his translator.

With the above reservation, we have nothing but praise for the new volume. It is excellent for such formations as are well represented in Germany, and for their equivalents in other parts of Europe. For the strata to which Dr. Kayser has paid particular attention—the Palæozoic and lower Mesozoic—it is a book that every teacher or advanced student should study, for it is certainly in advance of any existing British manual. When, however, we turn to the newer formations, either poorly represented in Germany, or not studied by the author or by his translator, we must caution students not to use this part of the volume, for it is not well done, and is often much out of date. The author seems quite unacquainted with the English literature relating to the later Tertiary deposits, and in a book intended for English readers one is surprised often to find German authorities quoted for English geology, though they may have only a second-hand knowledge of the subject. Is it really necessary in these days of specialisation for any author to pretend to be competent to write on all branches of geology? One finds a similar unevenness in every geological manual that has yet been published. One part, the author's own, may be excellent, but the value of the book for students is greatly decreased by the uncertainty as to how much may be depended on.

Dr. Kayser's volume is excellently got up and illustrated, but unfortunately the press used does not seem suitable to the smooth paper, and there is a most unpleasant greyness in many of the pages. This can easily be remedied in a second edition, but for the sake of the student's eyesight we feel bound to call attention to it.

The Meteorological Department of the Government of India have brought the issue of the *Monthly Weather Reviews*<sup>1</sup> down to July and August of last year. These latest instalments are planned on exactly the same lines as previous Reviews, and are marked by the same care and thoroughness. The only point that seems to call for mention is the fact that the number of stations at which the observations are taken on which the Reviews are based has been slightly increased.

Students of Mycology have not had long to wait for the second

<sup>1</sup> *Government of India: Meteorological Department. Monthly Weather Review*, July 1892. Ditto, August 1892. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1892.

volume of Mr. Massee's *British Fungus-Flora*.<sup>1</sup> On this both they and he may be honestly congratulated, and if the third volume, which is to complete the work, appears with equal promptitude, a double success will have been scored. The general treatment and classification of Fungi having been disposed of in the first volume, no time is spent in preliminaries, and the author takes up the description of species, genera, &c., where it was left off. In noticing the first volume<sup>2</sup> we referred to the order in which the various groups were being dealt with, and pointed out the inconvenience of having the *Agaricinæ* partly in one volume and partly in another. As then stated, the *Ochrosporæ*, *Rhodosporæ*, and *Leucosporæ* were left over, and we anticipated that they would be fully accounted for in the second volume. Unfortunately this is not so, as several of the larger and more important genera of *Leucosporæ* are still awaiting treatment. This, we fear, will both increase and emphasise the inconvenience referred to. It may be that in the existing circumstances this cutting up of groups has been unavoidable, but none the less is it to be regretted in a work which we hope and believe will be the *vaule mecum* of every working mycologist. Of the manner in which the characters of the species have been drawn up, there is no need to say much, as we can only repeat the terms of approval used in writing of the first volume. The works of Professor Fries have again been largely utilised, but not slavishly or indiscriminately, and one finds numerous instances where the author's personal knowledge has been employed with excellent effect. A comparison of the contents of the volume with the corresponding portions of Dr. Cooke's well known Handbook will reveal the extent to which the various groups have expanded in the author's hands, and we think it will be allowed that in raising many of the sub-genera of the Handbook to the rank of genera, both reason and convenience have been consulted. As to the figures which are given of the respective groups, we find them, like those of the earlier volume, less artistic than they might have been, but this will not diminish their utility in the work of species determination.

Mr. Theobald's volume on *British Flies*<sup>3</sup> will not appeal perhaps to a wide circle of readers, but to those interested in the insects it treats of it will be a welcome addition to our literature. The only English work on the subject is, we believe, Walker's *Insecta Britannica. Diptera*, published nearly fifty years ago, and now far behind the requirements of the times. Hence there is ample room for a fresh work on the subject, which will incorporate the later acquired knowledge and meet more fully the wants of the present generation

<sup>1</sup> *British Fungus-Flora*. A Classified Text-Book of Mycology. By George Massee. In three volumes. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons.

<sup>2</sup> WESTMINSTER REVIEW. December 1892.

<sup>3</sup> *An Account of British Flies (Diptera)*. By Fred. V. Theobald, B.A., F.E.S. Vol. I. London: Elliot Stock.

of dipterists. How far the author's attempt to supply such a work is to be regarded as successful is a question which there would be little advantage in discussing here. Suffice it to say that, if not altogether what one could wish, the volume is not wanting in merit, and will certainly prove serviceable until something more approximately perfect comes to hand.

The volume opens with a short epitome of the chief characteristics of British Diptera, and then follow two chapters on the fossil forms and the classification of the group. In the latter, the arrangements adopted by different authorities are briefly sketched, but the one adopted by the author is that of Verrall's List of *Diptera*, an arrangement which was introduced by Brauer. Here the *Pulicidæ* stand first, and with them the systematic part of the volume commences and is carried as far as the *Chironimidæ*. From this it will be seen that if the other families of *Diptera* are to be dealt with at proportionate length, the present volume must be regarded as one of a series. In dealing with each family the author brings together many facts of general or biological interest, and where possible deals with life histories, especially of those forms that are injurious to crops and farm stock. In this way he has no doubt made a more readable volume, but it is questionable whether a systematic work does not suffer by the introduction of matters of this kind. As regards the characters of the families, genera, and species, they may be said to be, on the whole, fairly well stated, bearing in mind the fact that the volume deals with the most difficult and least understood members of the dipterous insects. The illustrations, which number between forty and fifty, are generally accurate and reliable, though not uniformly so, and are likely to be useful aids to the student in referring his captures to their proper genera and species.

In a recent issue<sup>1</sup> we called attention to the first part of an excellent work on the *Anatomy of the Dog*. The second part<sup>2</sup> is now before us, and deserves a few words in explanation of its contents, and in praise of the clear and thorough manner in which the topics embraced are dealt with. In the first part, the description of the musculature was carried as far as the myology of the head and the nape of the neck, leaving that of the remaining parts of the body for the present instalment. Hence the student will find here an orderly and systematic account of the myology of the thorax, the abdominal wall, the anterior region of the neck, the trunk, legs, feet, &c. As before, we have selected at random certain parts of the description for careful perusal, and found them as concise, clear, and complete as will satisfy all the legitimate requirements of the

<sup>1</sup> WESTMINSTER REVIEW, December 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Anatomie Descriptive et Topographique du Chien*. Par les Docteurs W. Ellenberger et H. Baum. Traduit de l'Allemand par J. Deniker. Deuxième partie. Paris : C. Reinwald et Cie. 1893.



student. Accompanying the text is a large number of beautifully executed woodcuts, which together form a complete guide to the dissection of the muscles. This portion of the volume takes up about two-thirds of the whole, and the remaining third is occupied with the splanchnology of the digestive organs. Here, again, we have discovered no insufficiency in the treatment, and figures are introduced as freely as in the preceding sections. A marked and extremely valuable part of the work is a series of splendid plates, representing transverse sections of the thorax, the trunk, and the abdominal cavity at various levels, which are quite unique in their way, and will be of the greatest service to the student. To veterinary surgeons and students of mammalian anatomy, to whom French is no obstacle, it may be strongly recommended, as, so far as we know, there is no work in English which can be compared with it for thoroughness and reliability.

A volume on *Evolution and Man's Place in Nature*,<sup>1</sup> from the pen of Professor Calderwood, is not likely to be overlooked by those who are interested in modern biological doctrines and the later phases of philosophic thought. Nor is it likely that its perusal will be destitute of some amount of pleasure and profit, although, as will be seen, we do not regard the treatment of the subject as all that could be desired. It is something gained, however, to have from a philosopher of such eminence as the author so full and unequivocal an acceptance of the main doctrines of evolution as is here explicitly avowed, and that, in spite of the fact that in several places the language employed implies a somewhat restricted conception of their operation. It is a further merit of the volume that it gives prominence to, and states afresh, a number of problems which so far have not yet been brought within the range of evolutionary doctrines. These problems all centre in the much discussed question of man's place in nature; and whether we agree with the author's attempt to solve them or not, we may freely admit that he has done good service in calling attention to their importance, and to their claims upon the consideration of philosophic biologists.

Among previous efforts to determine man's place in nature, those of Huxley and Darwin—to mention only English authorities—are, perhaps, the best known, and have deservedly met with a large share of approbation, at least among evolutionists. As is well known, their conclusions are based largely, if not exclusively, upon man's physical organisation. His mental characteristics are not ignored, but they are practically relegated to the second line as criteria of the position to be assigned to him in the scheme of organic nature. Professor Calderwood, on the other hand, while fully allowing that the bodily framework of man places him where naturalists put him,

<sup>1</sup> *Evolution and Man's Place in Nature*. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D., F.R.S.E. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

contends that his mental and moral nature place him in a different position. Not only so, but, with Wallace and others, he maintains that the mental faculties of man are inexplicable, both as regards origin and development, on purely Darwinian principles, and must therefore have come into existence and been perfected by influences which are outside the range of biological science. As Wallace, St. George Mivart, and other writers have shown, there is something to be said in favour of this view of the question, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that it has commended itself to the author of the book before us. But we cannot find that he has done much either to strengthen or increase the evidence in favour of it, and Darwinians, at all events, have no reason to regret the publication of his volume. Indeed, to speak candidly, we fancy that even those who sympathise with the author's views will admit that it is an unsatisfactory production, the style being vague and diffuse where it should be definite and concise, and the method too much on the old *à priori* lines. While recognising, then, the value of Professor Calderwood's volume, and trusting it will be widely read, we can only regard it as marking time on the questions discussed, and not as bringing us any nearer to their solution.

A good illustration of what we regard as the leading defects of the volume is met with almost at the commencement, where it is asserted that "there cannot be a successful attempt to explain human activity by reference to the functions of animal life," and that "the problem of rational life cannot find solution in observations concerning the lower animals, however important these may be." On first reading, these statements appear to affirm a complete isolation of man from the rest of the organic world, and we are not sure that they will not be so understood by many readers. Yet this is not the author's meaning, as he again and again admits that as an organism man has the closest possible relationship with other forms of animal life. Then, the implied distinction between "human activity" and "the functions of animal life" rests entirely upon the interpretation put upon these terms, while the ambiguities involved in the word "explain" as here used are obvious. As to "the problem of rational life," which cannot be solved by observations on the "lower animals," the author affords us no indication of the particular problem he refers to, so that it is quite impossible to divine whether it is the origin of mind, its evolution in the race, its development in the individual, or what. But in whatever sense these statements are understood they are essentially generalisations, which, however justifiable, on evidence adduced, at the end of an inquiry, are altogether inadmissible at its beginning.

The great object of the volume being, as already intimated, to show the inadequacy of Darwinism to account for mental phenomena, a description of these phenomena is a necessary preliminary, and is

accordingly given in an early chapter. In presenting his views, the author restricts himself almost entirely to the mental phenomena of adult life among civilised peoples, and scarcely gives even a general idea of the intellectual and moral condition of savages and of the way the mental faculties have been developed in the passage from savagery to civilisation. Moreover, the language employed is often objectionable in that it is too general, and in suggesting, without explicitly asserting, that the mind is something imposed upon or implanted in the body *ab extra*. Great stress is laid upon the fact that, while "the phenomena of sensibility and of motor activity have been localised in the brain, the phenomena of rational life have not been so localised," and it is held to warrant the inquiry "whether rational phenomena altogether transcend the functions of organism." The fact that the brain is the organ of mind does not, in the author's opinion, affect the need for such an inquiry, and this much may perhaps be conceded. But when he quotes Darwin as saying that, "as the various mental faculties gradually developed themselves, the brain would almost certainly become larger," and then adds that "the statement presupposes mind in active exercise and the brain as an organ directed in functional activity by a power superior to itself," we are not prepared to follow him. We may agree also with the statement that Natural Selection "has a clear answer as to the origin of the difference in form between the ape and the dog, but the theory has no such clear answer as to the origin of the difference of intelligence between the ape and man." But, so far as we have been able to gather, neither has the author himself, nor does he even indicate in what direction investigation should proceed in the hope of discovering one.

In dealing with mental evolution in man, Darwin, as most readers are aware, brought forward a considerable body of evidence to show that the rudiments of most if not all the mental faculties can be detected in some animals, and that there is no fundamental difference as regards these faculties between man and the higher mammals. Professor Calderwood devotes a long chapter, the seventh, to the consideration of the nature of mind in these animals and in man, but we cannot compliment him upon it. There is so much repetition, such tantalising digressions, and so much irrelevant matter introduced, that the result can only be expressed by the word muddle. We regret to have to use such an expression, but we venture to think it is justified. Like other writers who have attempted to distinguish between the mental phenomena of men and animals, the author has experienced much difficulty in finding a reliable definition of intelligence that will be accepted by all inquirers. He thinks he has found such a definition "in the contrast between sensible discrimination and rational," but we doubt whether other "inquirers" will be of the same opinion. In explanation of the definition, it may be

mentioned that in an earlier chapter, where this contrast is discussed, we are told that "all organism feels contact and acts in response to it," while "all human life not only does these two things, but also interprets experience, thereby forming a knowledge of the things with which the sensitive organism comes into contact." Thus the test of intelligence, in the author's view, will be interpreting experience and forming a knowledge of things external, or, as he otherwise expresses it, "discrimination of the objective significance of sensory impressions." To us, these are somewhat dark sayings, but at any rate they do not shut out the higher mammalia from a share of intelligence. This the author freely admits, but having done so, proceeds to add, in language not less vague, that "to man alone belongs the free exercise of rational power, seeking interpretation of existence in all its forms and relations." By struggling through page after page of writing of this kind, and repeating the operation once or twice, the reader may at last discover that the author's object is to show that there is a basis of intelligence common to the higher animals and to man; that, admitting this, there yet remains a difference of power so enormous as to require that a distinction be drawn between "intelligence" and "reason," between "animal intelligence" and "rational power"; and that natural selection can neither account for the origin of "animal intelligence" nor "rational power." Arrived at this point, he will probably wonder, as we have done, what has been gained by the wordy and circuitous disquisition which is intended to establish these conclusions, and whether, so far as they are true, they have not been more clearly and convincingly set forth already by Mr. Wallace and other writers. But however this may be, it is to be noted that not only is human reason placed by the author beyond the scope of the factors of organic evolution, but animal intelligence also, a position which we believe has not been previously taken up by any writer of authority. How, excluding evolutionary processes, animal intelligence and human reason have originated and attained their present stage of development are matters on which the author offers no explanation.

The concluding chapter of the volume is on the subject of Rational Life, but into this we shall not enter. Enough has been said to show that the merits of the volume, as we said at first, are to be found in its statement of some of the unsolved biological problems, and thereby recalling attention to them, and not in any novel or original contributions towards their solution.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

IN the *Search after Unity*<sup>1</sup> M. De Roberty sums up the theories proposed and defended in the series of works on philosophy, of which this is the last for the present, though we are promised a further contribution on the history of the philosophical ideas of the nineteenth century. Readers of M. De Roberty's works are aware that to a certain extent he builds his theories upon a Positive base, though he is not content to remain satisfied with a Positivist conclusion. Inductive science he recognises as the only justifiable ground of philosophical theory, but he does not confound philosophy with science. Science is the homogeneous explanation of a particular order of facts; while philosophy seeks the homogeneous conception of the universe, the totality of things.

The search after unity is no new thing in philosophy, but yet in a special sense "monism" is the order of the day. M. De Roberty rejects the notion of metaphysical unity and apparently of substantial unity in creation, and regards "logical" as the only real kind of unity possible. As regards the hierarchy of sciences, represented by the Positivists as a series of stages, our author prefers the conception of concentric spheres, of which the most vast—the quantitative attributes, and the science of those attributes—encloses the sphere of physical properties; this sphere in its turn envelops that of chemical properties, and so, in order, we pass through biological, psychological, and sociological attributes, until we reach a certain point forming the common centre of these diverse circumferences, and representing the ultimate unity of things. We thus arrive at a scientific synthesis, and this scientific monism coincides with logical monism. It excludes the idea of contradiction or duality, and thus leads us to M. De Roberty's principal thesis, the *law of the identity of opposites*. This must not be confounded with the principle of the inconceivability of simultaneous contradictions which it appears to traverse. The root of this inconceivability is suggested by M. De Roberty in a passage worth quoting: "The psycho-physical foundation of the principle which governs human reason (or the equation  $A = A$ ), appears to reside in the fact of the indissolubility which accompanies certain groupings of states of consciousness. According to the doctrine of the modern experimental school, if  $A$  is always  $A$ , and can never become, for us, simultaneously its negative, this proves that  $A$  is presented to the mind as a sum of conscious states inseparable the one from the other. This indivisible multiplicity we call unity. And from our vain attempts to break this connection

<sup>1</sup> *La Recherche de l'Unité*. Par E. De Roberty. Paris : Félix Alcan. 1893.

arises a mental state, a sort of intellectual emotion, precisely designated by the name 'inconceivability of the contrary.' The principle which commands logic is thus reduced to a cerebral fact the most simple."

This does not prevent us, contends the writer, from conceiving of the identity of general opposites, such as multiplicity and unity, finity and infinity, mind and matter. There is no absolute unity, except the mathematical point; all other unities are simply multiplicities conceived logically as unities. There is no contradiction between the finite and the infinite—the finite is only a mental conception of a limited area of the infinite, and the infinite is only the conception of the indefinite extension of the finite.

Practically we distinguish between mind and matter, and yet we cannot draw a hard and fast line between them; they are opposed in thought, and yet may be identical. On this latter point M. De Roberty draws attention to the regrettable solution of continuity between our knowledge of exterior nature and psychology, and the illogisms which still prevail in this region, criticising, apparently with justice, Mr. Spencer's position, for which we must take M. De Roberty's statement, not having Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* at hand. The writer credits Mr. Spencer with saying: "Si nous étions contraints de choisir entre l'alternative de traduire les phénomènes mentaux en phénomènes physiques, ou de traduire les phénomènes physiques en phénomènes mentaux, la dernière hypothèse semblerait la plus acceptable des deux. . . . Il semble plus aisé de traduire ce qu'on appelle *matière* en ce qu'on appelle *esprit*, cette dernière opération étant, en vérité, complètement impossible" (Ribot's translation). So, says M. De Roberty, a case can present itself, unforeseen by algebra or ordinary logic, in which the equation  $A = B$  does not draw with it the consequence  $B = A$ , formally declared inconceivable!

M. De Roberty affirms that no transcendental unity can be established, as it is only produced by logical thought, not controlled, or insufficiently controlled, by observation and experience, either direct or indirect.

Scientific unity is the product of logical thought assisted and controlled by observation or experience indirect (objective investigation).

Rational unity is the product of logical thought assisted and controlled by observation or experience direct (subjective investigation). The writer's conclusion is that no philosophy—that is, no homogeneous conception of the universe—is possible until the separate sciences are perfected. They are now reduced to five—physical, chemical, biological, psychological and sociological, and they may be still further reduced—that is, seen to be identical, and we shall thus gradually arrive at a rational unity.

M. Desjardins tells us, in his Introduction to *Les Devoirs*,<sup>1</sup> an essay on the ethics of Cicero, that the first edition was rapidly exhausted, but that he has hesitated for some years to publish a second. Cicero, he is told, is out of the fashion; but as duty is never out of fashion he conceives that what Cicero said is still worth attending to. This he considers is especially necessary at the present time in France, where we have witnessed so many great failures in the just performance of their duty by public men, which have revolted the general conscience. To emphasise this the author has written a new Introduction to his work—"Cicéron, le Devoir et la Politique."

In this Introduction M. Desjardins not only forcibly recommends Cicero's teaching, but holds up the great orator and statesman himself as a model for public men. That Cicero is not exempt from criticism he admits, though amidst the general corruption he stands out as a noble exception. The writer's apology for Cicero's inconsistency in pleading first against, and afterwards, at a short interval, on behalf of Vatinius, is not particularly convincing, though he thinks the usages of the Roman Bar will explain such a sudden change. But the quotation from Chaix d'Est-ANGE is beside the mark: "The strong and the weak, when their cause is just, have equal claims to my protection." The propriety of this is unquestionable; the question is, whether Cicero was right in defending a man whose cause he may have known to be unjust? Still, "usage" is allowed to justify many things. *Les Devoirs*, which is principally an examination of the ethics of the *De Officiis*, is practically a review of ethical theories, and an attempt to show that Cicero, though disavowing the Stoics, was nevertheless largely indebted to them for his idea of morals; yet he was an eclectic, choosing from all schools that which was best in each. M. Desjardins avows himself a passionate lover of the man and his writings, and he would like Cicero to occupy in all minds the place he holds in his own.

Mr. W. E. Addis, who is best known as one of the editors of the "Catholic Dictionary," has written the first of a series of "Manuals of Early Christian History," of which the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter is the general editor, under the title of *Christianity and the Roman Empire*.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Addis brings high qualifications to the performance of his task and has produced a book that deserves to be popular. The writer has not overburdened his work with details, and it assumes some general historical knowledge of the subject on the part of the reader. Some useful details are supplied in Appendices, which give a list of Roman Emperors, the chief points in church

<sup>1</sup> *Les Devoirs: Essai sur la Morale de Cicéron*. Par Arthur Desjardins. Deuxième édition. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Christianity and the Roman Empire*. By W. E. Addis, M.A. London: B. C. Hare.

history of the first three centuries, and a short account of the principal writers, heathen and Christian.

If we were inclined to differ from Mr. Addis it would be in his estimate of the relative merits of the teaching and morality of Paganism and of the Early Church. He appears to us to underrate the first and overrate the latter, but this may be due to a pardonable veneration for the church which he has recently left.

It occurs to us that his criticism of the higher paganism could be just as well applied to the church of to-day: "In all likelihood the number of educated persons who discarded superstition utterly was very small" . . . . "The Stoic, the Platonist, the Pythagorean philosophies accepted the popular myths, only purging them of their grosser and immoral elements."

Mr. Addis's sketch is written from an independent point of view, and is generally fair to all sides, and commendably free from conventional representations and ecclesiastical misrepresentations. It gives a good view of the development rather than the history of Christianity during the first three centuries.

Mr. Jolley in the *Synoptic Problem for English Readers*<sup>1</sup> attempts a solution of an interesting yet difficult question, which is none other than the literary origin and relation of the first three Gospels. We can only give a summary of his conclusions, though they are supported by sound reasoning. Mr. Jolley gives the grounds for assuming, what is now generally recognised by critics, that the Gospels cannot have had an independent origin, and that as they now stand Mark's was the first written, and that the writers of both Matthew's and Luke's used Mark's, but independently of and unknown to each other. But this alone does not explain the problem. Mr. Jolley believes they all alike had access to and used an earlier document, a primitive Gospel, and this assumption alone can explain some of the agreements and differences in our present books. This primitive Gospel Mr. Jolley reconstructs, upon the basis of the work of Dr. B. Weiss, and gives it in the words as near as possible of the Authorised Version. One striking feature in such a document, if it ever existed, is the omission of all reference to the circumstances of the birth, or passion, or resurrection of Christ. The accounts of these differ so widely in our Gospels that no common origin can be assigned to them. They must be relegated to a traditionary and not a literary source. We cannot say that Mr. Jolley's theory is as convincing as it is ingenious, yet perhaps it is the best that can be offered in our present knowledge of the material.

We should rejoice to see more works by clergymen of the Church

<sup>1</sup> *The Synoptic Problem for English Readers.* By Alfred J. Jolley. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.



of England like *The Scientific Study of Theology*<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Paige Cox. We can hardly call to mind anything that quite comes up to it produced by an "orthodox" writer. A Christian Theist might have written it. The writer appears to have come under the influence of Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and has boldly applied their teaching to theology, but not in a critical spirit. He does not demolish, but he yields. He admits, for instance, that the representation the Evangelists have given of the life of Jesus may be in some particulars improbable, though the transcript of his religious and ethical teaching may be fundamentally true. He would not deny the name of Christian to a man who was in doubt about the miracles, nor would he call his error a moral or religious one. The whole book is written in the same spirit of appreciation of the results of science and criticism, and is remarkable as the production of a Churchman.

*A Rationalist Bibliography* (Preliminary List), issued for the Rationalist Press Committee by Watts & Co., London, is too meagre to be satisfactory, though in view of the enlarged and classified bibliography promised it may serve a temporary purpose.

## SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

In beginning with *Woman Free*<sup>2</sup> we cannot help referring to the touching little appeal for "kindly consideration and help" which accompanies it. We believe that this compelled us to consider the book with special sympathy; yet we cannot praise it. If the emancipation of woman was to be the subject of a poem it needed a great poem; and such a poem in the nineteenth century should take the form of a pæan. If, however, the desire of the Women's Emancipation Union is to call attention to the foul cruelties practised in India on child-wives, or those which are daily perpetrated in the very heart of London, then we think that earnest, plain-speaking, closely-argued articles will do far more than such a poem. We may instance two articles in the WESTMINSTER for March—"A Plea for Women" and the "Maltreatment of Wives." The notes to the book before us are really its most interesting part, and would, in fact, form a good introduction to the study of the subject of women's emancipation; but at the same time they indicate the falsity of the view with which they have been selected. The

<sup>1</sup> *The Scientific Study of Theology*. By W. L. Paige Cox, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Woman Free*. By Ellis Ethelmer. Published by the Women's Emancipation Union, 1893.

philosophy of the difference of the sexes and the inferior position to which woman has too often and too long been relegated, has not yet been fathomed; it goes far deeper than the superficial suggestions made by the author of *Woman Free*. The idea which inspires the book is the idea that the woman is capable of exactly the same development and to exactly the same points as the man. This idea steadily confounds that which is homologous with that which is equal. It seizes on particular instances and neglects the results of general observation. It would not be a difficult task to upset every abstract proposition asserted in either text or notes: we will take one hypothesis, on which the author insists—viz., that the physical strength of the male was used to crush the intellectual superiority of the female. Now it is notorious that the whole world has moved from the triumph of physical force to the elevation of the weaker, but more skilful and cunning—not always, we must add, to the benefit of the world. It is obvious that if at the start woman had possessed the higher intellect, her power would have tended to be dominant in obedience to the same law. It is a great pity that women should spoil their case by this sort of argument, incapable of being supported either by history or by science. As we have frequently asserted in the pages of this section, there is a difference of physique, a difference of mental and moral characteristics between the two sexes, which must in the long run and in the majority of cases be reckoned with. To violate the natural law is of course possible; and this is what some of the ladies would like. We would, however, recommend to them a very able chapter in Professor Pearson's *National Character* as to the effect which such violation seems to be having on the future of the race.

It is a good many years since we advocated profit-sharing one evening in the presence of Mr. William Morris, and asked him why he did not begin such a system with his own employés; it had always seemed to us one of the most hopeful methods of elevating the labourer's standard and increasing his utility. Mr. Morris's reply that it was useless for one man to begin seemed then unsatisfactory, and now is disproved by Mr. Bushill's experience. His book<sup>1</sup> on profit-sharing is the outcome of his examination before the Labour Commission, and contains the greater part of his evidence; it embodies the results of four years' practical experience of the system in his own business of printing, lithography, &c. It is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the future of labour. "I regard profit-sharing," says the author, "not as a final solution of the labour question, but as a stage on the road towards co-operative production and the emancipation of labour." But the book includes something more than the employer's opinion. For

<sup>1</sup> *Profit-Sharing and the Labour Question*. By T. W. Bushill. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

the benefit of the Royal Commission, a sort of *plébiscite* was taken at the Cow Lane Works of the opinions of the hands respecting the new system. Much precaution was taken to obtain a ballot of unfettered opinion, and the printed replies are highly interesting.

The usual objection to the system with which employers have met us is, "All right enough as to profits when there are profits; but how when losses are made?" Mr. Bushill does not notice the point; but we gather from a perusal of his book that wages are looked upon as fixed by separate considerations and unaffected by profits; if profits arise, there is a bonus; if there are none, there is nothing to divide. This appears to us quite sound. We heartily commend the book to careful study.

It is quite true that People's Banks are hardly known even in name to the mass of English people—we had almost said to English economists. Hitherto our own information on the subject had been derived largely from some excellent consular reports—chiefly regarding Italy, the land of their most luxuriant growth. Mr. Wolff's<sup>1</sup> very complete account of the system is opportune and attractive. Let us quote his own eulogium of it:

"What untold riches these People's Banks have within the forty years of their existence made available for small folks' needs; what millions they have added to the wealth of the countries in which, as M. Rostand has it, they 'swarm' (*pullulent*), and in which, as M. Léon Say testifies, they 'flourish throughout'; what vast amount of misery, ruin, loss, privations, they have either averted or removed, penetrating, where they have once gained a footing, into the smallest hovel, and bringing to its beggared occupant employment and the weapons wherewith to start afresh in the battle of life, it would be a difficult task to tell. Propagating themselves by their own merits, they have overspread Germany, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium. France is trying to graft them upon her own economic system."

And again: "There has been nothing to compare with it, as a factor of production, in contrast to older agencies, since the invention of steam—to which, in respect of its motive force, it may very well be likened."

"The merits of first putting the idea of co-operative credit-banking into practical shape unquestionably belongs to Germany." Schulze and Delitsch and Raiffeissen started from different poles, but they produced analogous results. The former, according to Mr. Wolff, "put the lender's interest foremost, Raiffeissen the borrower's. Schulze aimed at 'business'; Raiffeissen at social benefit. Schulze is a producers' association; Raiffeissen's a consumers'." The credit associations of the first and the loan banks of the second are

<sup>1</sup> *People's Banks: a Record of Social and Economic Success.* By Henry W. Wolff. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

carefully described : a chapter is devoted to institutions which have imitated both of these. The most interesting chapter to the English reader, as the author himself suggests, will be that on the "People's Banks of Italy." England is the great country of "great banking"; but it is notorious that this does not touch "the masses." Whether or no this foreign development of what is said to have been a Scotch idea can be adapted to English habits, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Wolff's work demands the careful study of British economists and statesmen.

The *Victorian Year Book*,<sup>1</sup> from the pen of that excellent and laborious statistician, Mr. Heylyn Hayter, is more than a mere record of the progress of a great colony. It has a useful summary of the colony's history, a record of the various Ministries, which is very valuable to the historian or biographer, and a variety of details respecting population, finance, and vital statistics. But the portions which we find most attractive are the comparative tables, especially under finance—*e.g.*, of the revenue and expenditure per head in the different Australian Colonies, of the revenues of the different portions of the British dominions, and even of the public debts of foreign countries. In fact, the division of the volume dealing with finance is almost a handbook to the finance of the world. It would scarcely be possible to accord a higher place to any work of this class.

We now come to what is in every sense our great work for this month. Sir William Hunter's name need only be mentioned to command immediate attention. He first published a Statistical Survey of India in 128 volumes, which he ultimately condensed into the fourteen volumes of his *Gazetteer of India*. He has now extracted the pith of these fourteen volumes, and given it to us in 850 pages as *The Indian Empire*.<sup>2</sup> This work may be therefore described as the quintessence of knowledge on the subject of India. It has a good map, a full table of contents, a full index of 50 pages, and some valuable appendices. In every direction it is fully equipped.

We cannot pretend to review such a book in the proper sense of the term. It would be profanity in us to criticise the notoriously accurate work of the great authority on the subject. Neither place nor time seem suitable for going off at a tangent like Lord Macaulay, and writing an essay upon the history, condition, and future of British India. We must be content with giving some idea of the variety and completeness of Sir William Hunter's work.

Beginning with the geography of the country, the author goes on to the people and their government. Amid the "Non-Aryan"

<sup>1</sup> *Victorian Year Book*, 1892. By Henry Heylyn Hayter, C.M.G. In two vols. Vol. I. London: Trubner & Co. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Indian Empire; its People, History, and Products*. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. New and revised edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

racés are names with which we are not familiar : Santals, Kandhs, Kols, and Dravidians ; the table of Non-Aryan languages or dialects occupies two pages, and would have driven Mezzofanti to desperation. Next—the Rig-Veda and the Vedic gods ; the growth of the Brahmins and their six schools of philosophy ; Sanskrit and Prakrit ; the Brahmin astronomy and medicine ; their music and the drama. Then Buddhism, the Greek invasion, Scythic inroads, take their turn in historic order. The rise of Hinduism and the “ race-origin of caste ” come before us only under date 750 to 1520 A.D.—comparatively they are modern ; the chapter which deals with them develops into a most interesting disquisition on religions, and is followed by an account of the story of Christianity in India, which has been written anew for this edition from the investigation of local sources of information ; the examination of the legends of St. Thomas’s connection with India will be of wide interest. From religion the book turns to that part of the history which is generally better appreciated by the ordinary student—the government of the early Mohammedans (or Muhammadans as it is more correctly spelt by Sir William), the Mughal Empire (under which title please recognise the Great Mogul), and last of the three, the Marathas. There is a pause in the history here—a digression on language and literature, the reason for which the author explains :

“ This chapter has dealt at some length with the vernacular literature of India, because a right understanding of that literature is necessary for the comprehension of the chapters which follow. It concludes the part of the present book which treats of the struggle for India by the Asiatic races. In the next chapter, the European races come upon the scene. How they strove among themselves for the mastery will be briefly narrated.”

And in reviewing the successive efforts of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, it is well to bear in mind that “ one secret of the success of the British power has been its non-interference with the customs and the religions of the people.”

A rapid sketch of the history of British rule in India brings the reader to the description of the empire as it now is and is governed. Here is a fund of information. The civil service ; the land systems in the different provinces ; taxation and expenditure ; education, agriculture, trade, manufactures—all are treated with sufficient detail to satisfy most inquirers. And to finish off, there are short chapters on geology, meteorology, zoology, and sport, which seem to leave no loophole for a complaint that any side of Indian life is left untouched. Nevertheless, there is one thing wanting. We do not ask for it or expect it ; in all conscience we ought to be content with what is given us in this great book ; but we mention it as a matter of interest. There is no account of the moral and physical condition and capacity of the inhabitants at the present day.

A short time ago we had the pleasure of noticing in this section General Trumbull's excellent *Free Trade Struggle in England*. A copy of the book was sent to Earl Grey, who wrote the author a pleasing letter in acknowledgment, with a few comments on the question of "international reciprocity." This forms the basis of a brightly written pamphlet<sup>1</sup> by General Trumbull, which we gladly recommend to any thoughtful man who desires a half-hour's instruction combined with amusement. The story of the "three commercial travellers" who were sent to South America, the cynical description of the Pan-American Congress, and the humorous account of American office-seeking, will reward the reader.

*Christmas 1892 in Connaught*<sup>2</sup> is a very useful and suggestive contribution to the great question of the hour. Sir Nathaniel Burnaby's moral from the South Meath election, though novel, appears to be justified. In his opinion the greater part of the mischief is done by the priests; but the Roman Catholics are beginning to understand this as well as the Protestants. He is evidently hopeful that the present Irish politicians can solve the problem of restoring rest and order to Ireland.

We imagine that no one will attempt to deny Sir J. Colomb's claim to have been the pioneer of modern ideas of the defence of the British Empire, the founder of the policy which is connected with the terms coaling stations and the protection of commerce—the parent of a broader and wiser conception of our national responsibility as against foreign foes. His brother, the Admiral, is not less distinguished, and is, we believe, much more conversant with the technical details of naval organisation and administration. His *Essays on Naval Defence*<sup>3</sup> is a republication of the essays which he has from time to time published on the subject, and they show that he was early alive to errors which have only slowly begun to force themselves on the British Admiralty—for instance, the waste of money in expenditure on sail power after it has become superannuated, and the continued construction of vessels which should carry only one or two heavy guns. We are glad to see that the Admiral can adopt the last view, for it has always seemed to us that the policy here attacked must one day be its own condemnation.

Of course, the author has in his mind chiefly the defence of the British Empire and the improvement of the British Navy. "What then is the British Empire in its maritime aspect? It is a vast, straggling, nervous, arterial, and venous system, having its heart, lungs, and brain in the British Islands, its alimentary bases in the

<sup>1</sup> *Earl Grey on Reciprocity and Civil Service Reform*. With Comments by General M. M. Trumbull. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Christmas 1892 in Connaught*. By Sir Nathaniel Burnaby, K.C.B. With résumé of the Home Rule Bill 1893. London: E. Marlborough & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Essays on Naval Defence*. By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. London: Allen Co. 1893.

great possessions of India, Australia, and North America, and its ganglia in the Crown Colonies." And Admiral Colomb proceeds to subject to a searching criticism the conditions affecting our various trade routes in regard to the apprehension of war. History and geography alike are handmaids in this task. From general conditions of strategy he passes to the instruments of warfare, examines the defects of our leading types of ship, and shows where they may be remedied in future. The defence of the British Isles, local fortifications, blockade and convoys, form the titles of chapters which all can understand. The essay on naval attack and defence requires technical knowledge or careful study. But the greater part of the book will be interesting to any Englishman, and, taken with the *Imperial Defence* of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Wilkinson, should furnish any one with a good practical knowledge of a question which interests every British subject, although a noisy class of politicians is in the habit of condemning all connection with the subject as "jingoism."

From the same publishers comes *Gun, Rod, and Saddle*,<sup>1</sup> a chatty collection of incidents of sport which have occurred to the author all over the world. Soldiers, when no fighting is to be done, have rather a good time amongst the game; and if a soldier is also a bit of naturalist—the majority, alas! are not—they may have opportunities for putting together some very instructive chapters. And this is just what our author has done. The chapters come to you like after-dinner stories—no necessary connection, no special associations. From wolf-coursing on the Western prairies you are taken to the jumping of sharks at food out of the water, salmon in Japan and striped bass in the United States, shooting at quail in China and at ducks in America, an incident with a big buck and an adventure with a bear—all these and many more alternate in chatty chapters. Hints on shooting and hints on fly-fishing (the last are good and accord with our own experiences, so far as these go—indeed we should like to have a chat on the subject of rods), excellent chapters on oyster culture, the ruffed grouse, the origin of the American trotter, breaking of dogs, &c. &c.—all bear witness that the writer is at once a true sportsman (not a butcher) and a naturalist.

<sup>1</sup> *Gun, Rod and Saddle, a Record of Personal Experiences.* By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"). London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE volume of *The Story of the Nations*<sup>1</sup> dealing with Poland is splendidly done. The author, Mr. W. R. Morfill, M.A., has spared no pains in collecting his materials, the work being based entirely on original and native authorities. Mr. Morfill boasts that his book has no political bias; and this is certainly saying a great deal, for it is hard to relate the sad story of Poland dispassionately. In the opening chapters there is an excellent account of the country and its people, as well as their literature and general characteristics. The chapter dealing with John Sobieski is profoundly interesting.

The relations between Germany and Russia during the present century form an interesting chapter in the political history of Europe. A work on the subject has just been published in Paris under the title of *L'Allemagne et la Russie au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*.<sup>2</sup> The author shows how the alliance which formerly existed between Germany and Russia has completely broken up, having gradually been weakened since the death of the Emperor Nicholas. It is also pointed out that a war between Germany and Russia is one of the probable events of the near future.

The philosophy of the French Revolution has perhaps never been thoroughly worked out. Much light is thrown on the "true inwardness" of the Revolution by a book entitled *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française*,<sup>3</sup> by Professor Aulard. The writer has an enthusiastic admiration for Danton, while he is rather unfair towards Robespierre. He has evidently studied the history of the period minutely, and endeavours to be impartial. It is difficult, however, for any Frenchman to be entirely unprejudiced when dealing with the Revolution.

Mr. Whittaker's essay on the Philosophy of History<sup>4</sup> takes a rational standpoint throughout, and maintains that the difference between the ethical code of Paganism and Christianity is more one of form than of substance. "The only point," he observes, "where there can be no reconciliation is whether the light of nature, in its form of human reason and experience, or both, shall be a mere introduction to a higher point of view given by supernatural light, or shall be the supreme judge of all ethical commands from whatever source

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of the Nations. Poland.* By W. R. Morfill, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

<sup>2</sup> *L'Allemagne et la Russie au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Édouard Simon. Paris: Felix Alcan.

<sup>3</sup> *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française.* Par F. A. Aulard. Paris: Felix Alcan.

<sup>4</sup> *A Critical Essay on the Philosophy of History.* By Thomas Whittaker, B.A. London: Watts & Co.



they might be said to proceed—whether, in short, ethics, as a system and on principle, shall be theological or philosophical.” It is evident that Mr. Whittaker has emancipated himself from theocratic views of history; but we doubt whether he has solved the problem which his essay endeavours to grapple with.

The history of the Renaissance is almost an inexhaustible mine for the intellectual toiler. A great deal of light has been thrown on the causes of the Renaissance and its distinctive characteristics in a very learned and well-written work entitled, *The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance*,<sup>1</sup> by the Rev. John Owen, Rector of East Anstey, Devon, whose previous volume, *Evenings with the Skeptics*, formed a kind of introduction to his latest publication. The book consists partly of a philosophical discussion in which four or five persons take part, and partly of biographical and critical sketches of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Luigi Pulci, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Pomponazzi, Giordano Bruno, and Vanini, whom the author regards as the leading spirits of the Renaissance in Italy. With much of the writer's conclusions we cordially agree. The Renaissance was an awakening of the human mind from the torpor of dogmatism, but it was not altogether a philosophical movement. Many of its methods were crude and illogical. The criticism of Machiavelli is perhaps a little unjust. Because Machiavelli viewed most subjects from a purely political standpoint, it should not be assumed that he despised metaphysical or ethical speculations. The bent of his mind was towards politics, and he dealt with the questions which interested him most and with which he was best acquainted. It is scarcely true of Machiavelli to say that he “lent himself to schemes of political ambition and tyranny.” The *Prince* is not to be taken too seriously. Its tone is partly theoretical, partly satirical. Macaulay long since pointed out that Machiavelli did not deserve the bad character given to him by malignant sacerdotalists; and we are surprised to find so enlightened an English clergyman as the Rev. Mr. Owen falling into a similar error at this hour of day. The sketches of Giordano Bruno and Vanini in the closing pages of the book are really admirable and will well repay perusal.

A very good account of the French Revolution,<sup>2</sup> based on the works of de Tocqueville, Taine, Michelet, Louis Blanc, and others, is to be found in a little work by Mr. C. E. Mallet, lecturer on History on the staff of the Oxford University Extension. Mr. Mallet also acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. John Morley, who has studied so deeply both the historical and literary aspects of the Revolution. As a manual the book is invaluable. It commences with a very detailed and at the same time comprehensive sketch

<sup>1</sup> *The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance.* By John Owen, Rector of East Anstey, Devon. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The French Revolution.* By Charles Edward Mallet. London: John Murray.

of the condition of France under the Monarchy, and then describes the last years of the *ancien régime*. We then have the various phases of the Revolution depicted very vividly, not in the original fashion of Carlyle, but in sober prosaic English. An excellent appendix, giving a list of books on the subject for the use of students, will be found at the end of the volume.

Mr. F. S. Stevenson's book on *Historic Personality*<sup>1</sup> is full of clever suggestions. It would be vain to attempt to ignore the personal element in history. While we trace out the general causes which have brought about the development of human affairs, we cannot leave out of sight the lives and characters of those who have played a conspicuous part in the histories of different nations. Mr. Stevenson shows that there can be no permanent divorce between history and biography. The lives of individuals who have been great leaders of men form an important element in history, and cannot be ignored. In other words, history includes biography within its scope. As Mr. Stevenson aptly puts it, "It is difficult to imagine how a writer of the future could form a correct estimate of the latter half of the nineteenth century, if he left out of sight the personal influence of President Lincoln in the United States, of Prince Bismarck in Germany, and of Mr. Gladstone in England." In dealing with the subject of "Autobiography," the author makes this very felicitous remark: "In turning over the pages of such works as the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, or of Rousseau, the reader is inclined to feel as if he were intruding on some domestic sorrow, or as if he were gaining possession of a secret which should not be entrusted to his keeping."

The chapter on "Diaries" is highly interesting, and the comparison of Evelyn with Pepys, though not original, is such as to appeal to the judgment of every intelligent reader. Mr. Stevenson justly praises the French for the excellence of the memoirs with which they have enriched the world's literature. He is also judicious in his observations on Sir Walter Scott's shortcomings in the closing chapter dealing with "Imaginative Literature."

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's *Life of Leigh Hunt*<sup>2</sup> is a book which will be eagerly read by all who admire that delightful man of letters, the friend of Byron and Shelley, and the enthusiast with whom literature was a kind of religion. The book is full of details about the leading contemporaries of Hunt, and there is not a dull page in it from beginning to end. It is satisfactory to find that Charles Dickens atoned for his unkindness in caricaturing Leigh Hunt in the character of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*, by proving a true friend to him in the hour of trouble.

<sup>1</sup> *Historic Personality*. By Francis Seymour Stevenson, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Leigh Hunt*. By Cosmo Monkhouse. London: Walter Scott.

Those who want to know some of the realities of Eastern life should read the book entitled, *Recollections of an Egyptian Princess*.<sup>1</sup> The writer, Miss Chepnells, was governess to the Princess, and the two volumes are a record of five years' residence at the Court of the Khedive, Ismail Pasha. The book is beautifully illustrated, and the account of harem-life given in it cannot fail to interest English readers, who are for the most part blissfully ignorant about the subject.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*<sup>2</sup> is a book which will be read in the days of our grandchildren. It is perhaps the most delightful specimen of biography ever written. A new edition published by Macmillan & Co., with an interesting introduction by Mowbray Morris, ought to have a wide sale. Boswell worshipped the hero of his book, and spared no labour in collecting materials for the work. Contemptible as was the personal character of the man, his zeal in recording all that he knew of Johnson commands our sincere admiration. Moreover, great a man as Johnson was, his fame owes much to Boswell's excellent biography. Few people would ever have known how great a fund of genuine English common-sense the celebrated lexicographer possessed but for Boswell's accounts of the conversations in which he took part. A work of such perennial interest requires no further recommendation. Its very title must find a welcome for it everywhere.

The new volume of *Biographies of Eminent Persons*,<sup>3</sup> reprinted from the *Times*, includes sketches of the Emperor William, Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Maine, Lord Malmesbury, John Bright, Dr. Döllinger, Robert Browning, Jefferson Davis, Professor Thorold Rogers, and Cardinal Newman. They are all "well done" from a journalistic point of view, but in point of criticism many of them are very superficial.

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#### BELLES LETTRES.

A NOVEL which exhibits real originality ought not to be too severely criticised for mere errors of form. On this principle we desire to speak generously of *The Marplot*,<sup>4</sup> an interesting contribution to recent

<sup>1</sup> *Recollections of an Egyptian Princess*. By her English Governess. In two volumes. Edinburgh and London : W. Blackwood & Son.

<sup>2</sup> *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Edited. with an Introduction, by Mowbray Morris. New edition. London : Macmillan & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Biographies of Eminent Persons*. Reprinted from the *Times*. Vol. IV. London : Macmillan & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *The Marplot*. By S. R. Lysaght. London : Macmillan & Co.

English fiction. The author, Mr. Sidney Royse Lysaght, is anything but conventional in his ideas of love and marriage. The plot of his story might have been suggested by an enthusiastic study of Goethe, and the love of the young Englishman, Dick Malory, for Elsinora Chillington, a charming Irish girl, with a very English name, appeals strongly to the sympathies of the reader. Dick is selfish in his love, while Elsinora is the very reverse, and so far as they are concerned the story ends unhappily; but tragedy is not the prevailing tendency of the book. It is thoroughly human, though sometimes the author fails to satisfy us as to the perfect naturalness of his pictures. The Irish scenes in the novel are particularly good, and it is quite evident that Mr. Lysaght is well acquainted with both the scenery and the manners of Kerry.

*A Study in Temptations*,<sup>1</sup> by John Oliver Hobbes, is a book which touches on some curious problems. It is not exactly a pleasant story; but the author has both narrative power and a certain caustic humour, which tends to make one wince rather than laugh. The prologue with which the book opens is a tragedy in itself; but the remaining portion of the novel is pure comedy tinged with a grim realism which puritanical readers will not appreciate.

It is time that English readers should become better acquainted with the contemporary literature of Denmark. The appearance of a series of Danish stories,<sup>2</sup> by Holger Drachmann, in an English form—published in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library—should, therefore, be welcomed. The first story in the book, *The Cruise of the "Wild Duck,"* is a bold and dashing narrative, and shows the author's passionate love of the sea. In the sketch, *She Died and was Buried*, there is an extraordinary mixture of satire and pathos, unlike anything in English literature. The love of a waiter for a servant-girl in consumption is not a promising theme, and yet out of this commonplace situation the Danish writer weaves a touching romance. The other tales are quite characteristic, and the wild free breath of the sea seems to blow through them. *Round Cape Horn* is a capital story of adventure. The picture of a sailor and a dog nearly starving together is a most vivid and thrilling one.

*Gladys Fane*,<sup>3</sup> by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, is a commonplace story enough, but it is well written, and may be safely recommended for perusal by the "young person" to which French fiction is a kind of literary poison. The ending is sad, not to say depressing; but, taken altogether, the novel is somewhat above the average.

<sup>1</sup> *A Study in Temptations*. By John Oliver Hobbes. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Pseudonym Library.

<sup>2</sup> *The Cruise of the "Wild Duck," and other Tales*. Danish Stories. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Pseudonym Library.

<sup>3</sup> *Gladys Fane*. By T. Wemyss Reid. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

*La Chanoinesse*,<sup>1</sup> by M. André Theuriet, is an exceedingly interesting historical romance of the last century. It is published in the same series as *Salammbô*. The scene is laid at the period of the French Revolution, and the plot is cleverly constructed, though it reminds one too forcibly of M. Renan's celebrated drama, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*. The attempted flight of Louis XVI. and his arrest form a striking episode in the story.

*The Widow Lampport*<sup>2</sup> is a very readable story of modern Indian life. The interest of the narrative centres around the love of a Methodist parson for a pretty "widow," who, as ill-luck would have it, discovers too late that her first husband—a confirmed blackguard—is still living. The story is dramatically told, but the conclusion is unsatisfactory. Some passages in the tale remind us of *The Scarlet Letter*; but Mr. Levett-Yeats has very little of Hawthorne's delicate sensibility and appreciation of the spiritual element in human nature.

Mr. W. D. Howells has a style of his own quite as distinctive in its way as that of Thackeray. In his latest book he has adhered to his well-recognised method of telling the story as much by dialogue as by description. The novel is not entirely pleasant reading, and the ending is a little too metaphysical; but nobody can deny that *The World of Chance*<sup>3</sup> is full of cleverness and originality.

*La Chasse au Magot*<sup>4</sup> is by no means a dull story. The *dramatis personæ* are nearly all professional performers, or artists of one sort or another, and the marriage tie seems to sit on them with that airy lightness which the public is apt to regard as a sort of *grâce d'état*, or at most an excusable weakness, in its amusers. The author's style is rapid and bright; he contents himself with setting down the doings of his characters, and leaves the reader to draw his own moral. In the case of the heroine, he does indeed explain her extreme restiveness under the restraints of wedlock by telling us that, when little more than a child, her ideas of conjugal affection had been falsified and distorted by reading hyperbolic descriptions of sexual passion. But, after that, he never again interrupts his narrative to moralise over her scandalous career. In truth, the facts speak for themselves far more loudly than could any mere verbal censure. We cannot, however, help thinking that M. Ameline has been too indulgent in winding up the story of this unscrupulous adventuress with a happy, and indeed an idyllic, *dénouement*.

*L'Hermine*<sup>5</sup> is a bitter satire on the spotless integrity of the French magistracy. So far from rivalling the unsullied purity of

<sup>1</sup> *La Chanoinesse*, 1789-1793. Par André Theuriet. Paris; Armand Colin et Cie.

<sup>2</sup> *The Widow Lampport*. By S. Levett-Yeats. Allahabad: A. Wheeler & Co. Indian Railway Library. No. 21. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

<sup>3</sup> *The World of Chance*. By William Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

<sup>4</sup> *La Chasse au Magot*. Par Ernest Ameline. Paris: L. Sauvaire. 1893.

<sup>5</sup> *Israël L'Hermine*. Par G. Lafargue-Decazes. Paris: A. Savine.

the ermine, the Judicial Bench, according to M. Decazes, is tainted by no inconsiderable admixture of "black sheep," all of whom, he would have us believe, are either Jews or of Jewish descent. It is a contention as to the truth or falsehood of which no foreigner can pronounce authoritatively; but, on the one hand, we should be loath to believe that corruption or venality are of ordinary occurrence in the ranks of the French law-officers, and, on the other, it must be confessed that in other departments of public life in France—notably among the legislative and executive—the "Panama Scandals" have shown that corruption comes quite as natural to Gentiles as to Jews. But, be that as it may, really good satire is always amusing, and the satire of *L'Hermine* is exceptionally clever. So, though we have little sympathy with M. Lafargue-Decazes in his anti-Semitic prejudices, we are quite ready to recognise and to enjoy his skill as a satirist.

*Le Secret du Précepteur*<sup>1</sup> is an interesting romance. The characters are admirably drawn. The young tutor himself, who tells the tale in the first person, is, as the title intimates, the hero. A brilliant scholar, a man of high principle, firm, bold, clear-sighted, and ready-witted, he yet plays from first to last a hopelessly unsuccessful rôle so far as romance is concerned, for he is, as it were, out of the race before the start, being disqualified for the part of "jeune premier" by the physical peculiarities which greatly conduced to his being chosen to fill the office of tutor and mentor to two young and attractive girls. Thus it is inseparable from the construction of the piece that the hero should be an unsuccessful and more or less an unhappy hero; and it is a decided drawback to the reader's pleasure. In the nature of things the poor tutor cannot be a prosperous lover. He does not even enter the lists as a candidate, nor reveal that he is a lover. Hence the title of the book; hence, too, a perpetual war between the reader's sympathies—all on the side of the "précepteur"—and his common-sense, which points to the inevitable and yet disappointing *dénouement*.

An excellent handbook of Spanish literature,<sup>2</sup> by Mr. H. Butler Clarke, has just been published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The account of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon is very full, both in biographical detail and in critical references.

Professor Ten Brink's *English Literature*<sup>3</sup> is a work of great merit. The translation of the second volume, now published, includes accounts of Chaucer, Gower, and the Renaissance.

<sup>1</sup> *Le Secret du Précepteur*. Par Victor Cherbuliez (de l'Académie Française). Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Spanish Literature*. An Elementary Handbook. By H. Butler Clarke, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *History of English Literature*. By Bernhard Ten Brink. Translated from the German by Wm. Clarke Robinson. Vol. 2. London: George Bell & Son.

## ART.

THE latest number of the long series of monographs on *Celebrated Artists*,<sup>1</sup> issued by *L'Art*, is of more general interest than any we have yet seen. This is because of the side-lights it chances to throw on a decisive page of French history. It is true that the artistic merit of Philippe de Champaigne alone makes him worthy of the modest place assigned him in this collection; but we are none the less glad to learn so much about the life of a painter who was also one of the early Jansenists.

Philippe de Champaigne was born in Brussels at the beginning of the wonderful seventeenth century. He came early to Paris, where his master, a fellow-worker with Rubens, had preceded him; and he became successively painter to Marie de Médicis, to Louis XIII., and to Richelieu. Along with his nephew, Jean Baptiste, he worked for Louis XIV.; and after a life of seventy years, in which, like many greater masters, he won much esteem and not overmuch money for his moderate ambition, he died in peace, and was duly chronicled at Port-Royal as a "good painter and good Christian. He has given us several pious pictures, and bequeathed us at his death 6000 livres."

In his masterpieces Philippe de Champaigne showed himself a fair colourist and a good designer, while his composition raises him to a high rank among classical painters. His landscape backgrounds are superior to all but the best. In spite of his antecedents, he belonged to the French rather than to the Flemish school of painting, and his influence was considerable on the painters of his adopted country. Perhaps this book will call attention to his pictures, now somewhat neglected, in the galleries of the Louvre. To the list of his works, which our author has compiled with considerable painstaking, there should be added several of whose existence he seems to be unaware. They are in the possession of different religious institutions of Quebec in Canada, to which they were presented in the time of Louis XIV. The artist's glory was still fresh at that time; and there was more than one reason why his manner should be congenial to the clergy of New France, many of whom shared the spirit of the straight-laced solitaries of Port-Royal.

During a lifetime passed in the midst of controversialists, the painter executed commissions impartially for Jansenists and for

<sup>1</sup> *Les Artistes Célèbres : Philippe et Jean-Baptiste de Champaigne.* Par A. Gazier. Paris ; Librairie de l'Art. 1895.

Jesuits—a straw sufficient to show that, in real life, the tide flowed far differently from the course assigned to it in ordinary history. From the beginning, the scrupulous and religious-minded artist would not paint from the nude, nor, *a fortiori*, draw the portraits of the dissolute ladies of the Court. As he was really a great portrait-painter, this may cause the romancer a sigh of regret; but it has secured to us the living images—far more interesting, historically—of the great Frenchmen of the day, not to speak of many a valiant woman—*virago*, if we may be permitted a Latin word—from the cloister of Port-Royal.

The publishers have had the public spirit to reproduce the original engravings of many of these portraits from the collection in the National Library. Cardinals Richelieu and de Retz, Turenne, Colbert, and the Chancellor Le Tellier, the very Jansenius and the Abbé de Saint-Cyran, the Arnaulds, with Mère Angélique and the others, have faces which add singularly to the value of what purports to be only an art monograph. Pascal, whose asceticism would not suffer him to be painted, is wanting. There is a curious scene, where the Mère Catherine Agnes Arnauld is praying beside the artist's daughter, a nun who, at the prayer, rose healed from paralysis; for the Jansenists had their miracles as well as more common people.

In spite of the endless volumes which have been devoted *pro* and *con* to Port-Royal and Jansenism, from Pascal to Sainte-Beuve, the history of this turning-point in French thought remains as obscure as it is important to any real understanding of the eighteenth century which it so strongly influenced. The movement of minds which it involved naturally affected men of thoughtful and religious temperament, who revered the old dogma, and yet were touched by the new speculation. Such men were Pascal himself (without whose questionings the spirit of Descartes would never have breathed itself out in Voltaire and the Encyclopedists), the poet Racine, and the meditative and pure painter whose life and modest labours are recounted in this volume. Its author, while treating competently the artistic side of his subject, has industriously hunted out all the information obtainable concerning the connection of the painter with Port-Royal, where his daughter was a professed nun, and where he found his most sympathetic friends. Some of this information is from unpublished manuscripts of the time, and is of a kind which historians, with their usual perversity, commonly pass over on the supposition that mere painting can have little to say about free thought, royal politics, and religious persecution.

M. Gazier has set down what he has found in a clear and continuous narrative, with proper references, and without any attempt at appreciating the significance of his matter. Once only does he strike a false note, from carelessly borrowing a phrase that has



become traditional among writers who have darkened counsel by words without knowledge. It is when he attributes the misfortunes of Port-Royal to "the hatred of the Jesuits," which is as correct as would be the attributing the suppression of the Jesuits a century later to Pascal's *Provincial Letters* and the hostility of the Jansenists. The real question at issue was far more vital than the manœuvres of either party could ever have made it. It was an essential evolution of the World-Spirit, which has reached to our own century, the end of which we cannot yet see, and in which if the Jesuits have lost the Jansenists have assuredly not won.

## IS HOME RULE NEEDED FOR IRELAND?

THE Unionists say that Ireland does not need Home Rule; that she gets on very well without it; that the system of external legislation is the system best calculated to meet her wants and secure her prosperity; and that the restoration of the Irish Parliament would fatally retard her advance.

On the other hand, the Home Rulers consider that the best proof that Ireland needs Home Rule may be found in a review of her condition since she was deprived of it. It is matter of unquestionable history that on the recovery of her constitutional independence in 1782 she verified the words of Grattan, that constitution was the parent of commerce. But the increase of commercial wealth was not the only benefit that marked that period. There was a growing harmony of parties that had previously been sharply divided; a gradual dying out of sectarian acerbity; a progressive consolidation of Catholics and Protestants into one brotherhood of nationality which Grattan laboured to promote, and which he and his allies would have effected if the sinister policy of Pitt had not blown into flame the expiring embers of old hatreds.

Pitt marched through carnage and corruption to the overthrow of the Irish constitution; and the inevitable consequence to Ireland of that great crime has been the condition of anarchy which now, at the end of more than ninety years, demands the substitution of Home Government for a system fertile of national disaster. Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke, in his well-known Unionist pamphlet, admits that since 1782 no country in the world had ever made such rapid advances as Ireland had made "in agriculture, in manufactures, in wealth and prosperity" (p. 52); but as the advance which he describes was productive of augmented national strength, he recommends a Union as extinguishing "the fear of Ireland being too powerful to govern" (p. 15). The prosperity of the country was to be checked, because it was the Ministerial policy to keep down Ireland. Here is revealed the real spirit of the Union. Home legislation, despite the many faults of the legislature, was productive of national greatness, and home legislation was therefore intolerable to Ministerial jealousy. Cooke asserts that with all our accession of prosperity, "discontent has kept pace with improvement; discord

has grown up with our wealth ; conspiracy and rebellion have shot up with our prosperity." But he takes care to suppress the causes which had driven the people to conspire against the Government—he says nothing of the crimes which, following Pitt's breach of faith with the Catholics, scourged the people to revolt. Edmund Burke describes the persecution of the Catholics as " insolent, fierce, and contumelious." " No candid man," says Mr. Lecky, " can, I think, deny that acts of criminal, shameful, and exasperating violence were at this time (1797) committed in Ireland, with the full sanction of the Government." Of course Mr. Cooke tells us nothing of this. He represents the existence of the Irish Parliament as the source of disaffection and rebellion. His cure for all our evils is the destruction of the Irish Parliament and the transference of Irish legislation to London. It is not without interest to record his glowing prophecies of the peace, the affluence, the security of all kinds of property, rents and tithes included, the augmented value of land, the return to Ireland of absentees, who will hasten to enjoy the universal comfort, the reduced taxation, the establishment of a dockyard at Cork ; all which blessings are to flow from the Union, and which so curiously contrast with the actual results of that measure. The results are what might naturally be expected from a measure intended to prevent Ireland " from becoming too great "; a measure forced on Ireland by treachery, corruption, and bloodshed. The crimes by which the Government provoked the rebellion and which culminated in the Union, are clearly traced in Lecky's able, lucid, and thoroughly impartial narrative.

Well, the country was struck down, and lay prostrate under the blow until, about 1805, a stir commenced among the Dublin guilds to obtain a repeal of the Union. The withdrawal of local expenditure was severely felt in the metropolis. Before the Union ninety-eight peers had town houses in Dublin, which they soon abandoned when deprived of the attraction of a resident Parliament. Pitt, prior to the Union, had stated the Irish rents paid to absentee landlords in England at a million per annum. In 1802 the absentee rents amounted to two millions ; and as the absenteeism of the legislature inevitably produced a large emigration of the upper classes, the absentee rental soon swelled to four millions per annum. In 1810 the agitation for the repeal of the Union was renewed in the Dublin corporation, which was then exclusively Protestant. Mr. Hutton made a speech in which he impressively described the decay that had overspread the country, the increase of an unjustly estimated national debt, the decline of manufacturing enterprise, the augmented evil of absenteeism, all which evils he ascribed to the Union. A resolution in accordance with his statement was carried in the corporation by a majority of thirty. The action of the corporation was soon followed by a meeting of the freemen and freeholders of Dublin, called by Sir James

Riddel, one of the high sheriffs, for the purpose of considering the necessity of demanding the restoration of the Irish legislature. O'Connell made a speech of great power at that meeting; and he thenceforth became the accredited leader of the national question.

The incessant outflow of Irish public revenue and private income necessarily disabled the people from effectually meeting the occasional calamities of bad harvests. In 1816 there was an extensive failure of the cereal crops, and the famine, with its accompanying typhus, slew great numbers. It was widely felt that if the millions of the national wealth which were annually drawn off to England had remained at home, there would have been a domestic fund sufficient to mitigate considerably, though not wholly to avert, the miseries suffered by the people. The political events of the period were O'Connell's struggle for Catholic emancipation, and the furious opposition which his efforts encountered from the Orange party and the anti-Catholic bigots in general. Without for a moment abandoning the cause which lay nearest to the national heart—the cause of Repeal of the Union—he gave, for the time, much more prominence to Catholic enfranchisement. He did so, as he afterwards told me, in the belief that as soon as Catholic emancipation should become law, the Orange and other hostility to Irish Home Government would expire with what was then the chief subject of contention. The event has shown that he gave the Orange party more credit for common sense than they deserved. We should gratefully acknowledge that he received great assistance from Protestant allies who recognised the justice of the Catholic claims, and who were not scared by the frantic denunciations of clerical firebrands. With their help, and the pecuniary and electoral support of the Catholic multitude, O'Connell triumphed. Emancipation became law in 1829; and in 1830 O'Connell addressed a series of letters to the whole Irish nation, in which he exhorted them to join him in an effort to recover their old privilege of domestic legislation. The general election of 1832 was the first which took place under the Reform Act. The Act of Emancipation had greatly restricted the popular franchise in Ireland, so that O'Connell had to count with the members returned by a much reduced electorate. There had been a forty-shilling franchise, and there was now a ten-pound franchise. Forty members only were returned in 1832 to advocate Repeal. I once asked O'Connell how he accounted for the defection of the Irish gentry, who, in 1799 and 1800, had been inveterate opponents of the Union. He said that they had been given the whole local patronage of the country, and that the privilege thus conferred had attracted their regards to the Government. He might have added that the transference from Dublin to London of the sources to which aspirants to social and political distinction generally look, had gradually rendered them

tolerant of the foreign rule which at first had incurred their hostility.

In 1838, the Poor Law Act for Ireland was passed. Our English neighbours had never objected to the expenditure among them of four millions per annum of Irish absentee rents; but when the pauper Irish followed their rich countrymen in great numbers to England, their incursion was deemed an inconvenience which required for its remedy a law to throw on Irish property the support of that Irish pauperism which in large measure had been increased by the Union.

In 1840, O'Connell founded the Repeal Association for the recovery of Home Government.

The essence of Home Government is simply the right of the Irish nation to retain for the benefit of the whole Irish people the first-fruits of whatever gifts, material or intellectual, Almighty God has bestowed on our country. On the other hand, the essence of the legislative Union is the denial to Ireland of those rights; it is the usurpation by England of the power to drag from Ireland, under the pretext of imperial incorporation, whatever amount of Irish revenue she thinks proper; and to absorb, by the attraction of superior wealth, the services of Irish intellect, which is thus diverted from its natural sphere of action. Pitt had held out, as one of the benefits of the Union, the opening of the English market to Irish talent. That, said Grattan, is just what we dread—to have Irish talent dragged out of this kingdom, to be sold in London to the highest bidder. Grattan feared, as the result of the extinction of the native legislature, that the Irish market for native ability would decay, and that Irishmen, however able, could not make their way in England without becoming un-Irish.

For six years following 1840, the Repeal Association continued to expand, until Sir Robert Peel's Government considered it necessary to check its progress by prosecuting O'Connell and the other leaders on a charge of what was called conspiracy. The public have not forgotten the prosecution, the conviction of the accused by a packed jury and a partisan judge; the appeal by the "conspirators" to the House of Lords, the reversal of the sentence, and the scathing words with which Lord Denman denounced the whole proceedings of the trial and conviction as calculated to make trial by jury "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." In September 1844, the prisoners were released from their confinement, and great was the popular rejoicing. But a heavy calamity impended. Towards the end of autumn 1845, the potato crop, which formed the chief sustenance of the people, showed extensive symptoms of disease, and the famine which followed the failure of the crop continued with varying severity for more than six years. Multitudes perished,

and almost every peasant who could raise the passage-money escaped to America.

The Union, when the famine began, had been forty-five years in existence; and on the lowest possible estimate the outflow of money to England during those years must have reached £230,000,000 sterling, between exported Irish taxes, absentee rents, and the money expended in the purchase of such English fabrics as had supplanted the growing manufactures of Ireland. To this pecuniary loss must be added the loss of whatever profit would have accrued from the expenditure of Irish money in the land that produced it.

The abstraction of income was not the only spoliation of that period. The food which native industry had raised—corn, cattle, butter, pigs, sheep—amounted in 1847 to the value of £44,918,120 sterling, as computed by Captain Larcom, Government Commissioner. The *Times*, in one of its honest intervals, said that a decree of *sic vos non vobis* seemed the fate of the Irish agriculturist.

The Union, according to Pitt and his agents, was to overflow Ireland with prosperity. Here, when it had lasted between forty and fifty years, we had a people perishing in the face of £44,000,000 worth of food of their own raising. But the price of the food was carried off to satisfy absentee taxes, absentee rents, and the other drains incident to the absence of Home Government. Not that Home Government could avert all seasons of calamity, whether arising from agricultural failure or any other cause. But it could have kept Irish income and Irish food at home, and have thus essentially lessened the pressure of a terrible visitation. The Union, according to Pitt, was to have raised the great mass of the people to a better standard of comfort. In 1837, Mr. George Nicholls, whom the Government had employed to examine and report on the proposed establishment of the Irish Poor Law, could thus write to his employers:

“Unless the great mass of the Irish people are protected from the effects of destitution, no great or lasting improvement in their condition can be expected.”

In January 1847, O'Connell—old, despondent, and physically weak—quitted Ireland for the last time, and died in the following May at Genoa. The famine still continued to do its ghastly work. Generous contributors from other lands sent large supplies of food, but the calamity was too great to be met by the efforts, however great, of individual benevolence. Vessels, laden with gifts of food from America and other countries, were met, as they sailed into Irish harbours, by vessels sailing out of Ireland laden with Irish-grown food, exported in accordance with the principles of political economy. This was not wonderful. We did not govern our own country.

In 1853 we were beginning to recover from the miseries of the famine, when the time seemed opportune for increasing the taxation of Ireland. In examining our financial case, it seems to me important that the financial purpose of the legislative Union should be thoroughly understood. Under our resident Parliament the taxation of Ireland had been light. The fiscal purpose of the Union was to involve Ireland in English liabilities, which were greatly larger than her own; to raise the very moderate taxation of Ireland to the much higher English level; and this without giving Ireland any compensation for the new load to which the Union was to make her subject.

The story has often been told; but as our fiscal relations with England have now become the subject of Parliamentary discussion, a short *resumé* of the leading facts will be pardoned by the reader.

In 1801, the Irish debt was in round numbers £28,000,000. The English debt was then £450,000,000, about sixteen times larger than ours; and it needed some dexterity to find a pretext for assimilating the taxation of the two countries when so great a disparity of their liabilities existed.

The mode adopted by Castlereagh for effecting this purpose was by deliberately overcharging Ireland in the share she was to contribute to the common expenses of both kingdoms. The overcharge being in excess of Irish relative ability, of course produced an annual deficit, which deficit was to be made good by borrowing on Irish credit; and it was provided that as soon as the "debt" thus created should reach a certain specified proportion to the debt of Great Britain, special quotas were to cease and both kingdoms were to be taxed indiscriminately. The debt thus charged on Ireland was fictitious, because it was swelled by an overcharge on her resources.

The overcharge was not an accidental miscalculation. It was a deliberate fraud, intended, as I have said, to force up the Irish debt to bear to the British debt the ratio which, according to the terms of the Union statute, was to authorise the abolition of special quotas and the ultimate equalisation of Irish and British taxation. That the fraud was deliberately planned is clear, for without the overcharge the specified proportion could not have been reached.

In 1801, the Irish debt, as I have said, bore to the British the proportion of 1 to 16. The overcharge inflated it to the much higher proportion of 1 Irish to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  British, in 1816. In that year was passed the Act known as the Consolidation Act, by which the *revenues and debts* of the two kingdoms were consolidated; thus mortgaging Ireland for the whole British debt, pre-Union as well as post-Union.

This subject, at all times important, has now assumed special prominence from the necessity of securing fair treatment of Ireland

in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. In an article which I contributed to the *WESTMINSTER REVIEW* of last November, I gave an outline of our fiscal case, supported by the authority of the statesmen by whom the Consolidation Act of 1816 was recommended. I sent a copy of my article to Mr. Gladstone, accompanying it with a letter in which I gave one or two instances of the results of the excessive taxation he had imposed. In reply I received the following note :

" 10 Downing Street, 8th December, 1892.

" *SIR*,—Mr. Gladstone desires me to thank you for your letter of the 3rd inst., and to say that his examination of Irish finance, though incomplete, has already shown him that the adjustment made by the Act of Union was very inequitable.—Faithfully yours, J. K. MURRAY."

The adjustment which the right hon. gentleman now admits to have been very inequitable, is the adjustment on which, in 1853, he rested his defence of the increase of Irish taxation. On the 23rd of May 1853, Colonel Dunne moved for the postponement of the Income Tax (Ireland) Bill until a committee should have examined and reported on the fiscal case of Ireland and on her financial capacity. In reply to Colonel Dunne, Mr. Gladstone said :

" As far as he could hear, the hon. and gallant gentleman had not adverted to the Act of Union, nor to the fact that it contemplated and provided for the principle of consolidated finances and equal taxation, and that that principle was to become applicable when the debt of Ireland had reached a certain proportion—that of two to fifteen—to the debt of England. The debt of Ireland did reach that proportion to the debt of England; it reached a much higher proportion than the debt of England at the end of the war; and that was precisely the case which was provided for by the seventh article of the Act of Union " (*Hansard*, vol. cxxvii.).

Such was the financial adjustment on which the taxation of Ireland has been regulated since 1853; and it is now proclaimed by Mr. Gladstone to have been very inequitable. Forty years of wrong demand a large measure of reparation. Evidently, Mr. Gladstone did not, in 1853, appreciate the fictitious character of what was called "Irish" debt. He did not seem to see that it was a sham debt, trumped up to supply a pretext for unjustly taxing Ireland. But, in his recent speech introducing Home Rule, he says :

" In former days, and on full consideration I am convinced of it, Ireland has been most shabbily, most unjustly treated in money matters."

The candour of this avowal is honourable, and we may hope it is a prelude to such a settlement as will give Ireland as much amends for forty years of inequitable taxation as may consist in a very low rate of contribution to imperial expenses. The accumulated overcharge of that long period should form a governing consideration in a new financial settlement.



The opponents of Home Rule threaten terrible things in the event of its success. "Protestant" Ulster is to be armed, and the Orange party are to outdo their previous acts of heroism in preserving their province from Popish intolerance. They represent Ulster as if it was exclusively Protestant and exclusively Unionist. As to its exclusive Protestantism, an intelligent gentleman, Mr. Galloway Rigg, well acquainted with Ulster, took the trouble to investigate the facts, and on the authority of a Parliamentary return he states the comparative numbers of Protestants and Catholics of Ulster as follows :

"Instead of Ulster being a Protestant province, it is simply a province whose extreme eastern portion is overwhelmingly Protestant, in contrast to its western, central, and southern portions, which are overwhelmingly Catholic. The overwhelmingly Protestant division comprises one-fourth of the area, and about two-fifths of the population and three counties; the overwhelmingly Catholic division comprises three-fifths of the population, three-fourths of the area, and six counties." It thus appears that Ulster is not the exclusively Protestant province which the Unionists would lead the English public to believe. Nor is it "solid for the Union," as the same authorities would represent it. At the present time Ulster returns fourteen Home Rulers to the House of Commons. At the general election of 1885 it returned seventeen Home Rulers. Three seats—namely, West Belfast, North Fermanagh, and Derry City—have been since lost by a mismanagement which will not probably be repeated.

I have adverted to the Orange alarm of Catholic intolerance, because, however consciously unreal are the fears expressed by the bigots, it is not unlikely that honest English Protestants may here and there be impressed by their representations. If ever there was a people incapable of sectarian persecution, that people is the Irish Catholic multitude. This is demonstrated by the Protestant historians whom I shall proceed to quote, and whose religious belief does not seem to them to need the support of anti-Catholic calumny.

The Protestant Parnell, in his *Historical Apology* for the Irish Catholics, exclaims: "The Irish Roman Catholic bigots! The Irish Roman Catholics are the only sect that ever resumed power without exercising vengeance."

The Protestant historian, William Cooke Taylor, LL.D., says in his *History of the Civil Wars in Ireland* :

"It is but justice to this maligned body to add, that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own."

Again, speaking of the Irish Parliament held in 1689 by James II.—a Parliament chiefly Catholic—Taylor says :

"One of the first Acts passed by James's Parliament was 'An

Act for Establishing Liberty of Conscience, and repealing such Acts or clauses in any Act of Parliament inconsistent with the same.' To this measure," says Taylor, "the Irish Catholic may appeal as a full and satisfactory refutation of the charges of bigotry and intolerance; and the Irish Protestant must blush to remember that William's Parliament, so far from imitating this noble example of enlightened liberality, took the earliest opportunity of establishing a system of penal laws, compared with which the persecutions of Spanish inquisitors were tenderness and mercy."

One more quotation from a Protestant historian. Mr. Lecky, speaking of the Irish Catholics in his *England in the Eighteenth Century*, says:

"Among the Catholics, at least, religious intolerance was never a prevailing vice, and those who have studied closely the history and character of the Irish people cannot fail to be struck with the deep respect for sincere religion in every form which they have commonly evinced. Their original conversion to Christianity was probably accompanied by less violence and bloodshed than in that of any equally considerable nation in Europe; and in spite of the fearful calamities that followed the Reformation, it is a memorable fact that not a single Protestant suffered for his religion in Ireland during the period of the Marian persecution in England. The treatment of Bedell during the savage outbreak of 1641, and the Act establishing liberty of conscience, passed by the Irish Parliament of 1689, in the full flush of the brief Catholic ascendancy under James II., exhibit very remarkably this aspect of the Irish character; and it was displayed in another form scarcely less vividly during the Quaker mission which began towards the close of the Commonwealth, and continued with little intermission during two generations."

And it is the Irish Catholics whose noble hereditary attribute of religious tolerance is here attested, the victims often of rancorous persecution, but themselves never persecutors—it is these Catholics whom the "loyal" Orangemen and Tory Unionists represent as merely waiting for Home Rule to acquire the power of trampling on Protestants. Mr. Balfour says he would not put "Protestant" Ulster under the heel of the other three provinces. This is as absurd as if he said he would not put Yorkshire under the heel of Lancashire. It is nonsense just adapted to the Orange and Tory intelligence; it flatters their prejudice, and helps to prolong their senseless hostility to the mass of their countrymen. The arguments employed by the Salisbury, Balfour, and Unionist party generally, are in fact incitements to perpetuate internal discord among Irishmen. We are told that Home Rule should be withheld from a country divided by difference of races, difference of creeds, difference of traditions. The Salisbury argument goes to intensify and stereotype the differences and to prolong the gangrene of discord in the

Irish body politic. Under our old Irish Parliament the divisions were fast disappearing, until in 1795 the machinations of Pitt revived them with fatal success.

The Salisbury patronage of the Irish landocracy professes to preserve them as an element of perpetual strife in their native country. I wish they would compare this degraded position with the noble position they would hold if they led the Home Rule movement. Had they done so they would have easily commanded the popular confidence. A resident Parliament would give them a domestic centre to which social ambition, patriotic enterprise, literary and artistic talent, would all look for their reward. A resident Parliament would teach them to concentrate their interests and affections on the land of their birth. This would give them real and merited strength, whereas in abandoning the interests of their country they have sacrificed their own.

If it were not saddening that a portion of our countrymen, the professors of the Orange persuasion, should oppose the just rights of their country, we should feel amused by comparing their bluster on several occasions with its futile results. When O'Connell agitated for Catholic emancipation, the Orangemen shouted "No surrender"—the ark of Protestant ascendancy should never be surrendered—clerical enthusiasts, of whose eloquence I retain some samples, declared that divine vengeance would not only fall on the Papists, but also on such Protestants as would assist them. "No surrender" was proclaimed from pulpits and platforms. Emancipation was carried, and the Orangemen surrendered. Next came the Corporate Reform Bill. Again the Orangemen cried "No surrender," the Protestantism of the corporations should be held intact. The Act passed, and again the Orangemen surrendered. Next came the Disestablishment of the State Church. Of course, the Orange party vociferated "No surrender," and equally of course, when the Act passed, they surrendered. As their cry of "No surrender" has invariably been followed by surrendering, so now we infer from their antecedents that Home Rule, when passed, will find them equally amenable to reason and necessity. In what way could Home Rule interfere with their interests? I applaud their industrial energy and wish all success to their commercial enterprise. Do they fear a raid upon their spinning-mills? or that we have hatched a conspiracy to confiscate the Bibles which they parade in their processions?

It is said that a form of prayer against Home Rule is to be used under Protestant Episcopal sanction. Here we have hatred of Irish constitutional rights assuming a devotional attitude; but I am glad to know that large numbers of Protestants are incapable of taking part in the pious masquerade.

The Home Rule Bill, so far as it goes, is a measure of restitution

to Ireland of the rights of which she is defrauded by the Union. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech delivered last autumn at West Calder, gave a faithful description of the rights which, under her native Parliament, Ireland possessed.<sup>6</sup>

"Before the Act of Union," he said, "Ireland was a sovereign country, and the Parliament of England and Scotland had no more power to constrain or trespass on the Parliament of Ireland than it has to trample on the Congress of America. Now, that is a matter of fact. Ireland before the Union was an independent kingdom. To that independence the Union put an end."

Mr. Gladstone here records our legislative sovereignty, and says that it was terminated by the Union. Now let us bear in mind the mode in which he describes the Union; he fully adopts the words of Mr. Lecky, who terms the Union "a crime of the deepest turpitude."

The case stands thus: A possession of priceless, of inestimable value has been torn from Ireland by the bitter enemies of her constitutional independence and her consequent prosperity. Plain justice demands that the restitution conceded in any measure of Home Rule should be commensurate with the priceless possession of which the Union deprives us. Home Government, if not a sham, should mean the power to govern. A kingdom, as Grattan said, is ruled with a view to its own interests; a province is ruled for the interests of the dominant country. Since 1801 we have been ruled as a tributary province, and the power to control the amount and expenditure of our national revenue should be carefully provided for in a really equitable measure of Home Rule. The want of that power has for three generations consigned us to ruinous extortion. We desire to be on friendly terms with England; but permanence of friendship is best secured by mutual fair-play.

I have already said that I wish the Irish landocracy had preserved, in the only mode in which they could preserve, their legitimate influence in Ireland—namely, by leading the national movement in the spirit of their ancestors in 1782. "I laugh," said Grattan, "at those Irish gentlemen who talk as if they were the representatives of something better than their native land; the representatives of empire, not of Ireland . . . let me tell those gentlemen that if they are not Irishmen they are nothing."

The prophetic words of our great patriot are, in substance, echoed by a writer who terms himself "A Plain Tory," and who writes as follows in a well-known Conservative paper\*: "This," he says, "is not the place to discuss the effects of the Union, but he who cares to study the Irish question as well as to discuss it, will notice that not the least remarkable of these was the immediate diminution of the local influence and importance of the Irish landowners. . . .

\* *Land and Water*, Feb. 25, 1893.

Whatever were the defects of the native legislature, it served one useful purpose—it was a powerful bond of union between all classes of Irishmen. . . . Good, bad, indifferent, by whatever epithet you may choose to describe the Irish legislature, you cannot deny that it was at least their own.”

When Home Rule shall have been restored, I trust that the Irish landocracy will recover the national sentiment which, had it influenced their actions, would have saved them from much loss and much humiliation. Home Rule does not mean the triumph of one party of Irishmen over another; it means the restoration of our national right for the common benefit of all our people. How much more dignified, how much more useful, would be the position of our landlords when taking their share in the legislation of their country, than the wretched position of an element of perpetual disturbance and perpetual alienation from the great mass of their countrymen to which the Salisbury policy would condemn them!

If his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales should, on behalf of her Majesty, open the first session of the revived Irish Parliament, the Irish nation, as loyal to the Crown as they are faithful to their country, would gladly recognise in such an act on the part of their future Sovereign, an earnest of the friendly relations which I trust will henceforth exist between the two kingdoms.

W. J. O’N. DAUNT.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is one of those rare men of letters who do not hesitate to speak to us directly, to unveil their personality in their writings, and when, as in his case, the nature thus revealed is peculiarly engaging and attractive, it becomes very difficult to speak dispassionately, seeing that the impulse to speak at all springs from the delight of an admiring sympathy. All Mr. Stevenson's readers are his partisans, and even his critics unconsciously take on a tone of caressing indulgence, for he is so ingratiating, so unassuming and tactful, so "silver-tongued and entertaining," that they stand disarmed, fascinated by his charm and disconcerted by the wit and grace of even his wildest paradoxes.

Mr. Stevenson is a literary artist of great distinction and originality, and his infectious and delightful manner exercises a marked influence on the lighter literature of the day. He has been successful in so many different directions that it is difficult to say how he should be classed; perhaps he is not to be classed at all, except among those who know how to write. He has produced romances, short stories, essays and verses, and (in collaboration) plays that will both read and act; *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has become a household word, and the mere mention of one of his high-spirited sketches of holiday rambles establishes a sort of freemasonry in conversation, a pleasant sense of having passed through a delightful common experience. It is as a writer of romances that Mr. Stevenson is most widely read and popular, and as an essayist that his intimates know and love him, for his books for boys are among the best that have ever been written, and his essays are the most fascinating that have appeared in England since the time of Lamb. Not the finest critical essays, be it understood, but the most delightful of the discursive, fanciful, frankly egotistical description, dealing with human relations, with sentiment, conduct, or mental experience, with the essence of literature rather than its accidents or objective manifestations. Mr. Stevenson has written nothing so complete or so profoundly and subtly suggestive as, e.g., Mr. Walter Pater's marvellous study of Charles Lamb, but he is nevertheless a lineal descendant of Montaigne, and with his lighter

touch and sketchy cross-hatching method obtains effects of striking brilliancy and graphic force.

The bulk of Mr. Stevenson's work stands, however, in the form of fiction, and in this direction residence in the South Seas seems only to increase his activity, for *Island Nights' Entertainments* is written with his familiar charm. But Mr. Stevenson is still most truly himself when his choice of subject sets his feet firmly on Scottish soil where his strokes of humour can fall true and keen, undimmed by the dreamy and enchanted atmosphere of the Pacific. He maintains a literary excellence never before attempted in books intended primarily for youthful readers, and his tales are told with an elegance and self-restraint very unusual in stories of adventure, and generally held unnecessary or even undesirable. But the high finish of the manner is never allowed to interfere with the rapidity of the action or to cause delays which would be intolerable. It does not show itself in flourishes or elaboration, but appears in the quality of the workmanship, the vividness of the choice of words, the fitting colour of every passage, the characterisation worked into the dialogue, the avoidance of hackneyed phrase or commonplace illustration. Although Mr. Stevenson can only be fully savoured by a lingering perusal, or a second reading which shall note each graphic touch, he has *verve* enough to be read rapidly, to be devoured by the impatient reader intent only upon incident. The thrill of some of his expressions, *e.g.*, that "dancing madness" in Alan Breck's eyes, can be caught at a glance, yet the "silken deliberation" of his page as a whole comes only as an after-taste on the palate. His narratives are full of the detail and makeshift of adventure in which a boy's soul delights, and have that "dreamlike circumstantiality"—which is so enchanting in the relation of the absurd or the impossible. It is by no means the

"Old romance re-told  
Exactly in the ancient way,"

for the delicate under-current of banter with which Mr. Stevenson treats his Highlandmen and buccaneers is distinctively modern. His pirates are a wonderful blend of melodrama and realism, the spirit of romance being united with a suggestive differentiation of character, and rollicking invention with classic style. The buccaneers are by no means above their work; they are bloodthirsty and brutal, stupid boozers of rum, reckless dare-devils in action, mutinous in the absence of danger. Five only of those who sailed with the *Hispaniola* returned to tell the tale, for with a true professional instinct these ruffians revel in slaughter, and before we reach the end of a voyage we find "a sight of poor seamen" dead and gone, though the "blugginess" is artistically treated, and really without offence. It is true that such a joke as that of *The Wrong Box* is a ghastly

joke, quite in a broad American style of humour, but taken as a whole even this less successful production is, for the robust, a piece of invigorating rhodomontade. Of Mr. Stevenson's three more important novels, the first—*Treasure Island*—has its plot the most completely rounded off, while *The Master of Ballantrae* is somewhat weak in construction, and *Kidnapped*, though it no doubt contains what is, at present, Mr. Stevenson's finest work, consists really of a string of adventures held together by the personality of David Balfour, the canny Scotch laddie, whose further career we are all now following with such breathless interest as it is unfolded to us, all too slowly, in the monthly issue of *Atalanta*. In all his books, however, Mr. Stevenson keeps "a firm hand on the tiller of his story"; and so long as this is the case, it matters less what course is steered. In each of the three works mentioned above, there is an affectation of absence of literary style, the narrative being couched in the vernacular of Jim Hawkins or David Balfour, or in "Mackellar's homespun," but always the suppleness of Mr. Stevenson's natural manner penetrates with curious effect through the stiffness of language of the supposed speaker, much as the grace and freedom of Italian forms are seen modifying the formal outlines of some old Flemish painter just beginning to be sensible to Southern influences. This affectation, if that is indeed the right word, is assumed in the interests of characterisation, and is, in its way, as legitimate as dialogue, while it offers an excuse for using language which shall be quaint and coloured, as well as simple and vigorous. Mr. Stevenson has a talent for stamping a portrait upon the mind by a single phrase; who can forget that demoniacal creature, long John Silver, with "his face as large as a ham, plain and pale, yet intelligent and smiling," or Teach, the pirate captain, with something about him "like a wicked child." Jim Hawkins is, perhaps, too much the conventional boy-hero, but David Balfour is both individual and typical, and Alan Breck is as alive as any man who ever "took to the heather." That section of *Kidnapped*—"The Flight in the Heather"—is among the most vivid pieces of writing that Mr. Stevenson's pen has ever achieved; Scott himself could have told the tale no better—in some respects he would not have told it so well; indeed, the whole of *Kidnapped* is written with so much salt and piquancy, such happy invention, and fullest measure of the author's spirit of dexterity and finish, of his power of humorously graphic portraiture, as to make it stand out pre-eminent even among Mr. Stevenson's own works. *The Master of Ballantrae* is in a sense more ambitious in scheme, for it is less exclusively occupied with pure adventure, and deals more with the clash of interests and passions, and with the play of character, but Mackellar's precision style gives it a slightly artificial atmosphere, and renders it less spirited and direct than the narratives of the two boys. It is a less homogeneous



book than either *Treasure Island* or *Kidnapped*, and has a less persuasive accent of reality, but the main situation is admirably conceived, and the "black dissimulation" and ingenious cruelty of the "Master" strike us with dread amazement. In "Mrs. Henry" there is an attempt at the introduction of a female character more finished than any Mr. Stevenson has yet drawn, for if it is true that a great novelist is known by his women, Mr. Stevenson would indeed take a low place. We are willing, however, to believe that this is a case of "he could an' he would," for in his essay on "Falling in Love" he makes many acute remarks on "this pretty madness," and though he has not yet plucked up courage to make use of his material, such reflections as the following gives evidence that our sex has engaged his attention: "The most masculine and direct of women," he tells us in an awestruck aside, "will some day, to your dire surprise, draw out like a telescope into successive lengths of personation!"

Side by side with the artistic realism of much of Mr. Stevenson's work runs a vein of pure romance, merging from time to time into extravagance and melodrama. It comes, to use his own phrase (somehow one cannot help using Mr. Stevenson's phrases), "like a kind of dancing madness," and when the fit is on him, this author is a master of fanciful horror, as seen in the fearsome creature Edward Hyde, in *Olalla*, or *Thrawn Janet*, in some of the *New Arabian Nights*, and in passages throughout his works. The secret of this strange weird thrill is perhaps his strong sense of the "maddening brain-confounding mystery of life." Despite his tone of cheery confidence he has a feeling about life akin to that of a child alone in the dark, and is capable of "wondering himself crazy over the human eyebrow." Like Shakespeare, he does not scruple to make a free use of the eerie shiver inspired by incipient madness, and understands that the more subtle and indeterminate forms of this malady are the most disquieting, perhaps because they cause a vague personal uneasiness, and suggest an awful suspicion of the trustworthiness and stability of the ordinary processes of cerebration.

In Mr. Stevenson's essays this tendency to extravagance is, at once, a failing, and a source of charm and lightness of hand. It is a form of humour, of high spirits, too transparent to be really misleading, while it gives unexpectedness and freshness to his work. Mr. Stevenson is determined to avoid the stultifying habit of seeking to cast a vote with the majority, and he has none of that cowardly fear of being wrong so fatal to a sincere account of personal impression. His desire is to speak the truth, to touch the essence of the matter, to draw forth the kernel of his subject from its wrappings of conventional phraseology, and to do this he is willing even sometimes to be proved mistaken. Some of his papers suffer from

over-emphatic or paradoxical expression, but they have nothing academical, nothing of the "Greats Essay," that most wearisome and unsucculent product. Mr. Stevenson talks to us with a whimsical sincerity, with rapid transitions of thought, and many digressions, for he is a marvellous *raconteur*, and the illustrative stories and incidents scattered throughout his work are told with the most winning grace and charm. In manner he is an eclectic, for he takes where he can find. With habitual candour, he avows that he learnt to write by imitation by "playing the sedulous ape" to those authors whom he specially admired. He relates how a certain essay, *On the Vanity of Morals* (Mr. Stevenson is not Scotch for nothing), was re-written several times, one version after the manner of Hazlitt, another according to Ruskin, till finally the thing was resolved into "a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas More." Here we ought to remember that, as Mr. Pater has it, even Lamb "went the length of a fine mimicry," and in his *Essay on Popular Fallacies* gives us a "gentle reproduction or caricature" of this same Sir Thomas More, for this method is one that we all follow more or less, though perhaps not so systematically or with so candid an avowal. These exercises now survive as a "quaint cadence" in Mr. Stevenson's style, as that vaguely reminiscent quality so characteristic of modern work. To Mr. Stevenson a thought is all the more precious that it has "thrilled dead bosoms," and he has power to make it stir our own anew. We need to have old thoughts presented afresh, for no idea, however sound in itself, is true for us in quite the same way as it was for our fathers; the world constantly shifts its point of view, and the relations to other truths have become blurred and indistinct. The youth of each generation must have its intellectual food freshly prepared and seasoned to its taste, it must be made to realise the ferment of thought, and be provided with a commentary on the universe which shall have been written up to date.

As regards vocabulary, Mr. Stevenson is as eclectic as in manner, and if a word is apt, will not discard it as homely or technical; and again, to quote Mr. Pater's delightful wording, in his pages, "racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us in touch and sight," are chosen impartially with "long, savoursome Latin words, rich in second intention." His speech is eminently flexible, and closely fitted to his thought, for the phrases do not run into set moulds and get fixed as formulæ, but are freshly minted, and have a special turn or modification to exactly adapt them to the occasion. Mr. Stevenson's quality is not so much style in the classical sense, as that of Milton or Gibbon, or even of Addison, but he has an exquisite ear for prose rhythms, and an absurd felicity of expression which leaves us in doubt whether to laugh or to cry aloud with pleasure. His power is that of the striking and picturesque use of words, of lucid expo-

sition, of coloured and graphic narration, and his pages have a quality like velvet—a delicate pile or bloom, soft and buoyant, yet lustrous and full of intricate light and shade. His sentences make their way into the mind with a courtly, considerate tactfulness, and linger pleasantly in the memory, while he relates, argues, illustrates his meaning, or repeats himself with a difference until he is sure of being fully understood, writing with an evident and infectious delight in words, and rejoicing in the alertness and agility of his brain. The manner is so light-handed that we are apt to imagine the author is playing with us until we discover that we have really acquired a new point of view from his representations, and that his quaint comments have a singular wisdom and acuteness. Mr. Stevenson can be too prolix, can make mistakes, he is capable of riding a hobby, of holding a brief, even of purposely mystifying us, or his instinct for effect may carry him away. Some of his work has an excess of literary manner, with an over-indulgence in ringing antithetical sentences and sweeping assertions, while many of his papers are best described as graceful and spirited literary exercises, such as that entitled *El Dorado*, a brilliant little improvisation on the text, that to travel hopefully is better than to arrive. Mr. Stevenson has a trick of choosing a point of view, and making his paper an argument for the particular position he has taken up; thus he calls *Virginibus Puerisque* a volume of special pleadings, in which are stated “the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age.” His philosophy of life is remarkable for an outspoken confession of the puzzle and wonder and comicality of “this flux of things”: he has no dogma to propound, but each thought springs naturally out of that which precedes it, an unfailing sign of the true essayist’s gift—the power of weaving a web of interest out of the spontaneous effervescence of an active brain. This writer’s essays will survive as specimens of the best talk of his generation, for in them he has condensed and crystallised the matter of hundreds of sociable discussions; the results of long, desultory *causeries* have been written out and preserved in tone and language, thrown into the form of one long delightful monologue for our delectation. The art of conversation is not lost nowadays, though good talkers are at any time as rare as geniuses, and the game has modified its rules, but old-fashioned courtliness and stately wit are now compensated by modern suggestiveness and lightness of touch.

Sometimes Mr. Stevenson will tell us about himself, about his dreamy childhood, his ideals, his sentiments, his friendships and his pleasures; a little, a very little is said about that sad matter of his health, and this not with a whine, but in a spirit of candour, simply because his physical weakness has been a condition of that “great task of happiness” he is ever striving to fulfil, a condition of his life and of his mental history. To read Mr. Stevenson is like

taking a bath of youth, so vividly does he recall its thoughts and sensations, so great is his tenderness for what Mr. Le Gallienne has called its "superannuated enthusiasms." The "Eternal Child" is strong within him, and he brings before us with startling vividness the state of mind of an imaginative boy absorbed in his world of "dim sensation," "passionate after dreams and unconcerned for realities." "Children," he tells us, "dwell in a mythological epoch, and are not the contemporaries of their parents." His work is full of the spirit of *Child's Play*; indeed, his essay with that title may be taken as furnishing the theory of his books for boys, with their clever mixture of romance and realism. However, he never allows us to "stupefy ourselves with sentimentality," and is by no means maudlin over his past infancy, remarking that he considers the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare "may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers."

In another fine essay, that on *Truth of Intercourse*, Mr. Stevenson deals with an idea which has strongly influenced his work. He is impressed to an extraordinary degree with the difficulty of ever exactly perceiving or conveying the truth, and to him *le mot propre* is a question not merely of art but of morality. It is "really a most delicate affair," he concludes, "for the speech of an ideal talker should fit upon the truth of fact, cleanly adhering like an athlete's skin." Now, Mr. Stevenson is not always himself quite free from the reproach of caring more for how a thing is said than for the thing itself, and in his *insouciant* extravagant way he has even laid down "that all that should be asked of a man of letters is that he should write well." But despite his own paradoxes, Mr. Stevenson is essentially a truth-speaker, and the effort to say exactly what he means is the most striking quality of his work. His language, notwithstanding its studied carelessness and frolicsome turns, expresses his thought exactly, and his scent for cant and catchwords is supernaturally keen. "Man does not live by bread alone," he tells us, "but principally by catchwords," and he has a knack of exposing specious humbug and pricking inflated sentiment by a commonsense remark which is delightfully humorous and satisfactory, though he will not wantonly destroy any comforting, if weak-minded, sentimental superstition that we cling to, for his wit, though so illuminating, has a lambent not a scorching flame, and leaves no sores where it has passed. He saunters along his walking tour through life questing always for "jolly humours," his teeming brain buzzing with fancies, his inimitable charm of address and speech never abandoning him, and winning friends wherever he appears by his lively interest in people and things, his spirit of fun and adventure and his sense of comradeship, love of argument and copious talk, his artistic dexterity of language or his absurd, delightful epithets, as, *eg.*, in *Across the Plains*, where he relieves his mind by calling

that importunate melody, "Home, Sweet Home," "a brutal assault upon the feelings."

Mr. Stevenson can, however, be serious, and is capable of exhortation, and of framing precepts for the better conduct of his own life and that of others. In his tactful cheery way he gives us good counsel, he inculcates the duties of happiness, of kindliness, of tolerance, he bids us be up and doing, or being, if we are fitted for that higher function; but he never makes the mistake of speaking from the pulpit, rather he thinks out his moral problems in our presence and with our help. For he is a most companionable writer, a brilliant and animated friend, never seeking to impose, but with a "light, sure touch for the affections," and an unfailing regard for our susceptibilities. To him friendship and the pleasures of intercourse offer what is most valuable in life, and in some most eloquent sentences he notes our concern about "the shadowy life we have in the hearts of others," and how "at the death of every one whom we love some fair and honourable portion of our existence falls away, and we are dislodged from one of those dear provinces, and they are not perhaps the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments till their life and influence narrow gradually into the meagre limit of their own spirits, and Death when he comes at last can destroy them at one blow."

Mr. Stevenson's critical essays are not dry-as-dust studies, pedantically detailed, or childishly complete; they are the record of his personal impressions and preferences, based on just sufficient knowledge for the formation of a well-grounded opinion, and the apparently arbitrary choice of subject is determined by its interest for himself; for nearly every writer with whom he deals in *Men and Books* has left a visible mark upon his mind. This is very noticeable in the case of Thoreau, and is somewhat surprising, as at first sight there would appear to be but little sympathy between such a herald of the gospel of joy as Robert Louis Stevenson and the ungenial philosopher of the economy of Life. Something, however, in Thoreau's "sunnily ascetic" temper finds an echo in the younger writer's determined cheerfulness, and without leaning too heavily on the comparison, Thoreau's argumental, frankly egotistical manner, and the freshness and freedom of his handling are qualities of his disciple; though Mr. Stevenson has sat at the feet of so many other teachers, and has so much wider sympathies, that the keen, rigid, mental quality of Thoreau remains in his work only as a piquant flavour—a tonic strain of thought.

This paper on Thoreau with that on Walt Whitman are the closest in thought of this fascinating volume, but they are not so coloured and brilliant as the studies, for example, of Villon or Robert Burns. Romantic Mr. Stevenson undoubtedly is, but we have already noted his talent for destroying false illusions. In his hands

the figure of Burns becomes distinct and possible, full of the throb and struggle of passionate life, and with a few strokes full of character and definition the poet is brought before us wrestling with adverse circumstance, and we are called upon loudly to render justice to the man's "desperate efforts to do right." Mr. Stevenson himself admits that the paper on Villon, "certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame," is "too picturesque," and confesses that he has here dealt out justice untempered with mercy. It is not often that he thus allows himself to forget that the sheep-and-goats classification, the rough-and-ready method of the day of judgment, is not permissible to the modern essayist.

In his latest volume of essays—*Across the Plains*—Mr. Stevenson shows us that when he chooses to turn his powers to pessimism he can shake our souls with a powerful and intimate terror. He becomes most paradoxical when ill or in low spirits, and *Pulvis et Umbra* is a ghastly nightmare of imaginative horror. "Yet," says the author stoutly, "however low the lights may be turned down, *the stuff is true*." He has never asserted a shallow optimism, but has always avowed that he is cheerful on principle, from wisdom, and from the natural spring of his spirits, rather than from a conviction of the enviableness of the human situation, and such a breakdown, however transient, is of convincing sincerity. When we receive these confessions of utter temporary despondency from one who so emphasises the duty of the "cheerful morning face," we realise from what he would save us, and we feel towards him as Alan Breck did towards David Balfour when they made up their famous quarrel—"Hoot, mon! Just precisely what I thought I liked about ye was that ye never quarrelled, and now I like ye better."

JANETTA NEWTON-ROBINSON.

## AMERICAN DICTIONARIES.

AMERICAN spelling has long been a subject of discussion and animadversion in England. British purists object to certain Transatlantic innovations in orthography. Years ago Lord Brougham declined to meet Daniel Webster when the latter visited London, mistaking the famous Massachusetts orator for the infamous—in Brougham's opinion—Connecticut lexicographer, Noah Webster. And not many months since Mr. Brander Matthews, of New York, brought down upon him the British critics by a spirited defence of American speech. In the meanwhile the anathematised forms are surely gaining ground throughout the English-speaking world. The main cause of this is the growing popularity of American dictionaries. It may prove interesting, therefore, to describe briefly the growth and development of lexicography in the United States, and to seize the occasion for giving a somewhat detailed account of the plan and execution of that newest and most ambitious of American lexicographic works, the *Century Dictionary*.

The first American dictionary was intended for schools, and was issued at the end of the last century at New Haven, the seat of Yale College, which has always continued to be an important lexicographical centre. This small volume was followed in 1800 by a large one, also printed in Connecticut. The American Johnson, Noah Webster, was, as has already been stated, a native of that State. His first philological work was done in 1806, but it was not till 1828 that his great dictionary appeared. It was a product of the very strong national feeling which had rapidly sprung up in the liberated colonies.

"Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language* was a natural outcome of this prevailing tone of mind," says Mr. R. O. Williams,<sup>1</sup> "and looking back upon its beginning we cannot help thinking that the undertaking was a very bold one. But the result is only one of the innumerable examples where success is reached by what seems inadequate means, if the times are favourable. The ineffectiveness of English lexicography after Johnson left a broad opportunity for American enthusiasm, talent, and industry. In the seventy years following the first publication of Johnson's dictionary

<sup>1</sup> *Our Dictionaries and other English Language Topics*. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1890.

nothing had appeared which embodied a general improvement of that work ; it had been bettered in one place or another by patches. Webster's *American Dictionary* had so much in it that was original that it might properly be regarded as a new dictionary ; with all its crudities, its definitions made it a very important contribution to English lexicography. In later editions many of these crudities were removed, and the whole work greatly enriched by the special knowledge of men distinguished in their respective departments of science."

Since Mr. Williams wrote these lines the newest edition of Webster's work has appeared. It is, of course, better than any of its predecessors, and the widening recognition which it is receiving outside of the United States is shown by the fact that in the revised edition of 1864 the word " American " was dropped out of the title, while in the latest edition, that of 1890, the title becomes *Webster's International Dictionary*. The American spelling and other American features of the work are retained, without, however, seeming to check the popularity of the book in Great Britain, where it has a large sale.

Webster's rival, Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, published his quarto in 1860. It follows English usage more closely than Webster's work, but it is not slavish in this respect. " The quarto was very far from being a mere reprint of English work," says Mr. Williams ; " it was an admirable extension and improvement of what had been done before on English lines."

Mr. Williams for this says : " With the publication of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, leadership in the lexicography of the English language passed for a while from England to America. These works were a long step beyond what had been accomplished in England in dictionary making. They become a sort of mine for British lexicography to exploit—the more valuable because their definitions of the words belonging to the arts and sciences were to a large extent the definitions of eminent experts. Only those who have minutely compared American dictionaries with some of the principal ones made in England since 1830 can have any just idea how freely English dictionary makers have used American material, and appropriated without proper acknowledgment the results of American work."

The third great American dictionary, which far surpasses the other two in size, comprehensiveness, and in the beauty of the letterpress, is the *Century Dictionary*.<sup>1</sup> The nature of this important work is clearly explained by the editor, Dr. William D. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale University, in the Preface, a *résumé* of which is given in the paragraphs that follow.

<sup>1</sup> New York : Century Company ; London : Fisher Unwin ; Paris : Brentano.



The plan of the *Century Dictionary* includes three things: the construction of a general dictionary which would be serviceable for every literary and practical use; a more complete collection of the technical terms of the various sciences, arts, trades, and professions than had yet been attempted; and the addition to the definitions proper of such related encyclopedic matter, with pictorial illustrations, as should constitute a convenient book of general reference. The carrying out of this plan has resulted in greatly increasing the vocabulary as found in preceding dictionaries, about two hundred thousand words being defined in the *Century Dictionary*. The editor believes that it is "better to err on the side of broad inclusiveness than of narrow exclusiveness," and he further informs us that his work "is designed to be a practically complete record of the main body of English speech from the time of the mingling of the old French and the Anglo-Saxon to the present day." Consequently, much space has been given to obsolete dialectical and provincial words, while colloquialisms and slang have also been treated with liberality.

Europeans will turn with interest to the treatment in this dictionary of Americanisms which have received the recognition naturally to be expected under the circumstances. Many Americanisms are, in the pages of the *Century Dictionary*, recorded for the first time, while, on the other hand, "many words and uses heretofore regarded as peculiar to this country," says Dr. Whitney, "have been found to be survivals of older or provincial English, or to have gained a foothold in broader English use."

Scientific and technical terms receive large attention in the *Century Dictionary*.

In regard to the etymologies, the editor says: "No other tongue, ancient or modern, has appeared in so many and so different phases; and no other people of high civilisation has so completely disregarded the barriers of race and circumstances, and adopted into its speech so great a number of unnative words and notions." The details of this history are exhibited in the etymologies of the Dictionary, which have been written anew, on a uniform plan, and in accordance with the established principles of comparative philology. "The best works in English etymology, as well as in etymology and philology in general, have been regularly consulted; but the conclusions reached are independent."

The subject of English spelling is a delicate one to handle, especially by an American editor of a dictionary intended for use in Great Britain as well as in the United States. It will be better to let Dr. Whitney himself explain how he has acted in this matter. He says: "It is not the office of a dictionary like this to propose improvements, or to adopt those which have been proposed, and have not yet won some degree of acceptance and use. But there are

also considerable classes as to which usage is wavering, more than one form being sanctioned by excellent authorities, either in this country or in Great Britain, or in both. In such cases both forms are given, with an expressed preference for the briefer one, or the one more accordant with native analogies. The language is struggling toward a more consistent and phonetic spelling, and it is proper, in disputed and doubtful cases, to cast the influence of the Dictionary in favour of this movement."

At the end of the last volume of the Dictionary is printed the list of amended spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association. Commenting thereon, Professor Whitney says :

"The list is printed here as a record of an important movement which promises to be of special interest to lexicographers in the near future, and as a recognition of the desirableness of correcting the anomalies and redundances of English spelling. It is the main office of a dictionary to record actual usage; but in cases of unsettled usage it must adopt, and thus by inference recommend, one form as against the rest; and, in view of the fact that the amended spellings in question have been recommended by the highest philological authorities in the English-speaking world, and that they have been to a considerable extent already adopted, in whole or in part, by many respectable newspapers and other periodicals, and by a large number of persons in private use, besides those who take part in the agitation for spelling reform, they can hardly be ignored in a dictionary which records without wincing the varying orthography of times just past and of earlier generations. The reformed orthography of the present, made with scientific intent and with a regard for historic and phonetic truth, is more worthy of notice, if a dictionary could discriminate as to worthiness between two sets of facts, than the oftentimes capricious and ignorant orthography of the past. It need not be said in this dictionary that the objections brought on etymological and literary and other grounds against the correction of English spelling, are unthinking expressions of ignorance and prejudice. All English etymologists are in favour of the correction of English spelling, both on etymological grounds and on the higher ground of the great service it will render to national education and international intercourse. It may safely be said that no competent scholar who has really examined the question has come, or could come, to a different conclusion; and it may be confidently predicted that future English dictionaries will be able to recognise to the full, as this dictionary has been able in its own usage to recognise in part, the right to the English vocabulary to be rightly spelled."

The Editor then gives the twenty-four rules recommended, and also several pages of words spelled according to these rules.

Another thorn in the path of the lexicographer is pronunciation ; "still greater than variation in orthography," says Dr. Whitney, "even the accepted orthography of English words, is variation in pronunciation." Some general principles must govern the usage of a dictionary ; no attempt can be made to record all varieties of popular, or even of educated, utterance, or to report determinations arrived at by different recognised authorities. So Dr. Whitney found it necessary to make a selection of words to which alternative pronunciations could be accorded, and to give preference among these according to the circumstances of each particular case, in view of the general analogies and tendencies of English utterance.

In the preparation of the definitions of common words, the Editor of the *Century Dictionary* had at hand, besides material generally accessible to students of the language, a special collection of quotations selected for this work from English books of all kinds and of all periods of the language, which was probably much larger than any that had hitherto been made for the use of any English dictionary, except that accumulated for the great historical dictionary of the Philological Society of London. From this source, much fresh lexicographical matter was obtained, which appears not only in hitherto unrecorded words and senses, but also, the Editor believes, in the greater conformity of the definitions as a whole to the facts of the language. "In general," reads the Preface, "the attempt has been made to portray the language as it actually is, separating more or less sharply those senses of each word which are really distinct, but avoiding that over-refinement of analysis which tends rather to confusion than to clearness."

In the matter of the definition of technical terms the attempt has been made to render the definitions "so precise as to be of service to the specialist, and also to be simple and 'popular' enough to be intelligible to the layman." Many thousands of words have thus been gathered which had never before been recorded in a general dictionary, or even in special glossaries.

The *Century Dictionary* covers to a great extent the field of the ordinary encyclopædia, with this principal difference—that the information given is for the most part distributed under the individual words and phrases with which it is connected, instead of being collected under a few general topics. "Such an encyclopedic method, though unusual in dictionaries," says Dr. Whitney, "needs no defence in a work which has been constructed throughout from the point of view of practical utility."

One of the most admirable features of this dictionary is its large and beautiful collection of illustrations, many of which are real works of art, as exact and authentic as artistic. "The pictorial illustrations," to quote the Preface once more, "have been so selected and executed as to be subordinate to the text, while possessing a con-

siderable degree of independent suggestiveness and artistic value. Cuts of a distinctly explanatory kind have been freely given as valuable aids to the definitions, often of large groups of words, and have been made available for this use by cross references."

This remarkable dictionary closes with a "List of Writers Quoted and Authorities Cited," which fills over a score of double-column pages, where are given the full name, date of birth and death, and the nature of the literary work of each author cited in the body of the work. This List is curious and valuable in many ways, and is an interesting termination to this great lexicographical labour.

THEODORE STANTON.

## ALASKA AND ITS PEOPLE.

WHILE American opinion is occupied by the *pros* and *cons* of Hawaiian Annexation, it is not a far cry to their last and, I may say, only possession separated from the main territory. And it may not be out of place for one who knows that interesting country well to give some account of it. I will first describe its position, concerning which there seems to me to be very little known in Great Britain.

A run of about 600 miles from Victoria, Vancouver Island, brings you to Cape Fox, the most southerly point of Alaska. Following the coast from thence in a north-easterly direction up the Portland Canal, and then keeping to a thirty-five mile limit from the coast-line till long.  $141^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich is reached, we find the eastern boundary, as claimed by the American maps, a little due north of us; and, roughly speaking, all the territory west of this boundary is part of the continent of America. It may, perhaps, give a better idea of the great length of the territory, if I mention that the most southerly point is in the same latitude as Lancaster, or Lubeck, and the most northerly as North Cape in the extreme north of Norway.

Of course this means a climate corresponding to the European points named, as the Japanese current acts on the north-west of America almost as the Gulf Stream does on the north-west of Europe.

The Aleutian Islands are as warm in winter as the Orkneys and Shetlands.

Then, again, beyond the mountains that fringe the coast, as soon as winter sets in, the weather becomes positively Arctic, the thermometer falling to  $50^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$  below zero Fahr. However, in speaking of Alaska, people generally refer to south-east Alaska, with its archipelago and its towns and its fortnightly steamers, rather than to the larger and more forbidding, but less populated, peninsula of the north-west, and it is of the former I shall mostly speak.

When the traveller crosses Dixon Entrance and gets into American waters, his first impression is that he is in a sort of aquatic maze, through which the ship seems to be trying to find its way with many twists and turns, in and out of the tortuous passages, and round the numerous islands. Here and there one gets a fine view of more distant islands, all heavily timbered, and abounding in magnificent precipices. The country looks perfectly uninhabited

and wild, till, as the eye gets more accustomed to it, one sees here and there, at the foot of the stream, a cabin of rough boards, with the smoke issuing from it, where probably a family of Indians are at present residing, catching and drying their salmon, which is as much a necessity to them as bread to us or rice to the Chinaman.

At Tongas Narrows the steamer again stops to deliver the mail, and then goes on to Loring, where is established a cannery, with its necessary adjuncts, a store and dwelling-houses, and a few Indian cabins, all prettily situated below a mountain that seems to stand straight up. You wonder how the little village manages to find room beneath, and why the mass of rock does not fall right down on it, as it threatens to do.

Naha Bay, on which Loring is situated, is a *cul de sac*, and the ship has to retrace her course for a few miles in order to proceed north to Fort Wrangel, which is the next stopping place, and one of the most interesting. It is one of the oldest white settlements on the Pacific Coast, having been planted by the Russians, as the name suggests. A little of the old stockade is left, and some of the buildings, all of logs. A flagstaff stands in the centre of the Government square, on which, on occasions, the Stars and Stripes are seen flying; and below it is an Indian carving, supposed to represent a whale. The square is surrounded by a few houses, among which are the School, Post Office, and other Government Offices, and the residences of the United States officials. By keeping to the right on landing, and following the shore, we come to the Indian part of the town; big square cabins, made of upright boards hewn by the Indians themselves, and nailed to long poles trimmed square with an axe; the roofs are triangular, about 10 feet in the centre, and about 7 feet at the side. There are (or I should say there used to be) no windows, and the low door is the only aperture that lets in light. As the Indians are however short and "chunky" like the Japanese, from whom undoubtedly they have descended, the door seems to suit them very well.

Outside and in front of the building will be seen one or two canoes and Totems. The Totem poles are literally trees, 40 or 50 feet high, that have been sawn off, and sunk a few feet in the ground, and carved in strange rude fashion. They take the place of books and histories, as heraldry used to do in the old days with us, and the union of the Crow family with the Wolf, or Whale, or whatever it may be, can be as distinctly traced by the knowing ones as the alliances on a coat of arms by our heralds.

Inside, the house is on two and sometimes three levels; on the top one, the blankets and clothes and other treasures are kept; on the second, the men lounge, or the women sit when they weave their mats and sew their clothes, and the last is on the bare ground. In the centre, a fire of logs is always burning, the smoke of which

escapes through a hole in the roof, and somebody is almost always cooking something in a large pot, the custom being, that if anybody wants anything he must cook it and look after it himself. Usually one sees some fine coloured advertisements hung upon the wall, with a chromo of the Virgin, and a photograph of some member of the family. If you are a tourist, they will bring out a lot of curiosities, baskets and objects of more or less interest, for sale at exorbitant prices; for the Alaskan Indian has an exalted idea of the value of his work, and, according to a saying in the country, "he would beat a Jew at a trade."

Round the fires also one is sure to find one or more old women smoking pipes, who will utterly ignore your presence. After coming out of the cabin, you enjoy the fresh air again, as it takes several years to get accustomed to the combined smell of Indian, seal grease, and smoke. A little past the fine sawmill is the house of the chief Shakes, the chief of the Stickeens (as the Wrangel Indians are called). It is well worth seeing, being very rich in Totems and relics of the past.

A little further along the shore is Shustacks Point, an old Indian burying-place, and underneath the little roofed sheds are boxes in which are contained the bones of the dead. From Wrangel, several places of interest can be reached. A little steamer runs up the Stickeen River to Telegraph Station, in British Columbia (so called because, in consequence of the failures in laying the Atlantic Cable, the Western Union Company determined to lay a cable to Europe *via* British Columbia, Alaska, and the Aleutian Islands, and when the news of the successful laying was known, the party surveying was encamped at that place).

There are some beautiful glaciers to be seen alongside of the river; one with a six-mile frontage, and others of lesser magnitude. There are also some hot springs, which are supposed to be good for gout and rheumatism when the mosquitos and other pests of the insect world allow you to get to them. There is also Icy Bay, a rather small bay with a glacier at the head of it, always slowly but surely dropping huge chunks of ice, which break off with a fearful grinding sound, and disappear for a few minutes below the surface, to come up again and eddy round, disputing the way out with hundreds of other similar pieces. The scene, however, is indescribable, and if it is once seen will never be forgotten.

Another very pretty trip is to take the mail-boat from Fort Wrangel to Prince of Wales's Island, past the irregular and broken-up island of Kuin and the bleak bare crest of Mount Calder. There is a tradition among the Indians of Kuin, that there was a great flood, nobody knows how far back, and before that time the people were small (dwarfs, I should call them, they are small enough now); the people all got frightened and took to their canoes, and still the water

rose till only the tops of the mountains were uncovered, and they took big ropes made of yellow cedar bark and fastened them to the top of Mount Calder; and so those who were able to hold on were saved. But when the waters went down, they drank them and found them salt, and many were killed by drinking them, till they learned that the water in the creeks was good, but the big water bad for men. They say that many men have tried to get to the top of the mountain, as there are three apple-trees with apples (a weakness of Indians) on them, as big as the white man's apple, and a contrast to the small Indian crab-apples. But whenever anybody climbs up the rope, which, curiously enough, is still there, the wind blows, and the rope swings fearfully, showing that the Great Spirit is angry and does not want the apples touched.

At the foot of Mount Calder is a curious little bay called the Hole in the Wall, so cunningly hid by nature that a stranger would scarcely find it. The entrance is about 200 ft. long and 40 ft. wide; it is bounded by gigantic cliffs coming straight out of the water which is very deep, and covered with ferns and small trees. Once inside, there is a large round pond, deep enough to float a large steamer, and with a nice beach. It is an ideal camping place; perfectly secure from any wind, you can draw your canoe up out of the water, make your fire from the timbers that abound, fill your kettle from the clear little creek that flows down, and make your camp perfectly secure till the storm has abated, or inclination prompts you to move.

Not far from here are the Barrier, or Ten Mile Islands, so called because they form a ten-mile barrier to Shakan, the nearest village. Here are found mussels 11 inches long, and weighing up to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. a piece; they are good for food at some seasons of the year. Enormous clams abound, a shell-fish that is dug out of the sand at low water, and is much esteemed by gourmands in America. Another peculiarity are gum-boots; a small black limpet-like fish that *browses* on the sea-weed. I must confess that my palate is not quite up to this Indian delicacy, nor are my teeth good enough for anything tougher than shoe-leather.

Passing Shakan Island, on which are found at low water Abalonas, whose shell is iridescent and very pretty when polished, we come to a curved passage, three-quarters of a mile broad and seven miles long, all deep water, which suddenly opens up into Shakan Harbour, one of the finest natural harbours on the coast and big enough to hold the United States navy.

On the right is the romantic little village of Shakan, with its towering mountains at the back called "The Nipples," and its magnificent waterfall, over which rushes the power that lower down is diverted into a wooden flume, or aqueduct, of 40 feet high, which drives the sawmill. This flourishing village is divided in



two by a stream crossed by a little wooden foot-bridge, the mill and store and white men's dwelling-houses on the one side and the Indians houses and cabins on the other. The inhabitants have their gardens for potatoes and vegetables, but are dependent on the net and the gun for their fish and meat. From the village the scenery is lovely. There is bald Calder in the distance, the bay with its little islands opposite, Shakan passage on the left, and Klawak passage on the right. A little way from here is Calder Bay, which is literally alive, and afterwards dead, with white salmon towards the end of the summer.

On the one side, Mount Calder itself slopes gently downward to the water's edge; on the other, in the bare rock that rises up perpendicularly, is a large cave that in former times had an entrance on the other side of the hill, and into which the Indians used to drive wolves and other game and kill them. Now, however, a landslide has wiped away the entrance and it is impossible to get to it.

On the way to Calder Bay and still within Shakan Harbour, the Marble Creek is passed. The Indian village of Shakan (in the Thlinket language Shachen-an, or the Curved Village) is inhabited by a small clan called Hamegahs. The chief Indian village on Prince of Wales's Island is however Tuceskan, about thirty-five miles down the picturesque Klawak Passage, the entrance of which is guarded by a little island, where are erected sepulchral monuments intended to emulate those of the white man. Each is about as large as a compartment in a railway train, and has three windows besides a door, all neatly painted. Inside are the bones of deceased relatives, and the walls are decorated with baking-powder, tobacco, and other advertisements! A lamp is also hung in the middle.

The timber or lumber mostly used in Alaska is spruce, though hemlock and red and yellow cedar are to be obtained. The Shakan mill makes yellow cedar a speciality. Yellow cedar is a tall straight tree of the cedar family, and is peculiar in that it is only found in parts of Alaska, and there only in very small quantities. It is extremely beautiful when polished and very easy to work. Its bright canary colour and its very nice smell all help to make it unique, and of course expensive. It is supposed to keep away moths and even more disagreeable insects when made into furniture; and when used as piles for wharfs, is avoided by that curse of the Pacific, the "terrible torredo," a large white worm that eats up the centre of the piles or woodwork, leaving just a hollow shell.

The Klawak Passage referred to is an Indian Channel from fifteen feet upward in width. To be enjoyed it should be traversed by canoe. The sportsman should have his gun loaded for ducks, which are numerous, and if he is in luck, he may get a chance at a deer, or a black bear. In case he is only an admirer of nature, not a destroyer, he can loll back and drink in the varied beauties: little

bays suddenly breaking into view, islands dotted about, looking as if they had been put there by some landscape gardener, with their tall trees in the centre, and hemlocks and alder drooping over till they touch the water, and all blended together with a tropical luxuriance. Waterfalls, trout streams, small lakes, all appear between the pine-wooded and precipitous mountains. Everything is in the most picturesque position; even the Indian canoes, appearing to come out of nowhere from time to time, with their bright-painted paddles and dark-faced navigators.

Tuceskcan at the end of the passage is the headquarters for the Indians, and is entirely Indian. At Christmas the Annual "Potlatch" is held here. All those who have lost children or near relatives have to "Potlatch"—or give away—their goods to certain others, who, according to their laws, are entitled to them. This is all carried out with a great deal of ceremony, dancing and dressing up in various guises to imitate different animals. Very often a man will give away blankets and flour and provisions, and even money to the extent of £400 or £500; the man who gives the biggest potlatch being held most in esteem. Festivities are carried on till every one who is going to make a potlatch has done; then they disperse to where their work, or hunting, or fancy calls them.

Another thirty-five miles bring us to Sea Otter Sound, where still occasionally that most expensive of skins, the otter, is found; though they require a very quick smart hunter to get them, both on account of their rarity and of their extreme shyness.

On a small island here is situated Klawak, which by its good management is one of the best paying canneries going; it has its own sawmill and canning factory and store, besides the usual adjunct of steamers and lighters. It is the Klawak steamer that takes the monthly mail from Wrangel round these islands, whose good-natured captain is also manager of the cannery. There is some good trout-fishing here, and amusement can always be had by throwing a line from off the wharf for bass, flounder, and rock-cod, though occasionally the greedy dog-fish will suck in your bait instead; however, throw him to an Indian, who will immediately rip him up, take out his liver to make it into oil, and then cast him back again, when he will swim off as if nothing was the matter with him.

Again, further down the Prince of Wales's Island, and still through the most lovely wild scenery, you reach Howcan, which is as far as the little steamer goes. Here is quite a flourishing missionary settlement, and, of course, store. The sawmill here, I believe, also belongs to the missionaries. The school is well attended, and the Home for Girls is well spoken of. Howcan differs from the rest of south-east Alaska by being the only spot where a few of the great Hydah nation live, whose haunts are from Victoria to the north of Queen Charlotte Islands. They are certainly a very

fine race, intelligent, industrious, and self-respecting; far more reliable than the Th'linkets. Here they do a large business in canoes with the Th'linkets, as it is impossible now to get red cedar large enough to make a really fine canoe in Alaska. In trading, Chinook, the jargon of the Pacific coast, is used between Hydahs and Th'linkets, and for that matter between whites and Indians. It is, in fact, the *dollar* of language, and passes current anywhere on the coast. Before leaving Howcan there is a good deal to see, and possibly something to be bought, as the Hydahs are very clever carvers, and the women seem able to make baskets out of the roots of cedar in any form you wish.

In the old days before the advent of the tin pot and the kettle, the food used to be boiled in these baskets, which are so closely woven as to be water-tight. A fire was lighted, and round smooth stones were heated to almost red heat, and then dropped into the basket containing water, salmon, and potatoes, or whatever there was for dinner, and in that way they cooked their food. As Howcan is the principal canoe depôt for south-east Alaska, I may here say that these canoes are sometimes 42 feet long and 6½ feet beam, with two masts and a capacity for four tons. The red cedar tree is cut down and then floated on the beach at spring tides; then the outside is trimmed into shape with an axe, and the inside is hollowed out a little by fire and axe. Then comes the work; a small adze is made by fastening a piece of steel a quarter the size of one's hand into a forked branch. With this they chip away for days and days, taking out a piece at each blow, about the size of a five-shilling-piece, till they get the canoe the proper shape and of uniform thickness—about half an inch—and so well is this done, that when they are launched they always float level, without the slightest list to either side. As soon as the canoe is all hollowed and shaped, comes the stretching. A large fire is made, and pieces of rock are heated and dropped into the canoe, which is full of water and covered with blankets to keep the steam in; this allows the sides to be stretched to the required beam. After buying some carved curiosities, and looking at the fine collection of Totem-poles, the trip is brought to an end, and the steamer returns to Fort Wrangel, though, of course, for the adventurous, there is plenty to be seen in an open canoe past Kassan and other "ans," and they can catch up the big steamer at Tongas Narrows or Loring.

CHARLES WENTWORTH SAREL.

## THE SUPERANNUATION OF STATE SCHOOL TEACHERS.

FOUR countries only in Europe have not yet thought it necessary to complete the superstructure of their State system of common schools by a provision under which their teachers may be honourably retired, when old age or physical incapacity shall have rendered it impossible for them to discharge their exacting duties satisfactorily. Those four are Norway and Sweden, Spain, Turkey, and England. The connection in our case is an ignominious one—the more so since we are now spending eight millions a year on our State school system; and since an addition of considerably less than 1 per cent. to this annual charge, after the necessary initial outlay, would enable the State compulsorily to retire those teachers whose faculties have become impaired by senile decay, and enable it also to create a proper flow of promotion for the younger teachers which could not but help to stimulate them to greater and more efficient and effective effort in the schools.

This serious shortcoming in our system of popular schools, however, is not likely to go much longer unremedied; for unless the life of the present Administration be abnormally brief, an Elementary School Teachers' Superannuation Bill will be one of the measures to which it will ask the attention of the House before it closes its term of office. Under these circumstances, a brief review of the question will not be without interest.

The matter is complicated by the fact that for many years the State stood absolutely pledged to provide retiring allowances for aged teachers, and for those who might by other infirmity be rendered incapable of giving efficient service. Indeed, there are at this moment 758 decayed teachers—out of a very much larger number of men and women who entered the service whilst the pension minutes under reference were in existence—actually in receipt each of Government doles of £20, £25, or £30 per annum.

In order, therefore, intelligently to understand the problem in its twofold bearing, both as affecting the older generation of teachers who even now hold themselves entitled to State assistance, and as regards the younger generation who prefer no such claim, but urge the pressing need, in the interests of education and the schools, for

the establishment of a scheme to which they themselves shall be largely contributory, it is necessary to go back some fifty years in the educational history of the country. Up to 1845, the primary schools were worked under what was known as the "Monitorial" system. Each school was officered by one adult teacher. This solitary pedagogue gathered a few of his brighter pupils around him, taught them a section of their work, and then set them teaching the others. Of course such a system was bound to be attended by very indifferent results, and in the year mentioned, the then newly created Education Department decided to substitute for it what was already known in Dutch educational practice as the "Pupil Teacher" system. The introduction of this method of apprenticing young persons to the work of teaching was designed in the first place to improve the results obtained under the "Monitorial" plan, and in the second, ultimately to lead to the formation of an army of professionally trained school teachers.

At the very outset, in order to induce young people to enter the pleasant paths of pedagogy, the Government held out the hope of a retiring allowance in old age. On the 25th of August, 1846, the Committee of Council on Education adopted the following Minute:

"That it is expedient to make provision in certain cases by a retiring pension for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who, after a certain length of service, may appear entitled to such pension."

Again, on the 21st of December of the same year it resolved:

"That a retiring pension may be granted by the Committee of Council to any schoolmaster or schoolmistress who shall be rendered incapable by age or infirmity of continuing to teach a school efficiently. Provided that no such pension shall be granted to any schoolmaster or schoolmistress who shall not have conducted a normal or elementary school for fifteen years, seven at least of which such school shall have been under inspection; and, further, that in all cases of applications for pensions, a report shall be required from the Inspector, and from the Trustees and Managers of the school, as to the character and conduct of the applicant and the manner in which the education of the pupils under his charge has been carried on. The amount of the pension shall be determined according to such report, but shall in no case exceed two-thirds of the average amount of the salary and emoluments annually received by the applicant during the time the school has been under inspection."

Whether the Government of that day intended by the adoption of these Minutes to establish a general scheme of compulsory retirement for its teachers or not, two things are overwhelmingly certain—viz., that (1) the greater number of those who then became pupil teachers were led to adopt teaching as a profession in consequence of the promise of a pension; and that (2), had it not been for this prospect of honourable retirement in old age, it would never have been possible for the State to have recruited its army of teachers from the class of persons who were then induced to take up the work.

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This pension inducement remained in force until 1862. In that year Mr. Lowe introduced his famous "Revised Code," one of the provisions of which was to the effect that the teacher should no longer treat with the Central Executive for money payments in respect of professional services rendered. He should offer his labours in the local market, and make what terms he could with local school managers. In connection with this change in the relationships between the teacher and the Department, the whole of the Pension Minutes already quoted were dropped out of sight without even a hint of "compensation," and they remained in abeyance for a period of thirteen years. This repudiation of liabilities has naturally been regarded by the teachers as a gross breach of faith on the part of the Government. In 1875 Lord Sandon so far recognised the claim of the teachers under these Minutes, as to set aside a sum of £6500 per annum for the purpose of meeting in some degree their legitimately preferred demands. I have totalled up the amount the Government netted during the thirteen years of "abeyance," and at an inside figure I make it not less than £200,000. Since 1875, it has, as already said, pensioned 758 aged teachers, and the aggregate amount expended for this purpose amounts up to date to £120,000. So that it will be able to go on meeting a good many further claims before it needs to draw at all on the Pension Fund accumulated since 1875.

The inference from the foregoing statement is that the applicants are so few that there is no need to draw to the full upon the funds. That, I regret to say, is very far from being the case. Year by year the number of qualified applicants is out of all proportion to the sum placed by the Treasury at the disposal of the Education Department. At this moment there are, roughly, 2500 men and women at work in the schools, all of whom entered the work with the ultimate prospect of a retiring State allowance at their career's close. Many of them are long past efficient service, and are retained in their offices by the consideration and sympathy of their school managers. As at present dispensed, about one out of every ten of these aged teachers stands some slight chance of sharing in the nation's gratitude—the remaining 90 per cent. of course hanging on to their work until death or the Poor Law takes them in hand. I confess this statement looks suspiciously like romancing; and, therefore, with the view of attesting its unfortunate reliability, I had better refer the reader to the evidence of those who should be the best informed upon the facts—the Vice-Presidents of the Council who have had to dispense these few and paltry pensions. In 1880 Mr. Mundella, the then Vice-President of the Council, spoke of the deep pain it gave him to have to distribute some twenty miserable pensions per annum amongst six times as many applicants, all most deserving, and many in a most distressed and decayed condition.

Speaking at Cardiff on April 2, 1891, after dwelling upon the interesting and congenial character of his work as Vice-President, Sir William Hart-Dyke said, "If there was one portion of the work which he hated and detested it was going through this miserable pension list. He found, after he had done his very best, that there were certain cases which should command the commiseration of any reasonable being."

On December 3, 1892, Mr. Acland, the present Vice-President, who, from amongst ninety-four applicants at Michaelmas, had been able to award nine pensions only, said he could fully endorse all that his predecessors had said about the pitiable character of this wretched business.

Finally—to add to the Vice-President's testimony that of the Chief Permanent Official at the Education Office—in June of last year, the Permanent Secretary of the Department, Mr. Kekewich, told us that, at the Lady Day adjudication of 1892, "the Department could only award pensions to twelve out of 150 applicants, because now they could only fill up death vacancies. All had done good service, and the only thing by which they decided was who was in the greatest need. Among the cases refused was a man who in 1881 had had to enter a lunatic asylum, where he was maintained by his wife, an infants' mistress; but he had afterwards to be passed to the pauper side. Another case was that of a man entirely incapacitated by lung disease, with no means of support."

It certainly cannot be taken as creditable to this wealthy nation that its educational Ministers and officials should have to make these deplorable admissions, and if the present movement in favour of superannuation for teachers does nothing else, it ought to create such a public opinion as shall demand equitable treatment for these aged pedagogues who have spent the very pith of their substance in the exhausting task of lighting a candle to knowledge, and of doing that same at a very beggarly pittance.

I come now, briefly, to the question of a General Superannuation Scheme for all teachers both of the present and of the future. Even this is no new question born of recent developments of the Old Age Pension agitation. Educationists, Mr. Acland amongst the number, were anxious that Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870 should provide for this very necessary factor in an effective scheme of popular education. Nothing, however, affecting the training or status of the teacher was attempted in that measure, and no doubt Mr. Forster found that he had plenty of cargo aboard without including any treatment whatever, either as to the training or the pensioning of the teaching branches.

In 1872, however, Mr. Whitwell, the then Member for Kendal, introduced a Teachers' Superannuation Bill, which was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee. That Committee reported

adversely to the movement, and the discussion which arose throughout the country *ante* to the Committee's Report, particularly in the educational papers, as well as the evidence given by teachers before the Select Committee, warrant me in stating that the Bill was lost on account of the division of opinion amongst teachers on the subject, and the active opposition of a small number of influential men in their ranks.

To come at once to more recent phases of the movement it will be remembered that early in 1891, Sir Richard Temple's London School Board Bill was read a second time and committed. Anticipating the rising of Parliament the Committee issued in July an *interim* report, in which they expressed the opinion that it was not desirable to proceed with the local Bill, but recommended that the Committee should be reappointed in the next session of Parliament to proceed with the whole question of a general scheme of retiring allowances for primary teachers.

The Committee was so reappointed on the 4th of March, 1892, and on the 27th of May in the same year it reported to the House unanimously in favour of a general scheme of superannuation for teachers. "The evidence," it said, "together with a study of educational conditions, convince your Committee that superannuation is necessary for the sake not only of the teachers but of the schools. It is proved that after a certain age the teachers lose the vivacity needful for success, and that unless they can be superannuated they will be retained in positions which, despite their best exertions, they cannot efficiently fill. The question thus becomes one of educational policy as well as of benevolence towards a body of public servants. In this body your Committee include both men and women in Voluntary Schools and in Board Schools."

Thus the Committee, it will be seen, leads off with a plea for the establishment of a Teachers' Superannuation Fund, as an item of first-class educational policy, and it puts on record its opinion that education is bound to gain by the compulsory retirement of aged teachers. The extent to which it *will* gain, will be readily imagined when it is understood that there are at the present moment 322 masters and 229 mistresses at work in the schools, over sixty years of age, and of these twenty-nine of the men and twenty-seven of the women have passed the limit of human existence prescribed by the Psalmist.

It is possible, although the Select Committee is unanimous in its recommendations that the State should assist the teacher to superannuate himself, that when the matter comes up for further Parliamentary consideration there may be those who will say, "Let the teachers provide for their own superannuation." To a very material extent they are prepared to do this, but there is a variety of reasons why the State should give them some assistance in the matter. In



the first place, the shameful salaries paid to the great bulk of the teachers make it utterly impossible for them to provide for old age. There are at this moment 18,264 certificated masters at work in the primary schools of the country; 270 of these are battenning each upon a salary of less than £50 a year; 3118 are in receipt of salaries which range from £50 to £75 a year; and in 4293 cases the salaries vary between £75 and £100 per annum. Putting these figures together, it is observed that not far short of one-half of the certificated men teachers are struggling to keep up a shabby respectability upon an annual emolument which does not run into three figures.

As to the certificated mistresses, there are to-day 27,333 serving in the schools; 1186 of these are endeavouring to feed, house, and clothe themselves in a manner consistent with their professional status on salaries which do not reach £40 a year. In 1612 other cases the salaries range from £40 to £45 per annum; in 1598 additional cases the rate of payment will be found somewhere between £45 and £50 per annum; and in 11,449 further instances the salaries range between £50 and £75 per annum. From a scrutiny of these figures it will be observed that considerably over half of the certificated mistresses receive less than £75 per annum in return for their services.

Had the teacher entire control of his labour; were he permitted as other workers are to run his concern for private profit; or were he allowed to build up for himself a "marketable goodwill," and therefore make provision for old age, I admit the low salary plea would be insufficient. But the facts are all the other way about. The teacher is a State-created, State-multiplied, State-regulated, and State-inspected creature. In the interests of national education he is about to be a State-retired creature, and on this ground alone he comes forward with an irresistible demand that the State shall render him a reasonable *quid pro quo* for the powers of compulsory retirement about to be assumed.

Supporting him in his contention that a State-subsidised scheme should be established, he has a unanimous recommendation of the recent Education Commission, which reported in 1888 as follows:

"On the whole, we should be glad to see a superannuation scheme established. . . . We are of opinion that this scheme of superannuation should be made compulsory upon all teachers certificated after a date to be decided by Parliament. We think that cases not capable of being covered by these simple provisions would not be large in number, and might be met by grants from the Department in augmentation of benevolent funds until the effects of the above scheme were fully developed."

And what is more important still, as already pointed out, and having regard to the method of its appointment, he has also the unanimous recommendation of a strong Select Committee, comprising

such educational experts as Sir Richard Temple, Mr. A. H. D. Acland, now Vice-President of the Council, Mr. J. R. Kelly, Mr. T. Ellis, Sir Richard Paget, Sir Francis Powell—the educational quidnuncs of both sides of the House.

And now as to the Committee's specific recommendations.

Their scheme is based upon the two leading principles: (a) that it should be obligatory for future teachers and optional for existing teachers to come within its scope; and (b) that the superannuation fund should be made up partly by contributions from the teachers and partly by State aid. The *minimum* premiums which it is recommended that the teachers should pay are £3 per annum for men and £2 per annum for women, additional contributions being suggested as the teachers' salaries rise above £80 in the case of men and £55 in the case of women, with a view to proportionately increasing the pension. In the case of future teachers, and all existing teachers with less than ten years of service to their credit, it is proposed that the superannuation on the date of retirement shall be the annuity which the total amount of their contributions would purchase, *plus* a State subsidy reckoned at ten shillings annually during the period of actual service. The amount of State aid in the case of existing teachers with a minimum of ten years' service is put at fifteen shillings for each year of past service and ten shillings for each year of service rendered, subsequent to the establishment of the fund. Finally, in the case of existing teachers with thirty years or more of service, the subsidy suggested is £1 per annum for back service and ten shillings per annum for all future service.

Sixty years for men and fifty-five for women are proposed as the ages for compulsory retirement for future teachers, with a proviso permitting optional retirement at the ages of fifty-five and fifty respectively. In the case of existing teachers, however, it is deemed desirable to raise the limit of age five years all round, as many of the teachers now at work are advanced in life and service, and have not the same chance of providing superannuation as those who would be compelled to commence investing from the beginning. In the matter of those who leave the fund before reaching the age at which the annuity would fall due, the Committee recommends that in the cases of those who retire *in good health* the premiums should be returned in part, if the teacher has been a contributant for ten years or more. But whilst it makes this provision for those who leave the profession, presumably of their own choice, it does nothing at all in the cases of those who may die. This is a very grave, in fact, a fatal defect, in the scheme, since one out of every two of those who commence the teaching work at twenty years of age dies before reaching the retiring age. Certainly something *must* be done for the widow and orphans. Practically every European scheme of

teachers' pensions makes provision for this contingency by means of an ancillary scheme of life insurance, and if nothing else can be offered, the English teachers must set to work to bring about the establishment of a similar scheme, payments under which would secure for the widows and orphans of those who may fall by the way without having made provision for premature decease, something more reliable than mere haphazard benevolence.

The third class of retirement from the fund before reaching pensionable age arises from "breakdown" in health. Here the Committee have had no data upon which an actuarial calculation could be based. Whilst it has not, therefore, found itself in a position to deal specifically and in detail with this phase of the problem, it has put on record "a pious opinion," "that it would be right that due provision, under proper safeguards, should be made to meet the cases of premature breakdown."

And I think I may safely say that, unless such provision is definitely and distinctly made, the scheme has not the faintest chance of securing on its behalf the co-operation of the teachers throughout the country. I am glad to add that the Education Department is at present endeavouring to collect some statistics relative to "breakdown" amongst teachers, with the view no doubt of advising the Treasury as to the probable cost of a provision for the same.

Two or three points additional to those already discussed will further strike the educationist. These are, in the first place, the meagre character of the State subsidies. A future teacher, and, indeed, one who has already ten years of service to his credit, would, after forty years of State work, receive a State-pension of £20 per annum. A present teacher, with between ten and thirty years of service to his account, would receive from £20 to £27 10s. as a State subsidy to the annuity that he himself would buy, whilst a teacher with over thirty years of service behind him at the passing of the Act would receive at the close of his forty years' work a State subsidy of £35.

It would be interesting to compare this treatment with that extended to a certainly not more useful body of public servants—the Perpetual Pensioners, or indeed with any branch, right down to its lowest grade, of the Civil Service. But for the purposes of the present article, I must content myself with this comparison, that whilst it is proposed to subsidise the annuity the State school teacher will buy for himself, by grants of ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings per annum, according to his years of service, the police constable's pension is subsidised to the extent of thirty shillings per annum for each year of service; the police-sergeant's to the tune of fifty shillings; and the police-superintendent's of sixty shillings. Truly, "cure" here is assessed as of more value than "prevention."

Then again, a Compulsory Retirement Scheme has been pleaded for all along in the interests of education—(a) because it would enable the State compulsorily to retire its aged teachers, and (b) create a proper flow of promotion for the younger teachers. These considerations are altogether lost sight of in the provision under which it is proposed that *present teachers should be allowed to please themselves as to whether they come under the scope of the scheme or not.*

Of course, unless better terms can be obtained for existing teachers, the optional character of the scheme must stand, for the simple reason that it would be preposterous to compel any man or woman with a fairly reasonable salary to retire on the meagre pittance suggested in the Select Committee's scheme.

Again, the ages for retirement of these present teachers who elect to come under the scheme are altogether too advanced. Not many men are able to continue in the arduous task of primary school teaching beyond sixty years of age, and fewer women beyond fifty-five. Present teachers should certainly have the option of retiring five years earlier than these ages in each case, *with such pensions as will do a little more than just keep them out of the work-house*, for that is about as far as the allowances at present suggested as receivable at these ages would carry them.

The total cost of the proposals described may be summed up as under. The calculations show that for men there would be a charge distributed over decennial periods amounting to :

1891-1900 . . . . .	£71,377
1901-1910 . . . . .	347,825
1911-1920 . . . . .	712,981
1921-1930 . . . . .	1,409,393
1931-1940 . . . . .	759,412
1941-1950 . . . . .	208,608
1951, and subsequent years . . .	28,950

For women the figures would stand thus :

1891-1900 . . . . .	£115,306
1901-1910 . . . . .	325,802
1911-1920 . . . . .	1,720,749
1921-1930 . . . . .	2,447,729
1931-1940 . . . . .	1,331,622
1941-1950 . . . . .	435,556
1951, and subsequent years . . .	67,783

It will be seen from the above that, in the first sixty years, the charge during three of the decades will be comparatively light, and that the three heavy decades will be from 1910 to 1940. For these thirty years the total charge for men will amount to £2,881,786, and for women £5,500,100—in all, £8,381,886. This gives an annual average of £279,396 for the thirty years. After

1940 the charge would gradually diminish until it reached its normal level. In short, the superannuation for future teachers would cost the State an annual sum, small at first, but gradually rising in about thirty-five years to £329,000 per annum, and at this level it would remain in perpetuity. For existing teachers, the charge would be £279,396 for thirty years after the year 1910. It would then slowly decrease, and ultimately disappear.

The reception given to the Committee's Report by the teachers themselves forms an interesting feature in the movement. Over 24,000 of the primary school teachers are associated in membership in the National Union of Teachers. This number embodies a clear majority of the men teachers (75 per cent. in fact), and rather more than one-fourth of the women teachers of the country.

The Union's Central Executive, after the most careful and deliberate study of the scheme, have come to the conclusion that it is decidedly meagre in its provisions as to State assistance, but that, whilst they will agitate unremittingly for a treatment of the teachers which shall be more in keeping with the public service they are rendering, they will in no wise so act as seriously to jeopardise the Parliamentary success of the movement. In the first place, the representatives of the teachers have put on record their appreciation of the genuine endeavour which the Select Committee has made to solve the problem in the following terms: "That the Executive Council of the National Union of Teachers expresses sincere thanks for the unanimous recommendation by a Select Committee of the House of Commons that a system of superannuation for teachers in public elementary schools should be ~~established~~ and gratefully recognises the good intent and arduous labours of the Select Committee." Having said so much, they lose no time in expressing their disappointment at the meagre character of the Committee's proposals, for they go on to say: "But at the same time, the Executive deeply regrets that the amount of the proposed State subsidy is so low that the pension in most cases would be altogether insufficient. It accordingly submits a series of amendments as representing the lowest possible terms it can advise the teachers of the country to accept." The chief of these are:

(1) "That the State subsidy to the annuity which the teacher would buy for himself should be at least £1 per annum for every year of service rendered prior to the passing of the Act."

This, of course, in so far as it is an advance upon the "fifteen" and "ten" shilling subsidies proposed, would very materially alter the basis of the recommendations, and add to the total charge in the early years upon the Treasury. None of the remaining amendments are anything like so vital in their influences as this; but it must be pointed out that it is upon the acceptance or rejection of this

amendment, together with those affecting "Death" and "Breakdown," that the attitude of the teachers towards the bill will mainly be decided.

(2) The second important amendment is, "that all additional payments beyond the minima shall be optional."

About this, I should imagine, there will be little difficulty.

(3) The third asks, "that the retiring ages for future shall be the same as for existing teachers." (For men, optional at sixty, compulsory at sixty-five; for women, optional at fifty-five, compulsory at sixty.)

I may say here that I am quite at variance with my colleagues of the Executive of the Teachers' Union upon this point. I consider the proposal to raise the age for compulsory retirement as distinctly uneducational. It is only fair, however, to say that the Executive's action in this matter is entirely provoked by reason of the miserable pittances which would be realised by teachers retiring at the earlier ages under the proposed scheme.

(4) The fourth amendment suggests that persons "retiring from the profession in good health should be entitled to a return of their premiums, even though they may not have been contributories to the fund for the ten years which the Committee prescribes."

This demand is so essentially reasonable that I should imagine the House would readily accede to it.

(5) The fifth advocates "provision for death under an optional ancillary scheme."

I am not sure whether this, involving as it will do, additional payments, or still further reduced retiring allowances, will be quite satisfactory from the point of view of the poorest paid of the teachers. If it is, there need be no difficulty at the Treasury in connection with it, seeing that, as it stands, it involves no alteration of the original basis of the scheme adopted as financially sound in every respect by the Select Committee.

(6) The sixth urges the need for "a distinct and specific provision for cases of premature 'Breakdown,' and suggests that the teachers should be represented at the Board whose business it will be to manage any 'Breakdown' fund which may be established."

Here I venture also to think that the House will approach the teachers' suggestions sympathetically, and in a consenting frame of mind.

There are several other amendments, but these represent the salient features of the teachers' plea; and it must be admitted, even by the most perverse anti-pensionist, that they prefer their claims, as Mr. Acland acknowledged to a deputation from the Teachers' Union on December 3 last, with extreme moderation, good sense, and business-like tact. The pinch of the question comes in with the demand for a State subsidy of £1 for every year of "back

service," as against the fifteen and ten shilling subsidies recommended for teachers with less than thirty years of service to their credit at the passing of the Act. My view most decidedly is that, irrespective of what may be held to be due to such an important body of public servants as the primary school teachers undoubtedly are, the State will be well advised if it closes with the teachers at once upon the terms which they put forward as representing their irreducible minimum. Sooner or later we shall have to make provision, in the best interests of our popular school system, for the compulsory retirement of aged and incapacitated teachers; the longer this duty is delayed the more difficult and the more expensive it will become.

On the 3rd of last December, as already said, a deputation from the Executive Council of the Teachers' Union waited upon Mr. Acland in reference to this question. The members composing it were able to tell him that a national memorial, awaiting presentation to the Prime Minister, praying that early legislative effect might be given to the proposals already dealt with, had been signed within the course of a few days by no fewer than 61,155 persons. Amongst the signatories, it may be noted, were his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, 14 bishops, 102 Members of Parliament, the official seals of 35 School Boards, the signatures of 1251 individual School Board members, 1159 students in training colleges, 6526 managers of voluntary schools, 34 inspectors of schools, 161 training college tutors, 35,668 teachers, and 16,205 other persons interested in education. Mr. Acland readily and at once admitted the pressing need for the establishment of a Teachers' Superannuation Scheme. As to "immediate legislative effect," the Treasury was considering the matter, but he could not undertake on its behalf at that juncture to give any pledge as to whether or not it would be possible for the Government to proceed with a Bill in the next session of Parliament.

Possibly it may help the present Ministry to see its way in this matter more clearly if the fact be reiterated that practically the whole of the new House of Commons is pledged to the principle of teacher's superannuation on the lines of the Select Committee's Report. Indeed, as stated above, 102 members have specifically asked that the subject shall be made one of the Government's subsidiary measures. Of course, failing early Government attention, the matter will be influentially brought forward as a private measure. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Acland may be able to impress his colleagues of the Cabinet with the urgent necessity for an official solution of the problem at the earliest practicable date.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

Since writing the foregoing, it may be stated that on February 24, the House of Commons, after a three hours' debate, during the course of which no single dissentient voice was raised, *unanimously resolved*,

## *Superannuation of State School Teachers.* 635

"That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that a national State-aided system of superannuation for teachers in Public Elementary Schools in England and Wales should be established at an early date," Mr. Asquith as responsible Minister for Education giving an undertaking (1) that a scheme should be proceeded with at once ; (2) that "Breakdowns" should be provided for ; and (3) that the provision for the older teachers should be at once increased. I may further add that that provision (known as the "Limited Fund") has been raised, by a Minute of the Revised Education Code for 1893, from £5580 to £10,580 per annum.



# FLORENTINE FANCIES.

## I.

### OMBRES CHINOISES.

*(Written in the Jardin Boboll.)*

Was it in Florence that little old church,  
With its strange façade of black and white stone,  
Its Renaissance cherubs with wings full grown,  
And its faded frescoes over the porch ?

Oh ! vision of crags and of feverish sea,  
Of brown fishers' huts on a desolate shore,  
Of a lighthouse, a ship, and a semaphore ;  
Of cormorants—was it in Brittany ?

Was it in London that riverside scene :  
The ships' hulls and masts enveloped in mist,  
The ownerless dog that roamed where it list ?  
Yea, somewhere, some time, these things have I seen.

That Cypris, Orestes, Antigone,  
Was it in Denmark those gracious white forms  
The spirit of Hellas the marble informs  
As conceived by a Northern visionary ?

Pink roses and sunlight and ambient air,  
And fluted shafts hidden in olive groves  
That nightingales harbour and turtle doves—  
'Tis Greece ! I know not, I never was there.

In Paradise was it those faces fair,  
That floor paved with onyx and chrysolite—  
A dwelling o' songfulness sweet and delight ?  
Alas ! I know not, I never was there.

II.

IL BEATO ANGELICO.

God dreamed again of Florence, for  
She needed just one painter more  
Her fair art-cycle to complete.

Not fearful fancies such as drew  
Orcagna, on whose visage blew  
Hell-winds, but visions suave and sweet.

He thought of Fra Angelico !  
He had some work for him to do,  
That none might execute but he.

He wanted angels, gracious, pure,  
In their own holiness secure,  
Tethered to Paradise, yet free.

So from some eerie dwelling-place,  
Betwixt the bounds of earth and space,  
The Beatific brought us these

Glad virgins, whose bright faces Earth  
Has never robbed of holy mirth :  
Diaphanous divinities.

God wanted saints whose feet had ne'er  
Strayed out of church or cloister-square,  
Who nought of human dolour knew.

He thought of Fra Angelico !  
Such glorious work for him to do,  
To paint one aspect of the True.

So fresh from decking missal-marge  
The painter sought but to enlarge  
His seraphs of the Book of Hours.

No master-draughtsmanship is here,  
His art is childlike, pure, sincere—  
Yet give we thanks, for aye 'tis ours.

God thought of Fra Angelico.

## III.

## MASACCIO.

Poet Masaccio, couldst thou not have bribed  
 The stern old ferryman of Dante's dream—  
 He who is ever paddling in our wake,  
 To catch us at the rapids unawares—  
 To leave thee yet awhile upon the earth?

Another lustrum in thy Tuscan town,  
 Fair crucible of germinating thoughts,  
 Already in thy time half crystallised,  
 Would have enabled thee to paint thy fill  
 Upon the walls of Carmine. For thou  
 By some prodigious power didst leap the gulf  
 Which cuts the low-lying field of Art's dim birth  
 From the proud heights of her maturity;  
 Thou couldst have mounted to the lonely crags  
 Scaled by thy near posterity. But no,  
 We must not carp at that which thou hast done,  
 Or left undone for lack of means to do,  
 Thy youth rememb'ring and precocious skill,  
 Thine insight into wider realms of art  
 Than any which thy fellows cared to know.  
 What made thee resolute to copy flesh,  
 Wrinkled or rose-tinted as it was,  
 And as it seemed in divers grades of light?  
 What instinct taught thee to divine the pose,  
 Though gropingly, da Vinci would have drawn,  
 His crayon more subservient to his will  
 Than thine, Forerunner of the Perfect Art?  
 Weeks doubtless waxed to months, and on thy  
 perch—

Hung 'neath the chapel ceiling 'gainst the wall—  
 Seated in dull, dissatisfied survey,  
 Thou faced its humid bareness, half averse  
 To fix thy thoughts thereon, lest by mischance  
 Thy hand might play the traitor to thy brain,  
 That doubtless gauged the truth unerringly,  
 And as the greatest saw it face to face,  
 Only it lay too deep to give it form  
 Just then. We know not at what labour cost  
 The rebel folds of clinging drapery  
 Might be pourtrayed to something like the lines  
 Which flowing linen naturally takes,

Only we read the trouble in the eyes  
Of all the frescoed faces. Even more.  
The very soul of Florence at her best  
From one abstracted angel-visage looks :  
This much, my painter-poet thou hast done—  
This much, no less.

## IV.

## THE BABES OF DELLA ROBBIA.

*(Written at the Foundling Hospital, Florence.)*

Like guardian-genii of the place,  
Each with a welcome on his face,  
And on his outstretched dimpled hand  
Medallioned on the Hospice stand,  
The Babes of della Robbia !

O Innocents, left desolate,  
Take heart, not hopeless is your fate,  
For reared in Art's glad atmosphere  
They've come your solitude to cheer—  
The Babes of della Robbia !

No trace of earthly misery  
Sullies their radiant purity ;  
Alas ! the tiny foundlings here  
Will know much more of want and fear  
Than the Babes of della Robbia.

## V.

## GIORDANO BRUNO TO HIS FRIEND.

I lay beneath thy roof, I thought  
I was enshrined within thy heart,  
And while my spirit vainly sought,  
Thro' alchemy's delusive art,  
Some stubborn science-truth to test,  
Though fail'd mine aim, I was at rest,  
Safe anchor'd to thy constancy.

Alas ! how should a student's eye,  
Turned ever upon Nature's face  
To mark each change, each covert grace,  
Note that thy life was one long lie,  
Thy friendship but a specious mask,  
'Neath which ambition wove its schemes ?  
Hatred was best ; I did not ask  
" For that which is not what it seems ; "  
I would have chos'n thine enmity.

Reproaches thou'lt not hear from me ;  
A leopard may not change his skin ;  
And long before I met with thee,  
Alas ! thy soul was black with sin ;  
Thy tongue to flattery attuned !  
I do not blame thee, though my wound  
Has not yet reached the healing stage.

Thou art the loser in this game  
Believe me, though thou hadst thy way—  
A sorry one some folks might say—  
A man's whole life to blight and maim  
For such a paltry recompense ;  
Thou deemest that my lot is worse,  
Yet in thy heart a void immense  
Bears witness to the living curse  
That tracks thee to a loveless age.

And thou, thou hast not my resource  
To lift thee from thy leaden thoughts,  
For I may quaff at that bright source  
Which wells in wisdom's inner courts,  
And these are closed to such as thee.  
Thou art in chains, and I am free,  
Though pent behind these prison-bars.

Thy deed has taught me one wise thing,  
On no frail human prop to lean,  
But from the fields of God to glean  
The grain which mine own watering  
May cause perchance to bloom anew,  
So that the coming race will say,  
Giordano Bruno in his day  
Was of the mighty spirits who  
Direct men's vision to the stars.

VI.

THE BEASTS' ANTIPHON.

*(From a quattrocento triptych in the Uffizzi Gallery,  
Florence.—Pictor ignotus.)*

We warmed our Saviour with our breath  
When in the manger low He lay ;  
We cherished Him on His birthday ;

And at the season of His death,  
Of His long fast miraculous,  
We could not save, but mourned Him thus :

The ass, that bore Him to His end,  
Had liefer hied o'er desert sand  
To some non-crucifying land.

He was His servitor and friend !  
The cock that crowed censoriously  
Told Peter of his treachery !

We cherished Him on His birthday !  
Now His uprising we acclaim ;  
For *us* into this world He came.

For us, whate'er the scornful say,  
For all that share God's gift of breath  
He gave His body unto death !

VII.

REDIVIVA.

"A lily-sceptred damsel fair  
As her own Giotto painted her."  
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

'Twas Florentine lit  
The brilliant fires of Art's new birth, and made  
A mighty blaze above the Apennines,  
So that all the rushlights of the world, all  
The dying torches of the North and West,  
Took a fresh flame thereat, and Europe saw,  
When mediæval shadows slowly cleared,  
The true significance of men and things.

MARY NEGREPONTE.

## ANOTHER NEWFOUNDLAND CRISIS.

POLITICAL affairs at home have so engrossed public attention of late that few realise how great a change has come over our historic dispute with France in Newfoundland. This change will not much longer lie hidden below the surface, for as soon as the general election for which Newfoundland politicians are now preparing has decided the fate of Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues, another Newfoundland deputation will come to England to remind us that a way of escape has yet to be found for the troubles of a century.

Nearly all that Lord Salisbury's Government attempted in the way of settling this French shore dispute has been undone by the colony during the past two months. The French Treaty Rights Bill—the "Coercion Bill" of Newfoundland politics—is dead. The Assembly has by an overwhelming majority rejected the counsel of Sir William Whiteway, the Premier, and refused to sanction the measure agreed upon in conjunction with the Colonial Office for the enforcement of French treaty rights. The colonists have, moreover, developed an open hostility towards the arbitration agreed upon in March 1891 between the Governments of M. Ribot and Lord Salisbury. They formally protest through their Assembly against any arbitration which is confined to the one issue of the lobster fishery and does not include such larger questions as the French rights over the west shore and the smuggling trade between the colony and the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. All that is left as the fruit of Lord Salisbury's efforts is the Anglo-French *modus vivendi* of 1890, which was renewed pending negotiations, and which has just been further renewed until 1895. This *modus vivendi* makes the French and British naval officers practically masters of the west shore, and will prevent open hostilities; but as for the rest, we stand to-day where we stood eight years ago when the colony refused Lord Granville's Anglo-French agreement. The negotiations must in fact begin *de novo*, and the only question is, Shall they be renewed with Sir William Whiteway, or will the Newfoundland electorate put some other politicians in power?

Once again therefore Newfoundland stands at the parting of the ways, and the moment has surely come to look facts fairly in the face. The first fact is, that France has no interest in removing her

hold upon this part of the Newfoundland coast. There has not arisen, at least during the past decade, a French Ministry powerful enough to withstand the opposition which must be provoked by even a partial abandonment of the last remnant of French power in the North Atlantic. "If France were to abandon her rights," said M. Spuller just after his tenure of office as Minister of Foreign Affairs, "there would certainly ensue a considerable popular agitation with which the Government would have to count. Moreover," he added, "a very strong feeling exists in France against accepting pecuniary compensation in return for a diplomatic concession, and not only would the sale of French rights be extremely unpopular, but even a territorial exchange would, I think, prove a very delicate matter to handle." Equally emphatic is M. Emile Flourens, another ex-Minister. "The French Republican Government," he has declared, "can no more than the Monarchy admit that the right can be a matter for any compromise. A portion of the English press has seemed to suppose that the French Government might fairly traffic with this right, and take in exchange either an indemnity in money or a territorial compensation. Either plan is equally impossible." M. Ribot when Prime Minister of France repeatedly expressed the same view in his despatches of October and December 1890. Nor are the grounds for this refusal of a compromise entirely sentimental. The advantages of the North Atlantic fisheries as a nursery for the French navy would not, perhaps, be really lessened even were Newfoundland to be given absolute jurisdiction over this west shore, for the islands of St Pierre and Miquelon would still remain as a base of supplies for the French bank fisheries; but the idea which links France's hold upon Newfoundland with the maintenance of the French navy is so strong in the minds of French Ministers and the French public as to be almost immovable. It must not, moreover, be forgotten that the Newfoundland question has proved, and will yet prove, a useful lever in the hands of French statesmen in their dealings with England in other parts of the globe.

France, therefore, has no interest in removing her foot from her neighbour's house. Equally patent is it, though equally ignored by Newfoundland politicians, that England cannot compel her. It is impossible not to sympathise with the colonists in their impatience at the burden of old treaties, which seriously hamper the economic development of their island and the preservation of its most important industry; but no appeal *ad misericordiam* has touched the French heart in the past, and the action of Newfoundland in striking blow for blow—shutting out the French alone among foreign nations from the Newfoundland bait supplies in retaliation for French bounties to the French fishery—only confirmed the natural hardness of the French heart. To appeal to France is therefore useless as things are. To attempt the only compromise which Newfoundland will in her present mood accept, is equally futile, if MM. Spuller,



Flourens, and Ribot know anything of French opinion. "Then," Newfoundlanders have said, "England must put her foot down and not lift it until an end has been made of obsolete treaties which are strangling the life of her oldest colony." But England has over and over again pledged her signature to the fulfilment of these obligations, and, as Lord Salisbury has plainly said, no English Government would dare face the electorate with the intention of denouncing them at the gun's mouth. Had the English Ministries of 1815 or even of 1870 been alive to the situation, the rights of the French might have been honourably extinguished or at least defined. But we have to deal with facts as they stand, and from them it is clear that France has no desire to terminate her hold on Newfoundland, and that there is, under present circumstances, no power to induce her to do so.

What then remains? Is there no hope for Newfoundland? That must depend in a large measure upon the action of those of both political parties who guide her destinies at St. John's. At this moment these leaders of opinion in the colony are divided one from the other by petty jealousies and struggles for place, and Newfoundland is meanwhile drifting on to the rocks. Is it not time to declare a truce to these political faction fights, so far as vital questions of foreign policy are concerned? If it were once understood that these questions would no longer be made the battle-ground of parties, the leading men on both sides—men such as the members of the Governments of Sir William Whiteway and Sir Robert Thorburn—would be ready enough to face the facts, and face them manfully. They would realise how useless it is to refuse all measures short of an absolute termination of French rights. They would recognise that these rights must be respected; they would co-operate with the Imperial Government for their prompt and effectual enforcement; and they would assist the Imperial authorities in their desire to put an end to French pretensions, which have no place in the treaties, but which the absence of colonial co-operation makes it almost impossible to check. Had this spirit of co-operation been consistently shown in the past, the whole trouble would probably long ago have solved itself. Lord Salisbury indicated what might be done under the treaties when he declined to remove the British settlements which had grown up on the west shore for the convenience of the migrating French fishermen, and at their instigation; and what is now done in isolated cases might become a consistent policy, did the colonists and the colonial authorities set themselves to assist instead of to thwart Imperial action as they now do by exaggerated statements of grievances, by mock manifestoes, and by meaningless threats of retaliation against the French and against the agents of Imperial policy.

The time is opportune for such a change of Newfoundland policy. The colony has, by its withdrawal of the Bait Act, admitted the

futility of its attempt to starve out the whole French fishing industry in the North Atlantic. The policy of international retaliation has once again proved to be both wasteful and ineffectual, and Newfoundland may well ask herself whether a spirit of sweet reasonableness might not with advantage be applied to the interpretation of the treaties. Let Newfoundland show in this French fishery dispute something of the self-restraint and good sense that Canada has shown in the Behring Sea question, and we may yet live to see England and France brought together in a final court of arbitration on the whole question, as England and the United States have now been.

But it is not alone this French shore dispute that is hastening the affairs of Newfoundland to a crisis. The delegation from St. John's will again urge upon the Imperial Government that the colony must be granted such an outlet for its fishery products as is provided by the unratified Bond-Blaine convention between Newfoundland and the United States. Canada has failed to negotiate any commercial treaty of her own with the United States, and Newfoundland will now claim the redemption of Lord Knutsford's implied promise, that the Imperial assent should no longer be withheld from the convention. Then the financial condition of the colony is rapidly assuming a grave aspect, and the delegation will again request the Imperial guarantee for such a loan as is necessary to tide over the difficulties now in sight. The reply of the Imperial Government can hardly fail to be: If Newfoundland desires an Imperial guarantee she must agree to an Imperial commission of inquiry into her financial position. That condition the Newfoundland Government has refused in the past, but it is a condition from which the Imperial Government can hardly withdraw consistently with the duties of Empire. Upon the report of such a commission of inquiry must in a measure depend the future course of the colony.

Three alternatives have been suggested. The first—annexation to the United States—may be at once put on one side as contrary to the desire of the great majority of the Newfoundland people, and as impossible from the Imperial standpoint. The sentinel of British North America cannot be allowed to pass under the control of a foreign Power. A second alternative would be the assumption of financial control of colonial affairs by the Imperial Government, carrying with it an abandonment of some at least of the self-governing powers of the colony, if not a full return to the position of a Crown colony. The third alternative would be entry into the Canadian Federation and the assumption by Canada of all the obligations that the word "Newfoundland" now suggests. In that alternative Canada has expressed her willingness to co-operate, but Newfoundland must take the first step.

PERCY A. HURD.

## PERSONALITY IN ART.

LITERARY criticism has been bereft of its truculence and malignity by the improvement in good manners which marks our age. Men beg leave to differ now, and personal invective has given place to complimentary phrases. But criticism has gained nothing in influence with the people and has not deserved to gain anything, because it is not founded upon any intelligible system of æsthetics. It is doubtful whether such a system will ever be evolved by mortal man and accepted by the world, but until it is evolved criticism will be a hodge-podge of capricious individual preferences and of theories half-true and inconsistent. Some later Hegel of orderly mind and sensitive artistic perceptions may some day construct a system that may satisfy us all, but it is more likely that if we ever have a science of criticism, it will be built up from modest individual contributions as is the case with the physical sciences to-day.

This article aims to be such a contribution. It is a consideration of the nature of personality in literature, and will seek to establish four principal points, first, that a critic should distinguish between a writer's method, his creative power and his personality; second, that the individuality of the writer is his divergence from the type; third, that the personality of the writer may appear in his work both unconsciously and self-consciously; and, fourth, that the writer may be held accountable very properly for the effect produced by his personality.

To begin with the first point. In passing judgment upon a modern novel, the critic would avoid many sources of confusion, if he preserved a distinction between the writer's skill as a workman, his power as an artist, and his value as a man. His skill is his method, the outgrowth of rules formed from the successes and failures of his predecessors, including his younger self. His power is his capacity for the representation of his worldly and emotional experience. Besides his method and his creative power there is something more. It is the manner, the point of view, the personality of the man behind the book, and it is this which makes his ultimate value as an interpreter of life.

Few authors have excelled in all three. In fact it is not necessary to do so in order to succeed. Dickens succeeded without a good

method and without an attractive personality, on the strength of his capacity for sentiment and humour. Certain French novelists seem to succeed entirely by the perfection of their methods. It is also possible to succeed through the charm of the author's personality. Charles Lamb and Washington Irving had little beside their own potent personal attractiveness as a foundation for their literary success. Their intellectual gifts were not rare nor brilliant. It was their cheerful sanity and refined good humour that gave them their distinguished position in letters. Certainly one of the manifold pleasures of reading is communion with a rarely congenial spirit, holding a sort of converse with a man one would like to know and break bread with. This personal element is a thing apart from the structure of the work. It is the man behind it. Books like *The Religio Medici*, *The Complete Angler*, *The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, owe a large part of their popularity to the personal attractiveness of the men behind them. On the other hand, the works of the dissatisfied Byron, the cantankerous Carlyle, the unwholesome Gautier, are marred by the faults of their makers, which wither the fine flower of sympathy in the reader before it blooms. We may read their books with profit, perhaps, or with admiration, but never with the highest pleasure, since we read them in the spirit of antagonism.

We have a right to demand of the critic whether his author is good and agreeable company, just as we ask whether he has a story to tell, whether he knows how to tell it, and whether he breathes the breath of life into it. It is important in criticism to distinguish between what a writer is successful because of and what he is successful in spite of, and not to support mistaken theories of art by citing from great authors what are really their faults. The qualities of an attractive personality, sincerity, cheerfulness, independence, charity, simplicity, &c., bear no relation to the imagination, nor again to knowledge of good method, and they deserve to be treated critically by themselves.

As a step towards my second point, and for the sake of knowing what the word is to mean here, personality may be defined as the sum of a man's attributes and their relations to each other. It is the effect produced by a man upon those about him. It is something more than what Buffon meant by "style" when he said "the style is the man," and a good deal more than what Mr. Henry James means by his favourite phrase "the point of view." It is the flavour that was instilled into him by nature when he was born. It is the flower of what he has attained to by the life he has led. His individuality is the divergence of his attributes and their relations from those of the type. No man is ever without a personality, but he could be without individuality, if he were so far normal as to be identical with the type. We know his personality

by his individuality, for it is the points in which he differs from other men that we know, remember, and recognise. In like manner we know faces by their divergences from the type of human face. All faces have the same general features in common, and it is quite likely that all faces appear to be the same to a new-born child unaccustomed to note differences. Many Englishmen are unable to tell one negro from another, and they find great difficulty in distinguishing Chinese. The racial characteristics, notably colour, a remarkable divergence from the type of human face as they know it, strike their minds so forcibly that the subtler individual characteristics make no impression. But we know our friend without a moment's hesitation by the effect produced by a number of differences from all other men. It is by his divergences from the type that we recognise him when we see him, and it is by picturing them to ourselves that we summon him to our memory when he is no longer with us.

The features of his mind also he has in common with the rest of mankind, and if it were not for the divergence of his mental attributes from the type, both in their essence and in their relation to each other, his thoughts, his emotions, and his actions would coincide so with other men's that we should not know our friend's personality from his neighbour's. A man's personality will show itself physically upon the most plastic part of his physical being, his face. It develops itself also in his carriage, in his manners, in his words, and in his actions; in his actions more than all, for actions speak louder than words. He may know his own strength and weakness and use words to hide his faults and make his virtues known. And even if his thought is sincerely and openly expressed it may be conventional or derived from another, like that of some wives and some husbands, and thus have no characteristic value. His actions are far more likely to be spontaneous and individual, and it is by them that we most nearly know the man. It is by his actions, by his choices, that we know him best, that is to say, by his will, and so it is by the most plastic part of his mind as of his physical being that we know his personality best.

It is by the writer's choices that we know him also, by his choice of action or plot, by his choice of characters, of situations, by what he considers significant. Even by his choice of words we get an impression of his nature, his up-bringing, his sympathies, his tendencies. From the first moment that we open his book, we begin to receive a constant series of impressions of the man behind it. One impression may be contradicted or modified by another, but soon we begin to note a liking for a certain class of ideas, a tendency towards a certain frame of mind, a frequent assumption of a certain attitude. We recognise the points in which he differs from all other men and writers. Then we begin to know the man

and find him congenial or uncongenial. One reader will begin to enjoy contact with this new and refreshing personality. Another will throw the book aside. Thackeray's attitude of sympathetic cynicism may chill and repel one man, and to another seem the natural view for a large-hearted man of the world to take of life. Zola, in his effort to look at man through the eyes of nature, may seem, according as you are English or French, like a beast grovelling with beasts, or like the cool hand of truth laid upon the fevered brow of Romanticism. It behoves writers to reflect upon these capricious relations that exist between themselves and their readers. The main question is, if the restrictions of uncongeniality were removed, would not the writer appeal to a larger public and distribute pleasure more widely?

Individuality has been defined as the divergence of a man's attributes and their relations from those of the typical man. Supposing, for the sake of argument—though it is by no means vital—that the typical man and the ideal man are one, it would follow that the ideal man would have no individuality. This would account for a certain vagueness in our conception of Christ. Equally also with artists it would follow that there would be no individuality present in the works of the ideal artist. Since the ideal does not exist, how is it with those nearest the ideal, the greatest artists? Pheidias had no manner. Raphael is said to have almost no individual manner. I do not mean that their work is not easily distinguished from all other work, but it is distinguishable by the qualities of the work, and not by the individuality of the worker. Homer has almost no manner. If he has any, it may be said to consist in his literalness. Dante's manner is his elevation. Shakespeare's, leaving the sonnets out of the question, is the luxuriance of his fancy. It is surely significant that these five men were, as artists, so sane and wholesome and simple as to have almost no manner. Their individuality is lost in their universality. We know them as creators, not as men.

The third point that this article seeks to establish is that there are two ways in which a man's personality may appear in his novels, the one self-consciously, the other unconsciously. The latter is inevitable, unless he be absolutely normal, the former is inexcusable in all cases. Can you imagine a playwright thrusting himself among his players in the midst of a scene to make more or less relevant remarks to the audience? Such an enormity would not be thought of. Yet the error in taste is only greater in degree than the intrusion of a novelist upon his reader. If you have done anything for your reader, he is living a new life in your book, and he does not wish to be disturbed in any way by you. Certain authors have even come before the curtain, as it were, to confidently ask the reader how he would like the characters dealt with. Such

buffoonery—Thackeray to the contrary notwithstanding—brings fiction down to the level of the Christmas pantomime. \* It is no longer art.

In the general field of miscellaneous literature, in essays, memoirs, autobiographies, letters, &c., where the personal relations between the writer and reader are close and confiding, the personality of the writer may be allowed to enter with great profit and pleasure to the reader. But in those three purely creative branches of literature—epic poetry, the drama, and fiction, the personality of the writer should not be thrust in. Shakespeare illustrates this difference in his work. In the plays the creative artist is in absolute retirement, but in the love-confessional of the sonnets the heart of the man is bared. Shakespeare permits his personality to appear in his sonnets because it is subjective poetry. But in his plays he is so possessed by the living scene that egotism has no room to enter. And this is a part of our good fortune—we heirs of Shakespeare's riches—that we also may be possessed by the living scene without danger of the poet's intrusion.

It has been said that one of the pleasures of reading was intercourse with a congenial mind. There is a higher one than that even. It is the excitement of the mind that arises when we meet the ideal of thought or feeling or action realised in adequate literary expression. This is the lofty mission of poetry and of fiction, a mission far removed above teaching moral lessons or instructing the mind, or enlarging the experience of the reader by faithful pictures of life. The pleasures of adding to knowledge by reading should be encouraged in the young, to be sure, but its basis is too apt to be vanity and self-consciousness, for which reason it may not be admitted amongst the truly refined pleasures. Pleasure, to be pleasure, must not be self-conscious, and no form of egotism, neither such as is moral nor such as is bent upon culture, should clog its flow through the revived spirit of man. The artist is neither a pedagogue nor a preacher. It is his high calling to quicken the minds of his readers with the realisation of ideas, to present truth and beauty in symbols familiar to the memory, and this is the greatest benefit he can bestow upon the reader. The mind, receptive at the moment of apprehension, rises to its highest point of vision, and only the mind creative at the moment of conception can soar higher. This fine excitement is the keenest pleasure reading gives, and everything must be sacrificed to it, and, above all, the writer must not enter into personal relations with his reader during his narrative. It is an impertinent intrusion. He will chill him with his presence, destroy his faith, and put him in the self-conscious and unpleasant attitude of criticism.

Let me repeat that it is inevitable that a writer's individuality

should unconsciously appear in his work, unless he be absolutely sane. The greatest artists have no manner, because their sympathies are so universal, their attitude so normal, their vision so wide and clear that there is no bias, no partiality to know and recognise them by. We get to know writers by the choices they make, but the ideal artist would give us no clue to his nature, because there would be no limit to the range of his choices. He would sympathise with and understand all kinds and conditions of men. He would know the range of human feeling and be able to reproduce any manifestation of it without exaggeration and without slighting the rest. His own passions and sympathies would be so thoroughly under control that he would never lose his attitude as a just and reasonable creator of a new world. He would, in fact, be absolutely sane. We should not know him by his choices, because they would be so various and catholic as to defy classification. We should know his work, but not the man behind it. The author would not be loved for himself, but for his work. This is as it should be. Let no writer regret it, for literature is not the field to search for personal popularity in. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a striking example of how a great and deserved popularity has been a sad detriment to the quality of work produced. He has enjoyed his popularity simply and thankfully and modestly, but he has sacrificed to it whatever chances of immortality he had. Popularity and immortality are minor considerations, however, in comparison with the loss poetry may have suffered.

I do not urge it upon writers to attempt to exclude themselves from their work by a studied effort. It is the greatest artists only that have no manner. Men less sane than they would find it impossible to conceal their individuality altogether in creative literature, nor would the result be worth the effort. To try to suppress during composition all evidence of personality would be quite futile and would only lead to artificiality and self-consciousness. The remedy lies further back. It should be applied to the man and not to his work.

My fourth and last point is that an author may fairly be held responsible for the impression produced by his personality, but not held so strictly accountable as for unconsciously intruding upon his story. The latter is a transgression of the teachable rules of his art, and the critic is dealing with ignorance or carelessness and may judge with severity. But in approaching the matter of personality the critic is dealing with human frailty and the gifts of nature, and more clemency is called for, as well as more sympathy. The critic must be sure that his own nature is normal, his judgment catholic and fair and true, else the matter of congeniality will enter and he will be judging with prejudice.



It was a duty the writer owed to the public in coming forward in the public capacity of an author to strengthen, purify and refine his nature in every possible way for the furtherance of his art. He should have lopped off ruthlessly all manner of egotism, self-consciousness, and vanity; he should have cultivated simplicity, truthfulness, and sincerity; he should have endeavoured to preserve a wholesome balance between the carnal and the spiritual; to suppress morbidness, sentimentality, and grossness, and to attain to a normal attitude toward men and women, and life and death—in fact, to be sane. Unless he has made this effort, and, indeed, wherever he has failed in it, his work will suffer and the critic may fairly point the finger, not of scorn, but of gentle remonstrance. I do not know how far a man may assume a personality during composition to appear to be something better and more attractive than he is. We see evidence of such insincerity in literature, but I feel sure that a man that would do so could not by the limitation of his nature produce the best work. In the matter of an author's personality there is no road to seeming except by being. The chief means to attain to this condition of sanity as an artist is to attain to it in daily life as a man and become accustomed to it. The practice of sanity begets a moral strength that is like a rock for the edifice of the human mind to be built upon. There is a clarity of vision, a justness of judgment, that is never found without virtue and love and charity. Complete enlightenment is impossible without them, and education and culture are of little value unless they are interfused with them.

Do not misunderstand me. I only claim that the sanity which makes the practice of virtue easy and which in turn is an outgrowth of the practice of virtue is important to the perfection of the personality of the man behind the artist. Artistic qualities are of course more important to him as an artist. He must have imagination first, and sensitiveness to impressions, and many rare gifts. With these he may produce fine work, even if he be weak, and selfish, and vicious, but his work would have been finer if he had been sane. Byron was immeasurably greater than Cowper as a poet, but he would have been immeasurably greater than himself if he had been the serene spirit that love and self-respect would have made him.

May we conclude then that the critic should deal separately with the personality of the writer because it is distinct from his powers and from his skill, that the writer should never consciously intrude upon his readers in creative literature, and that he should, with proper regard to its relative importance to him as an artist, try to make his personality attractive to as large a number of readers as he can? His unconscious appearance before the reader, at first an

inevitable evil, will gradually fade away to the disappearing point with the approach of the writer's personality by development to the ideal. Sane conduct and sane thinking must go hand in hand together in his progress towards the normal, and he will all the while be rewarded by new accessions of congenial friends until absolute sanity would mean universal congeniality with all mankind, and he would then cease to stand in the light of his own work.

G. H. PAGE.

## CREMATION.

THAT our English towns are becoming more densely populated year by year everybody will acknowledge, and that as a consequence of this there are at least two leading questions awaiting their answer, viz.: "What are we to do with our unemployed?" and "What are we to do with our dead?" It is not the province of this article to reply to the former, whose solution may well be left to the statesman and the political economist; but, inasmuch as the latter question has been lately answered succinctly and dogmatically in two words, "Cremate them," and as the practice of cremation has recently made considerable strides, no apology will be needed for approaching the subject with a view to ascertain what is its history, and how far it can be recommended for adoption to the people of this country. The burial customs of ancient nations differed widely: in Egypt, from remote ages, the custom of embalming prevailed; in Judæa they wound the body in linen cloths with spices and entombed it; in China they bury their dead in the earth; while in some countries of the East the corpse is carried to the summit of a lofty tower and left as a prey to vultures and other birds. Questions of religion have greatly influenced the methods of disposing of the dead, as we shall see in the sequel. The Jews of Palestine adhered strictly to the national custom of burial, and on no account broke through it unless the occurrence of a plague compelled them, sorely against their will, to cremate the corpses in the valley of Tophet. The modern Jews of Berlin, Spain, and Portugal have, it is said, welcomed the revival of the process and have largely adopted it; which may be partly due, perhaps, to their increasing cosmopolitanism, and partly to the fact that a great number of the Continental Jews have abjured their ancient faith and become Freethinkers; so that the consideration of the question has ceased any longer to be hampered by the intrusion of religious objections.

Among modern writers there is great division of opinion as to the Greek custom of disposing of the corpse. Lucian<sup>1</sup> says, "The Greeks burn and the Persians bury their dead"; Plato, on the other hand, in the interesting dialogue<sup>2</sup> which he represents Socrates as holding with his friends, before drinking off the

<sup>1</sup> I. B. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Phædo, p. 115.

fatal hemlock, makes him speak of his body as "being either burned or buried." The corpse of Timoleon was undoubtedly burnt,<sup>1</sup> as was also that of Philopæmen.<sup>2</sup> On the other hand, Cicero tells us<sup>3</sup> that the dead were buried at Athens in the days of Cecrops, and the antiquity of this custom among the Greeks is illustrated by the well-known story of Herodotus,<sup>4</sup> where he says "A certain Lacedæmonian, Liches by name, was paying a friendly visit to the inhabitants of Tegeæa, when he came to a forge and watched the iron as it was beaten out, and the smith, noticing his astonishment, said, 'My friend, you would have been astonished if you had seen what I have: for, being anxious to make a well in yonder courtyard, I dug down and chanced upon a coffin seven cubits long, and not believing that men were ever taller than they are now, I opened it and saw the corpse the same length as the coffin, and when I had measured it, I afterwards covered it up again.' Then Liches, after reflecting a while, guessed it to be the corpse of Orestes, according to the prediction of the oracle."

Among the Spartans the dead were commonly buried,<sup>5</sup> and Thucydides relates that when the guilt of Pausanias was discovered, and his collusion with the Persian king, the Spartan Ephors who had followed him to the temple where he had taken refuge, first starved him out, and then were minded to throw him into the gulf where political offenders were entombed, but afterwards they thought better of it, and buried his corpse near to the temple.<sup>6</sup>

The same custom of interment prevailed among the Sicyonians,<sup>7</sup> and indeed among the Greeks generally, of which an additional proof has been recently furnished by the number of skeletons found in coffins, which have not been exposed to the action of fire. There is little room for doubt that the Greeks used both burning and burying at different periods. In heroic times the body was burnt on a stately funeral pyre in company with slaves, captives, and animals of various kinds:<sup>8</sup> oils and perfumes were thrown in, and when the pyre was burnt down the remains of the flame were quenched with wine by the relatives and friends of the deceased who crowded round,<sup>9</sup> and when the bones had been carefully collected and washed with oil and wine, they were placed in urns, which were sometimes made of gold,<sup>10</sup> and conveyed away by the survivors. The practice of cremating continued to be employed until it fell into disuse on the introduction of Christianity.

Among the Romans the most ancient mode of disposing of the dead was by interment,<sup>11</sup> though cremation was undoubtedly in vogue at a very early period, as is evidenced by the Twelve Tables: it

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch, *Timol.* 39.

<sup>2</sup> *De Leg.* 2. 25.

<sup>4</sup> *I.* 68.

<sup>6</sup> Thucyd. i. 134.

<sup>7</sup> Pausan. ii. 7. 3.

<sup>9</sup> Homer, *Il.* xxiv. 791.

<sup>10</sup> Homer, *Od.* xxiv. 71.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch, *Philop.* 21.

<sup>5</sup> Plutarch, *Lycurg.* 27.

<sup>8</sup> Homer, *Il.* xx ii. 165.

<sup>11</sup> Pliny, *H. N.* vii. 55.

did not, however, become general till the later times of the Republic, when it again became the fashion, and the first corpse that was cremated was that of the Dictator Sulla. The pyre was usually made in the form of an altar,<sup>1</sup> and the body of the deceased being placed on the top in the same couch in which it had been carried,<sup>2</sup> the nearest relative approached holding in his hand a lighted torch. When all was ready, the signal was given, and the torch-bearer, with his face averted, set fire to the pile; the friends crowded round and threw into the flames whatever offerings they thought likely to please the shade of the departed; cups of oil, ornaments, and even clothes and dishes of food were thrown into the burning mass.<sup>3</sup> At the obsequies of famous persons, it was not unusual to hire gladiators to fight round the burning pyre.<sup>4</sup>

The poet Horace in one of his Satires tells us how a certain Staberius, who had been a great miser, left a clause in his will, which obliged his heirs to engrave upon his monument the exact amount which he bequeathed to them, under pain of being compelled to exhibit a hundred pair of gladiators to the people. After the fire had died down and the bones were collected,<sup>5</sup> it was customary to sprinkle them with sweet perfumes, and to place them in urns, just as the Greeks did when they cremated their dead. The urns were composed of various material according to the wealth and position of the deceased. Specimens of the different kinds may be seen in the British Museum, the commonest being of clay and the more elaborate of marble and alabaster. Many are inscribed with the letters, D. M. S (*Dis manibus sacrum*), with the name of the deceased and the length of life. The rich often used to set apart an enclosed space near to their monuments for the special purpose of burning their dead, and it sometimes happened that considerable damage was done by the scorching flames of the funeral pyre to those monuments which happened to be near to the crematorium; hence it was not an uncommon thing to find tablets erected with inscriptions forbidding funeral pyres to be placed near other people's monuments:

“Huic monumento ustrinum applicari non licet.”<sup>6</sup>

The urns were sometimes placed in niches in a columbarium, but more often buried in sepulchres outside the city. When the burial of the bones took place upon the same spot where they were cremated, the tomb received the special name of “Bustum.”<sup>7</sup> In the times of the Empire the practice of cremation became almost universal among the Romans.<sup>8</sup> But as Christianity spread, it was gradually discon-

<sup>1</sup> Ovid., *Trist.* iii. xiii. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Tibull. i. I. 61.

<sup>3</sup> Virg. *Æn.* vi. 225; Stat. *Theb.* vi. 126; Lucan. ix. 175-178.

<sup>4</sup> Virg. *Æn.* x. 519.

<sup>5</sup> Suet. *Aug.* 100.

<sup>6</sup> Grun'er, 755.4.

<sup>7</sup> Cicero, *De Leg.* ii. 23.

<sup>8</sup> Min. Felix, *Octav.* 34, p. 327.

tinued, until at length it fell into disuse in the fourth century in the reign of Theodosius the younger.<sup>1</sup> It was not, however, customary at any period to cremate persons who had been struck dead by lightning, or infants who had not cut their teeth.<sup>2</sup>

Cremation Societies have been of late years instituted in every European country, and cremation is regularly practised in many American States. In 1888 it was stated that 500 bodies had been consumed in Italy, and about 250 in Dresden. Since that date the custom has rapidly come into favour both in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe. In Germany it is greatly on the increase. In addition to the crematorium which was established at Gotha in 1887, and where 500 or 600 bodies are cremated every year, a new one has been set up and consecrated at Ohlsdorf, and a third at Carlsruhe was opened in October last. There are two patterns of crematories now in use, the German and the Italian. The latter kind has been selected for St. John's, Woking. The agitation in this country began about sixteen years ago and has made considerable headway since that time, particularly during the last five or six years. Two important reasons have been urged for the adoption of cremation in England: first, the overcrowding in large towns and the consequent difficulty of providing burial-grounds near at hand; second, the risk of infection and contagion from diseased corpses.

That these are not imaginary evils we have only too good reason to know, and although what is called "the earth to earth" system has been suggested as an alternative to cremation, this does not appear to satisfy entirely all the requirements of the case.

One of the chief objections put forward against cremation is the religious one. It has been asserted that the body of a Christian ought not to be exposed to a process which, if evil days set in for the Church, might cause the remains to be treated with more and more disrespect, and eventually either to be scattered over the fields, or to be placed in a columbarium, where they might be the subject of loose and ribald jest. The Fathers, notably Origen,<sup>3</sup> Lactantius,<sup>4</sup> Augustine,<sup>5</sup> and Tertullian strongly deprecate any tendency to treat with disrespect "the image and workmanship of God." Tertullian, speaking of the inconsistency of the heathen "who first cremated their dead, and then honoured them with dainty banquets," adds,<sup>6</sup> "Still more must I deride the mob when it burns up its dead with harshest inhumanity only to pamper them immediately afterwards with gluttonous satiety, using the selfsame fires to honour them and insult them. . . . Is it sacrifice or insult when the crowd burns its offerings to those whom it has already burnt?" Again, in his treatise *De Anima* (51), speaking of certain

<sup>1</sup> Macrobius, 7.7.

<sup>2</sup> Plin. *H. N.* vii. 15; Juv. xv. 140.

<sup>3</sup> Origen against Celsus, viii. 30.

<sup>4</sup> Lactant. *Inst. Div.*, vi. 21.

<sup>5</sup> August. *de Civ. Dei*, i. 13.

<sup>6</sup> Tertull. *de Resurr.* i.

persons who believed that the soul partially survived in the dead body, he accounts for their dislike to have the body cremated by their anxiety not so much for the soul, but "in the interest of the body to avert a cruel custom, since, being human, it is undeserving of an end which is inflicted upon murderers."

Whether the religious objection is a valid one or not, and whether there is any risk of a gradual growth of disrespect for the bodies of the dead as a result of cremation, must be left to the future to decide; it is only fair to say that it is not the intention or habit of cremationists of the present day to treat any corpse with indignity. The process of cremating is usually complete in about an hour; and the ashes of a full-grown person, which weigh some 5 lbs., are then collected and buried when desired with the customary religious service. Its advocates say that the question is a purely sanitary one, and that by its adoption the English people would avoid those noxious gases which exhale at present from our churchyards and cemeteries, and would thus escape the horror which is suggested by the idea of putrefaction, and of the worm

"that fretteth the enshrouded form."

At the same time they do not as yet expect its extensive adoption in this country, public opinion not being at present ripe for it. It is, however, gaining ground month by month, and within the past few months the Cremationist Council has acquired an important adherent in the Duke of Westminster.

The second objection urged, and perhaps the more practical one, is the scientific. It is pointed out that in cases of poisoning there would be no detection of crime when once the body had been cremated. This argument does undoubtedly carry much force with it, especially in the face of the more frequent necessity which has lately arisen for the exhumation of dead bodies for the purpose of analysis; and if the practice of burning became widely prevalent it would certainly be needful to safeguard the public by stringent regulations for the avoidance of this risk. To meet such cases the Cremation Society claim to conduct a special post-mortem where persons have died unattended. This, however, would not be sufficient, as it would be no security against a forged or dishonest certificate, and the public would not be satisfied with anything less than complete Parliamentary legislation. The cost of the process, which is also an important matter, is from £5 to £6, owing to the necessity for heating the crematory on each occasion, to which must be added the expense of transport; these, however, are points which would probably find their solution in course of time, and it is certain that where there were a large number of bodies to be cremated, the cost of heating would be materially reduced. During the Church Congress at Manchester one of the speakers said that

cremation had been denounced as an organised attempt to interfere with the belief in the resurrection of the dead, but that Lord Shaftesbury had effectually disposed of this by asking, "What had become of the holy martyrs who were cremated"? His lordship's retort was a smart one; but the cases are not on all-fours, because the martyrs were cremated whether they and their friends liked it or not; and the question is clearly not "what became of them"? but "why did their enemies choose this mode of execution," and "what did ignorant bystanders think about it"? The historian Eusebius<sup>1</sup> answers both these questions, where he says, "The bodies of the martyrs . . . . were at length burned and reduced to ashes by the wretches, and finally cast into the Rhone. . . . These things they did as if they were able to overcome God and *destroy their resurrection, as they themselves gave out, that they might not have any hope of rising again.*"

Another member of the Congress suggested that the ashes would make excellent manure, and that this manure would eventually be obtainable at a very cheap rate. Another who spoke in favour of cremation said: "He wished to be cremated himself, and had provided in his will that if this country should have come to a sufficient degree of common sense to have cremation practised, when it pleased God to take him, he should be cremated. If people were cremated, they could never be buried alive, and he thought that the words 'ashes to ashes' in the Burial Service suggested cremation." He was immediately followed by a gentleman who, amid much laughter, expressed the hope that no man, who provided by will that he should be cremated, should be so dealt with unless a certificate were produced, signed by two medical men, that he was of sane mind when he made his will.

Cremation is at present a luxury for the rich; whether it will ever be brought within reach of the majority, and, if so, be generally adopted, remains to be seen. Meantime, if it has not as yet won its way to universal acceptance, it has at any rate furnished one answer, albeit an imperfect one, to that difficult and pressing question, "What are we to do with our dead?"

ALFRED S. NEWMAN, M.A.

<sup>1</sup> *Ecc. Hist.* v. 1.



# THE PRESENT POSITION OF CANADA: A REJOINDER.

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN'S article in the January number of this REVIEW requires only a brief reply from me.

The Grand Trunk Railway has hardly been in existence for *forty*, much less *fifty* years, and the Canadian Pacific has been a competitor for a number of years, to say nothing of smaller rivals, eventually absorbed. The holders of the third preference and ordinary stocks, now worth respectively 23 cents and 10 cents on the dollar, upon which no dividends have been paid for many years—if any ever were—will have some difficulty in realising in what sense the railway has been a “spoiled child.”

The Dead Meat Company of Three Rivers (Quebec) did not receive its quietus at the hands of the Dominion Parliament, but from the shareholders upon the report of a committee sent specially to Canada to investigate the feasibility of the scheme.

The United States, strictly speaking, possess no transcontinental railway, as no single company operates a line across the entire continent. The Hon. David Wells, a very high authority, informs me that no railroad in the United States has ever received as much aid from the United States Government as the Canadian Pacific has from the Dominion.

The Canadian army consists of 1000 men; Mr. Haultain's comparison of the Dominion *militia* of 38,000 men with the American *army* of 25,000 is, upon the face of it, unreasonable.

The local improvement debt of Toronto (Ontario) amounts to \$3 000,000, two and a half being the city's share for road-making, &c, as apart from the property owner's portion. The local improvement rate is used to pay the interest upon the debentures, the balance being added to a sinking fund with which such debentures as fall due are annually paid off. This fund now amounts to something over \$2,000,000. It must be distinctly understood that the holders of local improvement bonds have a claim against the entire property of the city, the debentures ranking *pari passu* with those representing the general debt of \$11,000,000.

The city of Detroit (Michigan, U.S.A.), with about the same population as Toronto (200,000), is practically free from debt. It is, of course, the older city of the two.

To my statement that the Dominion possesses no *maritime* defence in the form of ships, Mr. Haultain replies that the Treaty of Washington prohibits armed vessels upon the lakes. Comment is unnecessary.

No single colony named "Australia" has any existence, and my contribution to the September WESTMINSTER referred, as far as was required, to the revenue and debt of the Australian colonies, in all of which the governments own and operate the railways. The liabilities of these colonies are very large, but the money has been spent upon public works of a revenue producing character.

As to child labour, my facts were absolutely accurate. In 1881 a Dominion Commission, after visiting 465 factories, reported that over 2000 children under fourteen years of age were employed, nearly 200 being under ten. In 1886-7 another Commission reported that child labour under legal age was still employed. The Ontario Act was not enforced until 1887, and there are only three inspectors for the whole Province, which has an area of 220,000 square miles. Although there are no women inspectors, the Act is beginning to do its work. In Quebec matters are in a far less satisfactory condition.

I observe with astonishment that Mr. Haultain makes an assertion that there is "hardly any destitution" here, "that pauperism is virtually unknown," and that the working classes enjoy "freedom from anxiety as to how they shall obtain work." I have drawn the attention of the Relief Officer of the City of Toronto (where Mr. Haultain lives) to these extraordinary statements, which surprised that gentleman quite as much as they did the writer. At a meeting of the Charities Commission of Toronto on February 16 last an assertion was made that one out of every seventeen of the inhabitants of the city was in receipt of relief from the organised charities or the churches. The statistics of the House of Industry, an institution in some respects resembling an English workhouse, to which the municipality contributes about \$11,000 a year, support this statement, but some doubt does appear to exist as to whether the same person is not counted every time assistance is given. From the 1st of February to the 15th, 169 applicants for relief were made at the House of Industry, 103 to the Relief Society, and 65 at the City Hall. Outside the large towns poverty is less apparent.

Having consulted some of the members of the Trades and Labour Council, I am able to deny emphatically Mr. Haultain's assertions that "the commonest labourer earns a dollar and a half a day," or that "a dollar and a quarter is perhaps the minimum wage."

My informants consider a dollar a day the average wage of an unskilled worker. In this city a bye-law compels contractors for municipal work to pay their men 15 cents an hour, which is, of

course, taken into account in making contracts, and eventually comes out of the taxpayers' pockets. The system has two other disadvantages, viz., men worth 20 cents an hour are compelled to be satisfied with 15. Secondly, numbers of workers in the country come into the town under the delusion that there is always abundance of city work at fifteen cents per hour.

The following figures, giving the exports of some of the principal articles of food, are not, as stated by Mr. Haultain, destructive to my line of argument. Cheese and eggs show a fair increase, nothing remarkable in eleven years; all the hog products, beef, and butter have decreased :—

	1880.	1891.
Hams, bacon, pork, lard ... lbs.	11,852,413	7,669,598
Beef ... .. "	692,842	309,791
Cheese ... .. "	40,368,678	106,202,140
Butter ... .. "	18,535,862	3,768,101
Eggs ... .. doz.	6,452,580	8,022,935

Mr. Haultain states that Canadians do not desire any voice in the appointment of their Governor-General. His opinion may be of interest, but what qualification has he to speak for all the four and a half million Canadians? I am at a loss to understand what is meant by "England's apathy and ignorance" being "Canada's bane." Britain has given this colony absolute control of its Government with the exceptions of the power to make treaties, and the choice of the Queen's representative, the latter innovation, according to Mr. Haultain, not being desired.

"With the credit of Great Britain at her back" is a phrase in everyday use, meaning that Canada possesses practically unlimited borrowing powers in the British money market.

The argument that the system of one man one vote is not necessary here, because it is not in force in the mother country, can hardly be treated seriously. In addition, there appears to be a reasonable prospect of its early introduction in England.

An avowed Free Trader who approves of Sir John Macdonald's "vigorous policy of national development" is almost as great a novelty as the remedy suggested by my critic for the injurious results of Protection—viz., "a firm and healthy hope" in Canada's "prosperous future." The faith cure in politics is something quite unique, even if it does not border on the ludicrous. Tariff reform, as far as I can judge, would be more effectual, and would be likely to give greater satisfaction to the over-taxed inhabitants.

My assertion that if the bulk of the population of Canada expressed a desire to cut the political cable there would not be any very strong opposition upon the part of John Bull was partially based upon a debate in the Imperial House of Commons last session concerning the fortification of the Esquimalt Harbour (British

Columbia), which will be fresh in the minds of all interested in this question. Last February the *London Chronicle* said: "No statesman, no politician, has of late years advocated the use of force to keep Canada." As long ago as 1867 Mr. Bright expressed an opinion that no attempt should be made to keep Canada by coercive measures, but I presume that the "Jingo" school to which Mr. Haultain belongs does not read that statesman's speeches. Sir John Lubbock, on November 2 last, wrote: "We should certainly not resort to force, though we should more than deeply deplore a separation."

The United States is described as "commercially belligerent" to Canada. The facts are as follows:—

Under the McKinley tariff 57 per cent. of all imports are dutiable; of the total importation of all commodities to the Republic only one-twentieth consists of Canadian produce, and it is therefore absurd to suppose that the ultra-Protectionist policy was adopted in order to injure so insignificant a neighbour. Assuming, however, that commercial belligerency is a verity, what about Canada's attitude towards the mother country? Of the total imports to Canada in 1891 68 per cent. were taxed, and as the tariff upon British goods amounted to over nine million dollars, a very large proportion of the dutiable imports must have come from the United Kingdom.

Mr. Haultain's article does not demand any further answer, more especially as one leading journal here (the *Globe*) has accused him of drawing "somewhat heavily upon his imagination now and then" for the facts, and also of meeting some of my statements "in a manner that is almost comic."

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# CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

## SCIENCE.

IN *Modern Meteorology*<sup>1</sup> the author has given us a volume which differs in several respects from previous publications with a similar title. It is not, as might be thought, a general treatise on the whole subject of meteorology, but, as expressed in the subsidiary title, an outline of the growth and present condition of some of its phases. This being so, it is clearly not so much a book for the general reader as for those who are specially interested in meteorology, and, it may be, for teachers of physical geography and physics. As such it may be commended as containing much that it is useful and important to know, though on some subjects the information is not so full as it might be. The first chapter is mainly occupied with the principal sources of information concerning the recent progress in meteorological science, and chapter ii. contains a history and description of some important meteorological instruments, and the methods of using them. The latter will probably be the favourite chapter with the small army of meteorological observers mentioned in the preface, at any rate for a time. The next three chapters are more theoretical, and will certainly need close study on the part of many readers if their contents are to be fairly mastered. Thermodynamics of the Atmosphere, General Motions of the Atmosphere, and Secondary Motions of the Atmosphere are their titles, from which some idea of their contents may be formed. The sixth and last chapter is, in some respects, the most interesting one, as under the title of Applied Meteorology, it deals with oscillations in climate as shown by meteorological observations for long periods, and with meteorology applied to agriculture. Taken as a whole, the volume is a good one, and will certainly be of service to the class for whom it is intended.

To those who are observant of such matters, it has been obvious for some years that botanical science is passing through a phase of great activity, and is making progress at a somewhat rapid rate. Whether or not as much is being done in this country to promote its advancement as might be done, is a question that would pro-

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Meteorology: An Outline of the Growth and Present Condition of some of its Phases.* By Frank Waldo, Ph.D. With 112 Illustrations. London: Walter Scott, Limited. 1893.

bably be answered differently by different people. But at least we are doing something, and there is no doubt that what is done is in the main good of its kind, while some of it is of great and exceptional excellence. A fair sample of the best and most advanced work, for which we have to thank British botanists, is that which is being placed on permanent record in the *Annals of Botany*,<sup>1</sup> one of the youngest, but one of the most valuable, of our scientific serials. Edited by botanists of the highest standing and repute, the *Annals* is a journal which will bear comparison with the best scientific publications of any country, and is not behind those Continental productions to which botanists all over the world have been accustomed to look for the most recent original investigations. The last two volumes—viz., the fifth and the sixth—are lying before us, thanks to the courtesy of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, and fully sustain this estimate of the merits of the whole. They do not embody the whole of the research conducted in this country during the period they cover, but they are eminently characteristic of its nature and quality, and indicate clearly the lines along which progress is being made. In addition to this, they contain a few contributions from skilled investigators across the Atlantic, which, while valuable in themselves as additions to botanical knowledge, afford some idea of the good work which American botanists are doing.

Like all other branches of natural science, botany has been greatly affected by the evolutionary theories of the day, and the phylogeny of the vegetable kingdom is now a prominent subject of inquiry. In the earlier of the two volumes, Professor Bower has a valuable paper on the phylogeny of Ferns, which marks a distinct advance on previous attempts to elucidate this branch of the general question. The special point to which it is addressed is whether the Eusporangiate or the Leptosporangiate Ferns are the oldest. The opinion generally held, and the one Professor Bower himself formerly shared, is that the simpler forms of the Leptosporangiate series—viz., the *Hymenophyllaceæ*, or filmy Ferns, were the earliest, and were descended from the *Bryophyta*, or true Mosses. But a critical examination of the evidence on which this opinion is based has led him to the conclusion that it is insufficient, and indeed goes but a little way to establish such a view. On general comparative grounds it is pointed out that the affinities of the Eusporangiate Ferns—i.e., the *Ophioglossæ* and the *Marattiaceæ*—lie with the Liverworts, rather than the true Mosses, so that the question at issue really resolves itself into this: whether the affinities of the Leptosporangiate Ferns to the Mosses, or that of the Eusporangiate

<sup>1</sup> *Annals of Botany*. Edited by Isaac Bayley Palfour, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.; Sydney Howard Vines, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.; W. T. Thiselton Dyer, C.M.G., M.A., F.R.S.; and William Gibson Farlow, M.D. Vol. v. With twenty-seven plates in part coloured, and four woodcuts. 1891. Ditto, vol. vi., with twenty-four plates in part coloured, and sixteen woodcuts. 1892. London: Henry Frowde; Oxford: Clarendon Press Depository.

Ferns to Liverworts, is the more true and natural one. In answer to this it is suggested that the similarity between the vegetative organs of Mosses and filmy Ferns may be due to their adaptation to moist situations, and not to the descent of the latter from the former, and that the Eusporangiate Ferns are of a more primitive type. The evidence afforded by the sporangia, the apical meristems, the vegetative organs, and the connection between the sexual organs and the gametophyte of both groups of Ferns, though not consistent with this view, does not give it much positive support, but the facts of palæontology are, as at present known, decidedly in its favour. For the earlier geological formations in which fossil Ferns are met with, prove that these were of the Eusporangiate type, while the Leptosporangiate forms are scarcely, if at all, represented. Moreover, the Mosses are entirely unrepresented in the earlier rocks, and do not appear until the tertiaries, which is of itself a strong argument against the derivation of Ferns from the true Mosses. Thus, without regarding it as conclusive, Professor Bower thinks the evidence at present obtainable decidedly points to the Liverworts as the ancestors of the Filicineous series, and to the Eusporangiate Ferns as the primitive forms from which the higher Leptosporangiate types have been derived.

In a paper contributed to the sixth volume by Professor Campbell, of California, the phylogeny of Ferns receives further consideration. The author had already, before the appearance of Professor Bower's article, put forward the view that the Eusporangiate and not the Leptosporangiate Ferns are the primitive forms, and had called attention to the correspondence between the development of the prothallium of Ferns, especially the *Osmundaceæ*, and the thallus of many *Hepaticæ*. In the communication here referred to he deals with the development of the prothallium and the sexual organs in two species of *Osmunda* and with the embryogeny of the same. In the result, he finds that there is a close correspondence between the sexual organs of the *Osmundaceæ* and the *Hepaticæ*, and that the embryo of the *Osmundaceæ* is of a more primitive type than that of the other Leptosporangiates. He concludes, therefore, that in the *Osmundaceæ* we have to do with a primitive undifferentiated group, which stands near the junction of several others. Below them he places the *Ophioglossums*, which connect the Ferns with the Hepatics, while, through *Botrychium*, *Ophioglossum* is connected with the *Osmundaceæ*, and through them again with the whole Leptosporangiate series.

In this connection, another set of papers may be mentioned which have a double importance, since they supply an immediate want of knowledge respecting the life histories and morphology of certain special types of plants, and afford data for future efforts in the solution of phylogenetic questions. Among these are the contributions

of Messrs. Campbell and Farmer on *Isoetes*; that of Goebel on the Simplest Form of Moss; Vaizey's account of the Sporophyte of *Splachnum luteum*; and that of Farmer on the Embryogeny of *Angiopteris*.

The influence of evolutionary doctrines, and especially those of Darwinism, upon botanical investigation has also made itself felt in the biological aspects of the subject; and the student will find that most of the articles afford evidence of this. As a special contribution to this department of botany, however, we may refer to Mr. Scott Elliot's paper, in the fifth volume, on The Fertilisation of South African and Madagascar Plants, which is unusually interesting and copiously illustrated. It contains a large body of observations made upon numerous flowering plants in their native haunts, with special reference to their floral adaptations for insect visitors. The minute structural details are described as clearly and precisely as could be wished, and the descriptions add largely to our knowledge of the specific mechanisms by which cross-fertilisation is effected and self-fertilisation is prevented. In a great many cases the visiting insects have been identified, and the observations as a whole form a valuable supplement to those of Müller, Darwin, and other workers in this field. Another interesting article that may be referred to here is that by Mr. Rolfe on a Natural Hybrid between *Habenaria viridis* and *Orchis maculata*. Natural hybrids between species of different genera of orchids are not common, and an addition to the list is a welcome one, especially at this juncture when theories of reproduction are occupying the attention of many biologists.

Passing on to the department of anatomy, the volumes contain several articles which well illustrate the modern conceptions of plant structure and the value of modern methods of histological research. Dr. Scott, who is doing admirable work in this direction, writes on Some Points in the Anatomy of *Ipomœa*, one of the *Convolvulaceæ*, and describes a very complicated system of interxylary phloem in that part of the axis where the root passes into the stem. He also describes in the older part of the hypocotyl an internal cambium formed from the peripheral cells of the pith, which produces, internally, medullary phloem, and occasionally a few lignified elements on the side of the wood. In another paper on Internal Phloem in the Roots and Stems of Dicotyledons, the same author and Mr. Brebner deal with a subject which has been very little attended to by anatomists. The results obtained are important, not only from the anatomical but from the physiological standpoint, as they throw considerable light on the functions of the phloem generally. Quite recently Frank and Bless have put forward the theory that the phloem is a storage tissue which provides the plastic materials required by the cambium for the formation of wood. But the authors' researches prove that the anatomical relations of the phloem



are often inconsistent with the supposition that its exclusive or principal function is connected with wood formation. They point rather to the conclusion that, in the first line, the phloem is a conducting tissue, as has been generally believed, and that it is as such and not as a storage tissue that it is necessary for the development of ligneous tissue.

On purely physiological matters, the volumes are not as strong as on morphology and anatomy, but there is no waste of the space devoted thereto. Professor Green, following up his researches on unorganised ferments, describes how he demonstrated the presence of diastase in the pollen grains of several plants belonging to widely separated genera, and that of a proteo-hydrolytic enzyme, allied to trypsin, in the fruit of *Cucumis utilissimus*, Roxb. Dr. Schunk writes on the Chemistry of Chlorophyll, bringing his critical *résumé* of the work done up to the date of publication, and, in conjunction with Mr. Brebner, he describes numerous experiments on the action of Aniline on Green Leaves and other parts of Plants. Professor Vines gives a brief account of experiments made to determine whether or not a diastatic ferment is present in green leaves. The results confirm the conclusions of Baranetzky and Brasse that such a ferment is present, and that the transformation of starch into sugar in leaves is due to the ferment and not to the protoplasm itself, as stated by Wortmann. Perhaps, however, the most striking physiological article is that by Professor F. Darwin and Miss Pertz, on The Production of Rhythm in Plants. By using an intermittent klinostat—*i. e.*, one whose spindle is only permitted to make half a revolution twice in every hour—these authors were able to induce artificially, in the growing organs of plants, a rhythmic condition which continued for some time after the stimulus was withdrawn. Thus, under geotropic and heliotropic stimulation on the intermittent klinostat, a to-and-fro movement, in a rhythm closely approximating to a half-hourly period, was set up, and this movement was found to continue when the conditions which had built it up had ceased to act. The article is one that deserves the special attention of physiologists, as the phenomena described will probably be found to have an important bearing upon some of the more intricate problems of plant-movement.

In addition to those already mentioned, two other departments of botany are well represented in these volumes—*viz.*, Systematic and Fossil Botany, dealing with which are several articles of high value. Of these we can only mention, as samples, Mr. Baker's contributions on the Vascular Cryptogams of the islands of St. Vincent and Grenada, and that on the New Ferns discovered or described since 1874; the classified list of British Marine Algæ by Messrs. Holmes and Batters; and the exhaustive description of the fossil fruit known as *Bennettites Gibbimanus*, Carr., by H. Graf zu Solms-Laubach.

To sum up, it will be evident that these volumes represent the high water mark of botanical research in this country. As such they are not only indispensable to every one who desires to have the latest and best information on the most advanced questions of the day, but, as landmarks on the lines of progress, they will be as indispensable in the future as they are in the present.

The *Faune de la Normandie*<sup>1</sup> is one of the most elaborate works of its kind we have yet seen, and must have entailed much labour upon the author, some of which would be of a mere mechanical character. It is being issued in fasciculi through the "Société des Amis des Sciences Naturelles de Rouen," a mode of publication which is not ill-adapted to such a work, and the third fasciculus has recently appeared. The first was published in 1883, and dealt with the mammals; the second, published in 1890, gave part of the birds, and the present issue gives the rest. Taking a liberal view of what may be expected of him, the author has included migrant species as well as indigenous ones, giving among the former even those whose visits to Normandy are more or less irregular. So far as it has gone, then, the student may confidently turn to it for information as to the animals met with in Normandy, for we hardly think he will be altogether disappointed in doing so. We do not wish to assert that it contains every kind of information that may be sought for, but it at least contains all that the majority of students are likely to require, and what it fails to supply may be obtained from the works to which references are given. As a matter of fact, the author has wisely refrained from attempting the impossible, and has restricted himself to giving the Latin, French, and common names of the species dealt with, the synonymy, bibliography, and topographical distribution, and the more important biological facts known in connection with each. On each of these points he has obviously sought to be accurate and reliable, and, though it may well be that errors have crept in here and there, we think he has done so with more than the average of success. The biological notes we have ourselves found particularly interesting and useful, while at the same time they lighten somewhat the heaviness which inevitably attaches to local faunas. Thus, taken as a whole, his descriptions are creditable to his knowledge and industry, and the chief fault we should be disposed to find has reference to the classification he has adopted. We are not inclined, however, to attach much importance to this point, especially in face of the excellent features which the fauna possesses, and the industry the author has displayed. As some indication of this last, we may mention that the two fasciculi devoted to the birds have between

<sup>1</sup> *Faune de la Normandie*. Par Henri Gadeau de Kerville. Fasc. I. Mammifères; Fasc. II. Oiseaux (Carnivores, Omnivores, Insectivores, et Granivores) Fasc. III. Oiseaux (Pigeons, Gallinacés, Echassiers, et Palmipèdes). Paris: Librairie J. B. Baillière et Fils.

them nearly 700 pages, and deal with no less than 322 species and 10 varieties.

By the initiated it has long been recognised that Human Anatomy is not one subject, but a group of subjects, and that no adequate treatment of it is possible, save by a large application of the principle of devolution. In our own country one of the best and most widely used text-books is that of Quain, but the later editions are of a more or less composite character, the preparation of several sections having been entrusted to specialists for the purpose of making them fully representative of the present state of knowledge. We are not surprised, therefore, that in projecting a great work on *Human Anatomy*,<sup>1</sup> to be published under the direction of Professor Poirier, it has been decided to apply the principle of devolution to the largest possible extent, and to commit the exposition of the different parts of the work to men who have already made a reputation, by their writings and otherwise, as authorities on the subjects allotted to them. Hence it is practically certain, minor matters aside, that every part of this treatise will be fully abreast of the times, will contain all that the most advanced students are entitled to expect, and will be permeated throughout by the thoroughness and exactitude which characterise the modern spirit. That this is so in the case of the instalment which lies before us we hope to show, and the names of those whose contributions are to follow afford good ground for anticipating that the same high standard will be maintained.

In arranging the order in which the different sections should be treated, Professor Poirier has shown a wise discretion, the outcome no doubt of his wide knowledge and the experience gained as head of the School of Practical Anatomy at Paris. The intention has apparently been to make the arrangement logically consistent, and to present a whole which shall be natural and harmonious in all its parts. With this object a general *résumé* of human embryology is placed at the head of the first volume, so that from the commencement of his studies the path of the student may be illuminated by the light which development throws upon the disposition of the systems and tissues of which the body is composed. It may appear to some that the difficulties of the student will be increased rather than diminished by beginning his anatomical studies with the somewhat recondite matters of embryology. But as a matter of fact, his preliminary studies in biology, which in the best schools are now insisted on, should place him in a position not only to understand these matters with ease, but to appreciate their importance and

<sup>1</sup> *Traité d'Anatomie Humaine*. Publié sous la direction de Paul Poirier, Professeur agrégé à la Faculté de Médecine de Paris, Chef des Travaux Anatomie, &c. Tome Premier: Premier Fascicule. Embryologie: A. Prenant; Ostéologie: P. Poirier (Développement et Structure des Os: A. Nicolas). 472 Dessins originaux par MM. Ed. Cuyet, Leuba, &c. Paris: L. Battaille et Cie, Editeurs. 1898.

significance as an introduction to the anatomy of the adult. Applying the same method to the treatment of the successive sections, a clear and succinct account of the development is prefixed to the descriptions of the various organs, tissues, systems, &c., which throws the same light upon them individually as the general sketch throws upon the whole. Presented in this way, we think the multiplicity of anatomical details, so difficult at times to comprehend, and so easy to forget, will be likely to be seized more readily and held more tenaciously than when presented, as they often are, without the developmental "connective" that binds them together. Moreover, the language employed has been assimilated at all points with the generally accepted doctrines of evolution, and advantage thus taken of whatever assistance these afford towards a full comprehension of the details of human anatomy.

Another general feature which promises to make this treatise a great improvement upon most others that we have seen is the judgment displayed in the matter of illustrations. In the first place, they are original and not mere repetitions of old figures; colours have been very freely introduced; they are multiplied with a liberality that is all too rare; and they are the work of the best anatomical artists of the day. But what is perhaps of more importance than any of these matters, they are exceptionally effective as aids to instruction. The facts they are intended to illustrate are vividly presented without being either exaggerated or distorted, and where the same object has different points of interest, separate figures are given in illustration of each.

Having said so much of the plan of the work as a whole, we may now turn to the contents of the part before us. It opens with an introduction from the pen of Professor Manouvrier, in which anatomy as a branch of science is defined and its divisions marked out. This calls for no comment. Then follows the general account of embryology mentioned above, which is well written and carefully adapted to the requirements of students. Professor Prenant may indeed be complimented on the success with which he has avoided too much detail on the one hand and too much generality on the other, and on having preserved a clear style amid the more difficult parts of the exposition. The treatment is comparative in the first instance, the main phenomena as they present themselves in the lower animals being passed in review before the special details of human embryology are dealt with. With a view, no doubt, to the convenience of students, the subject matter is arranged in short sections, each of which is confined to a definite stage in the ontogeny, or to a special group of phenomena. After a careful perusal of the whole, we have the impression that adverse criticism on essential points is practically impossible. If any exception is made to this conclusion it will be in connection with the description of the ovum and

the phenomena of its maturation. Here, we think, the account of the chromatin loops of the nucleus might with advantage have been fuller, and the longitudinal splitting of the same, in nuclear division, should have been explicitly mentioned. No doubt full details on all such matters will be forthcoming in the special book on embryology ; but even in a general outline, the intense importance of the nucleus and its karyokinetic changes give it a claim to full description which ought not to be overlooked.

In the second book, which makes up the rest of this volume, we come upon one of the most important parts of the whole work—viz., that of osteology. For this Professor Poirier is himself responsible, though the two articles on the development and structure of bone are contributed by Professor Nicolas of Nancy. Here one sees the hand and the mind of a master, for under his method of treatment even dry bones are dry no longer. The subject is opened by a general sketch of the development of the skeleton as a whole, the development, growth, and structure of bone, and the general build of the skeleton. Then comes a summary of the development of the limbs and their bony framework, which leads up to full details of the form, appearance, characteristic marks, &c., of the individual bones which they contain. In these last we enter upon the subject of osteology proper, or osteology in the narrower sense in which the term is often understood, and three long articles are occupied with technical descriptions of the bones of the thoracic and pelvic limbs and the girdles to which they are attached. It would be out of place here to follow these technical details, but it may be said generally that they are presented in clear and precise language and in a manner which keeps up the interest from beginning to end. By the repetition of the figures already mentioned, the external characters of the bones, the attachments of the muscles and ligaments, the mode of ossification, the architecture, &c., are represented in a manner that will enable an honest student to master with ease the difficulties which are unavoidably associated with these matters.

The limbs thus disposed of, the same logical and orderly method of treatment is applied to the skeleton of the trunk—i.e., of the vertebral column and the thorax, with equally satisfactory results. The phenomena of development are again outlined as a preliminary, the general type of development being first described and then the peculiarities and irregularities which have been observed in individual cases. Then, as before, we have the technical descriptions of the bones, aided by numerous figures, and the whole supplemented by an account of the abnormalities, whether of number or form, which the bones of this part of the skeleton sometimes present.

In passing on to the skeleton of the head, the author maintains the high level of excellence set up in the previous chapters and handles his subject with an ease and finish which only full and accu-

rate knowledge can confer. The technical descriptions of the anatomy of the cranium and the bones of the face may be compared without disadvantage with those of any other treatise, while the story of development, which here reaches the climax of interest, is told with unusual effect. Unless we are mistaken this sketch of the development of the head will attract considerable attention, as it points out very clearly in what respects the development of the head and trunk agree and differ. From what is said, it would seem that, in the author's opinion, the existence of cephalic somites is an established fact, though the protovertebræ differ in arrangement, development, and destiny, from those of the trunk. He discusses the bearing of the facts known with regard to this point on the old controversy respecting the vertebrate theory of the skull, which he regards as only a particular case of the doctrine of cephalic metamerism. He adds, however, that the skeletal system of the cranium is not the result of the coalescence of a certain number of vertebræ, as the vertebrate theory of the skull asserts. Though very briefly put, a large number of facts will be found embodied in this sketch, which is an admirable introduction to the much more lengthy osteological details which follow. How full and complete these details are can only be learnt by an examination of the volume, but if this be made, we think it will be allowed that they leave nothing to be desired.

So far as this volume goes, then, the admirable plan according to which the whole treatise has been laid down, may be said to have received a careful and successful application, and we have a descriptive account of the osteology of the human body which will henceforth rank among the very best that we possess. This being so, anatomists will look anxiously but confidently for the remaining volumes, which, it may be hoped, will not be long delayed.

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## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

DR. F. C. SHARP'S essay on *The Aesthetic Element in Morality and its Place in a Utilitarian Theory of Morals*<sup>1</sup> is brighter and more refreshing than such essays usually are. The author recognises the element of beauty in conduct, while at the same time contending that it has its origin in utility. He thus endeavours to reconcile two views which are commonly regarded as contradictory. The

<sup>1</sup> *The Aesthetic Element in Morality*. By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1893.

author gives a brief statement, which, while not assuming to be exhaustive, may be accepted as fairly representing the divergence between the Utilitarian and the Intuitionalist. "The Utilitarian," he says, "values character merely as a source of actions useful to society; the Intuitionalist, on the other hand, values it for itself—that is to say, for its beauty." There is no difficulty, however, in seeing, with the writer, that not all useful actions are beautiful, and that not all beautiful actions, or those that give rise to feelings of pleasure, are useful. Certain courses of conduct may gratify us by an exhibition of power, skill, consistency, which are nevertheless not useful to society, and everyday virtues are undeniably useful, but do not impress us with any particular sense of their beauty. The higher class of altruistic actions combines the two elements.

Dr. Sharp differs from the school of Utilitarians which traces the rise of Altruism to a development of Egoism; he contends they are simply names for the two directions in which a certain psychic force is found to work. The "disinterested impulse" is as truly a primitive force as the egoistic impulse. Our author clearly sees, what some altruistic moralists are prone to overlook, that even altruism has its limits, and the most we can generally do is to refrain from infringing upon the happiness of others, for "happiness cannot be passed round like cake;" and not only that, but though there is so much poverty and suffering in the world wisdom forbids us to relieve it indiscriminately. Most people would rather depend upon others than help themselves, and "indiscriminate charity creates ten evils for the one it cures."

These discussions are really only preliminary to the purpose of the essay, which is developed more fully in the chapters on "The Intrinsic Work of Character," "Moral Beauty," and "The Æsthetic Method of Ethics." The quality common to all forms of æsthetic enjoyment is "disinterestedness," and this is closely linked to its "universality"—the fact that the pleasure may be shared by an indefinite member.

The question is not, does this æsthetic element exist in morals, but whether this is the true end and aim of the moralist? The fact seems to be all the other way, and any conscious striving after effect in conduct defeats its end. So that although beauty of character is often the result of effort, this must be put forth for some end other than the beauty itself. So our author concludes "that if it be true of beauty of character—as Dr. Holmes says of fame, that it generally comes to those who are thinking of something else—this fact alone is equivalent to the death-sentence of all æsthetic moral theories."

The "Ought" which plays so large a part in intuitionist theories of morals, Dr. Sharp reduces to a feeling of approbation or disapprobation of that in the individual or in society which har-

monises or does not harmonise with our ideal, and assumes a like ideal in others which we find in ourselves.

M. J. Novicow, in *Les Luittes entre Sociétés Humaines et leurs Phases Successives*,<sup>1</sup> has given the most complete and philosophical view of this great and important subject it has been our pleasure to read. The volume is one of 750 pages of fairly close type, and the survey is as thorough as it is comprehensive. The opinions of the author are not those which are most generally held when we come to their practical application, but we venture to think it is only because, as a philosopher, he is in advance of public opinion and is wiser than his generation. M. Novicow begins at the beginning. Throughout the universe we find every phenomenon is the result of combat and alliance. Every struggle results in a combination, and every fresh struggle is succeeded by a new and higher or greater combination. If one association is destroyed, another, more vast, is created. The universe is an *ensemble* of systems which are formed and reformed perpetually. It presents a collection of alliances and contentions; every subordination is a relation established between different units, an action exercised one on the other. We cannot establish a single point in the universe where these relations do not exist, and consequently it is impossible to assign any limit to the power of association. This struggle, subordination, and association prevail universally, from chemical molecules to human society, and the most elementary and simple throw light upon the most advanced and complex. At the present time, the State appears to be the last term of the social grouping; but the absolute political independence of each State is no more possible than that of a separate planet. We find not only that there is a struggle between various existing associations, planetary, social, political, but in the bosom of each there is also a struggle between the different collective units and the individuals which compose them. In the lower stages of life, the result of the struggle is often absorption by the victor or the elimination of the vanquished; but as we proceed higher in creation, these are superseded by subordination and association. From such a wealth of suggestive thought it is difficult to select points which contribute to the establishment of the author's theory, but we find such as these scattered throughout the pages: The result of the struggle for existence is the survival of the fittest, that is to say, of those best adapted to their environment; but it is a profound mistake to believe that its action is confined only to biological phenomena. Adaptation to environment is a universal phenomenon. The writer supports this by astronomical illustrations which lead us to the domain of biology, but even astronomically we find that the struggle never ceases, and there is never complete adapta-

<sup>1</sup> *Les Luittes entre Sociétés Humaines et leurs Phases Successives*. Par J. Novicow. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1893.



tion to environment, or it would be eternal, and no further change possible; as it is, the universe is in a state of perpetual transformation, or, in other words, the equilibrium is never final but always unstable. Instability is the characteristic of life; the being which changes the most quickly, without, however, losing its individuality in a complete fashion, is the being which lives with the most intensity.

Students of sociology will readily perceive how these principles can be applied, as they are applied by M. Novicow, to the struggles of mankind. He shows us how, from the earliest times, the earth has been the scene of struggle, subordination, association or grouping, the achievement of a temporary equilibrium; but this has always led to a fresh struggle, and ever new subordinations and new groupings, successively on a larger and more lasting scale.

The capability of a being changing rapidly, to which we referred just now, is really a capacity of adaptation to environment, and the struggle for existence produces the survival of the fittest; "but," says M. Novicow, "the *fittest*, from the psychological point of view, is synonymous with the most intelligent. For what does intelligence signify in the last analysis? It is the faculty of accomplishing most rapidly certain movements, necessitated by an ensemble of given circumstances."

This part of the subject may be thus summarised: what we call intellectual culture is also a form of adaptation to the environment. The cultivated man possesses a representation more or less complete of the universe, and sums up in himself the mental work of humanity. That is to say, his horizon is most extended in space and time, which is to say that he is capable of representing to himself a great number of images and states of consciousness.

"The struggle for existence produces the survival of the fittest, and the fittest are the most intelligent. In other terms, it assures the victory to the individuals and to the societies which possess the most exact conception of the universe. But this exact conception being a correlation more complete between the internal images and the external world, we can say that the struggle for existence, in the biological, social, and psychological domain, is nothing else than the universal law of the equilibrium of forces."

This is only the introduction to the subject, and is admirably summarised in a series of propositions by the author (p. 50), which we regret we have not space to quote.

The illustration of these principles from history, and their application to the present and future of society, comprise the real contents of this admirable book, which is a solid contribution to a science of sociology. M. Novicow's conclusion, based, as he believes, upon science, is so cheering that we cannot afford to omit a reference to it. Progress is, he says, only the acceleration of adaptation; and

progress must inevitably lead to a new and vaster association than that of the State, which will be the federation or unity of all the civilised world. Progress is inevitable, the only thing impossible to determine is the rate of its advance. But we do see on every hand transformation effected with a prodigious rapidity. To this progress, our author believes, the new conception of the universe will largely contribute. The old conception of the fixity and unchangeableness of the universe was accompanied by a belief in the fixity of human institutions; to-day we know that the universe is a perpetual movement, and conservatives can no more arrest the progress of society than the rotation of the earth. This book ought to be read and re-read by sociologists, economists, politicians, educationists, and all who are in any way concerned with the guidance or instruction of society.

Mr. B. R. Tucker has put together a large number of articles and fragments from his periodical entitled *Liberty—Instead of a Book*<sup>1</sup>—on the plea that he is too busy to write one. The method is not a very satisfactory one, though it enables us to grasp Mr. Tucker's opinions on a variety of social and economic questions. With these details we cannot concern ourselves in this section, and must be content with a brief statement of his philosophical position, with which we find ourselves in general agreement. Anarchy, unfortunately, is a word that is popularly associated more with violence than with philosophy, and Mr. Tucker will have some difficulty in rescuing it and commending it to public acceptance.

His contention is, and we believe it to be just, that we do not want more State interference but less, a position in accordance with that of Mr. H. Spencer in *Man versus the State*. Mr. Tucker believes that the amelioration of society can best be achieved by unrestricted individualism or competition, and what is needed is the abolition of all monopolies. The writer does not object to be called a Socialist, but his method is the very opposite of that of the State Socialists or Nationalists, which would turn the State into one vast monopoly. According to this theory he asserts that the remedy for *monopolies* is MONOPOLY. State Socialism may be described as the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by the Government, regardless of individual choice; while Anarchism may be described as the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals, or voluntary associations, and that the State should be abolished. In a word, the writer is a disciple of Proudhon rather than of Karl Marx. The subject is ably and vigorously discussed from various points of view, and the substitute for a book is well worth a perusal.

The Rev. J. Macdonald's *Religion and Myth*<sup>2</sup> scarcely fulfils the

<sup>1</sup> *Instead of a Book. A fragmentary exposition of Philosophical Anarchism.* By Benj. R. Tucker. New York. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Religion and Myth.* By the Rev. James Macdonald. London: David Nutt. 1893.

promise of its title, as it does not deal with the great subject indicated on broad or general grounds, but is, as he tells us, only an effort to put into popular form a number of facts connected with the religious observances and social customs of African tribes. There is very little in it about myths properly so-called, and as far as religion is concerned it is illustrated by an account of numberless customs many of which do not appear to have any religious meaning. Nor is it original, for most of the customs have been described elsewhere; but the fact that the writer has himself lived in Africa amongst some of the people whose customs are described gives it a certain amount of authority. Having said thus much, we are bound to confess that Mr. Macdonald has produced a most entertaining and readable book, which may reach many people who would not perhaps be acquainted with the works of Mr. J. G. Frazer, Mr. Tylor, and other ethnologists. Several interesting accounts are given of the survival of superstitious customs in the north of Scotland which bear a striking resemblance to some found in Africa, and Mr. Macdonald does not hesitate to draw a parallel also between some of the observances of the ancient Israelites and those of the savages of the Dark Continent. The last chapter, on Reforms, may be commended to all missionaries and missionary societies. The writer believes the missionary may save himself years of useless labour if he makes a study of comparative religion one of the means of preparation for his work. Judging by sentences that crop up here and there, we find that the study of comparative religion has made Mr. Macdonald something of a rationalist, and he admits that certain religious survivals amongst ourselves are not far removed from African magic. The book affords a striking example of the rapidity with which the doctrine of evolution in religion is gaining ground.

Mr. Lillie's well-informed interest in Buddhism is beyond question, but we do not feel altogether convinced by his account of *The Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity*.<sup>1</sup> That somewhere in the development of Christianity it came in contact with Buddhism and assimilated something of the system we should be prepared to allow without going all the way with Mr. Lillie. Our author, without any qualification, appears to regard Jesus as having been an Essene, and the Essenes to have been a Buddhist sect. With Mr. Lillie's conception of the relation of Jesus to Judaism we are entirely in agreement; His teaching could not have been derived from a system to which it was antagonistic. Very pithily Mr. Lillie describes Judaism as a Great Taboo, which in fact it was. "Christianity pronounced the slaughter of animals at the altar a piece of useless folly, and tore up the great ordinances of Taboo, the Covenant between Israel and the Maker of the Heavens." But it

<sup>1</sup> *The Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity*. By Arthur Lillie. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

does not necessarily follow that Christianity was derived from Buddhism. We are inclined rather to think it may be accounted for by the spread of Hellenistic and Stoic thought. Mr. Lillie is principally occupied with presenting the resemblances and apparent resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity, and in our opinion does not give sufficient attention to their divergencies. The book has the appearance of being composed hastily, which would account for such a glaring misprint as "closed doors for few of the Jews" instead of "for fear of the Jews."

Mr. Richard M. Mitchell, in *The Safe Side*,<sup>1</sup> presents a criticism of Christianity from the opposite pole to Mr. Lillie. Rejecting entirely the historical character of the Gospels, he is disposed to find in them confused reminiscences of the doings of Judas the Gaulonite and other Galilean agitators who appeared about the time Jesus of Nazareth is said to have lived. In support of this, he refers largely to Josephus. Mr. Mitchell points out one curious piece of evidence, which is, however, very far from being any proof of his theory in this connection. It is one of the few instances which establishes any relation between the New Testament and Josephus. In Acts xxi., in connection with a disturbance occasioned by Paul's visit to Jerusalem, the chief captain said to him: "Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men of the Assassins?" There is nothing in the Gospels about this Egyptian, but there is in the *Wars of the Jews*, book ii.-xii. This was probably about twenty years after the crucifixion. We cannot say we are very much impressed with this part of Mr. Mitchell's book, as the entire absence of any hint of the relation of Jesus to any violent political movement in the Gospels is inconsistent with it; if he had any political aim, his method appears to have been one only of passive resistance. Though we do not always follow Mr. Mitchell's arguments, we are fully in agreement with him in his demonstration of the baselessness of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ and all the other doctrines, or explanations, as the writer calls them, which have been added to it, and the uselessness of all the ecclesiastical institutions which have grown out of it. Generally speaking the book gives us the impression of being the work of an amateur, but the intention is good. And we quite agree with the author that the only "Safe Side" is that of the truth.

*The Religion of the Future*<sup>2</sup> is the first of a collection of essays, some of which have appeared in various reviews, by Dr. A. W. Momerie. The writer's object, as it is pretty well known, is to attempt the reform of the Church of England—in our opinion a profitless task. "Reform it altogether" appears to us to be the only

<sup>1</sup> *The Safe Side: a Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ.* By Richard M. Mitchell. Chicago. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *The Religion of the Future.* By the Rev. Alfred Williams Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1893.

certain method. The religion of the past, including that of the Church of England, our author contends, is a very inferior article, and must be superseded by something better—i.e., the religion of the future. The religions of the world, he says, divide themselves into two kinds—that of the priests and the majority, and that of the prophets and the minority. "The one is interested, the other is disinterested; the one is the art of getting good things, the other the art of becoming good." Religion, instead of dying out, is yet to come. The religion of the future, that is to say, the religion of Dr. Momerie, is a pure Theism, and an elevated morality. Other essays are on the "Decadence of the English Church," "Ecclesiasticism," and "Dogmatism." There is also included in the book an interesting account of the manner in which the learned professor was treated by King's College Council.

*Le Témoignage du Christ et l'Unité du Monde Chrétien*,<sup>1</sup> by Ernest Naville, is a well written, thoughtful book from an orthodox standpoint, and may be of some service to orthodox Christians who agree with its premisses if it leads them to a softening of their differences. The writer relies very largely upon subjective evidence for the authority of Christ as a testimony to the supernatural, which is, of course, only conclusive to those who accept it *a priori*. As to the unity of Christendom, M. Naville clearly sees there can be at present no prospect of any unity of institutions, but a ground of unity may be found in Christian faith, morality, and sentiment. What he pleads for is not so much unity as toleration, and mutual respect between different sects. In an appendix the author includes an intelligent and searching criticism of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*.

In his work on the Social Question<sup>2</sup> M. Grégoire comes to the support of the papal Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, and contends that the social question can only be solved by the Church, and in order to this the Church must be made supreme. It is a vain dream of many good Catholics, and is only maintained by illusions. The Church has had its opportunity and has failed to use it, and it will never return.

We have left the gem of the theological books received this month to the last. To say that the *Fall of Adam*<sup>3</sup> is a remarkable book will only convey a faint impression of the eccentricity and perverted intelligence and learning of its author. These two large octavo volumes of nearly five hundred pages each, splendidly printed on choice paper, contain a mass of irrational speculations and incoherences such as we have seldom, if ever, met with before. The author has pressed into his service considerable knowledge of geology,

<sup>1</sup> *Le Témoignage du Christ et l'Unité du Monde Chrétien*. Par Ernest Naville. Genève: Cherbuliez et Cie. Paris: Fischbacher. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Pape. Les Catholiques et la Question Sociale*. Par Léon Grégoire. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *The Fall of Adam*. By the Rev. Stephen Shepherd Maguth, LL.D. 2 vols. London: Dight Long & Co.

biology, and chemistry, to make it support the most absurd account of the Creation and Fall of Man imaginable. He finds an intentional preparation for and illustration of the doctrines of the Church in the primitive conditions of the earth. Dr. Maguth has a curious theory of evolution, for, while admitting that every higher race or species has sprung from a lower one, it was, he asserts, effected by direct divine interposition, by parthogenetic reproduction, which he does not regard as a miracle, because, according to the revelation which has come to him, it is a law. Thus there had been, before the birth of Adam and Eve, Edenic men, as our author calls them—a race, almost human, of anthropomorphous mammals or spurious counterfeit men, and from a female of this race Edenic man was derived by parthogenesis. This race had itself sprung in the same manner from anthropoid apes. This anthropomorphous mammal, we may remark in passing, is the geological man of the remote past, and differed only from other animals in being “cerebrally endowed with a centre of speech.” The writer does not hesitate to describe him as a savage beast. Edenic man was of a far loftier type—was, in fact, a psychical-spiritual being.

Dr. Maguth’s theory, or rather story, is that this higher race was forbidden to mix with the lower one, but the chief of a tribe, called the “Serpent,” led Eve astray and degeneration inevitably followed. And fallen humanity is the result of this fatal intercourse. We are not quite clear whether the savages of to-day are the direct descendants of this bestial man, or only reversions to type; but evidently the writer thinks it quite right that they should be exterminated by the white races who have, in spite of the Fall, a larger share of the blood of Edenic man in their veins. Briefly this is the author’s account of humanity; but no short review of it can do it justice. If it is asked how has the writer made this great discovery, it appears to be by inspiration—not through his cerebral-psychical nature, but through his psychical-spiritual nature. This is a distinction which Dr. Maguth consistently presents throughout the voluminous work.

The author of this strange work has what is called a great command of language, which might more properly be designated an unchastened gift of verbosity, which no doubt appears to the writer to be real eloquence. We cannot refrain from reproducing for the benefit of our readers one of the richest specimens—it follows the account of the birth of Adam and Eve.

“The awfully significant and undefinable Presence of the Creator, now ascending, slowly unveiled the natal bower: for truly the incarnate twain were born of spurious womankind, by an act of will-power most stupendous; and exposed to view, not only it, but an unique creation with summit hid in space, in semblance of a tree, but more majestic than all else within the sacred limits of that hallowed arboretum. Those anthropomorphous creatures, intensely

moved by every passion that is base and carnal, though not by one high and holy aspiration, still quaked with fear; and burning with a cunning curiosity, essayed anon to near that mystic spot, if haply they might scan the meaning of that strange and ne'er-before-seen sight. The awe-inspiring Majesty of God, impenetrably veiled in incandescent glory, illimitably vast, shed his protective photospheric rays around those pure Edenic babes; as later on, in vesture nebulous, or incandescent glow, He led on Israel's hosts, safe in the shadow of His holy tread." The story of the fall of Eve is written in the same strain, but with dramatic interludes. It is impossible to say a single word in approval of such a stupendous piece of foolishness as this; but we cannot help feeling some regret at such an exhibition of wasted energy.

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#### SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

"LONGTEMPS la femme fut peu de chose; un accident dans l'histoire des peuples comme dans la vie des hommes: elle est beaucoup aujourd'hui, et déjà répudiant des méthodes surannées, historiens et voyageurs, philosophes et moralistes ne s'enquièrent plus uniquement, dans l'étude d'une nation, des tendances politiques, du mécanisme administratif, du mouvement économique, mais, aussi et surtout, des usages et des coutumes, de la vie sociale, de ce milieu dont la femme est le centre, où son action prédomine, déterminant parfois ces grands courants qui entraînent les peuples."

Such is M. de Varigny's introduction to his study of woman in the United States,<sup>1</sup> a more serious and philosophic production than the panegyrics of Max O'Rell. The book before us covers the whole history of the European woman in America from the arrival of the *Mayflower*. It seeks to trace the influence of the woman in the War of Independence, and to connect her present character with the reaction of that influence on herself. But we are of opinion that this part of the work rests a good deal on imagination and simply elaborates a happy preconceived idea. We cannot see that the woman had more influence on the early history of America than she has had in that of many other nations from the earliest times; and, while admitting that her character, along with that of the men, has borne the marks of early struggles and special conditions, we fail to trace a direct effect of those conditions in developing the modern American girl. M. de Varigny surely goes too far back; if he had started with mixed schools and ideas of general equality he would

<sup>1</sup> *La Femme aux Etats Unis*. Par O. de Varigny. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

have been more practical; and in the vigorous and enterprising commercial life of New York on the one hand, and on the other the absorption of the men, the habitual isolation of the woman, he would have found sufficient causes of the practical and independent character which nowadays is usually associated with the American woman.

But this is only a small part of the book after all, and there is much which is amusing as well as interesting. The stories of vicarious punishment in the mixed schools have an absurd side which do not fail to strike the Frenchman. "Old Hickory" and Mrs. Eaton distinctly rouse his admiration. "La flirtation, qui est à l'amour ce que le préface est au livre," has a whole chapter to itself; it is treated as part of the life of the American girl, one of the chief elements in her education! This seems to us to go rather far. The subject of marriage and divorce is carefully treated, and the chapters dealing with them form a useful essay in themselves. M. Varigny deplors the prevalence of divorce in the States, and traces the greater part of the evil to the diversity of the marriage laws of the different states. It is natural that Elizabeth Patterson, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte, should have a special interest for French readers and be given a chapter to herself. But this is an interlude in the main argument. All nations have produced remarkable women, and if we were asked to point to the nation of nations where the woman had played a remarkable part in the history, we should point to France and not America. We are not so convinced, as M. de Varigny seems to be, that there is a great deal which is distinctive in the character of the American woman.

An exceedingly painstaking, thoughtful, and useful work is Professor Ashley's *Introduction to English Economic History and Theory*.<sup>1</sup> At a considerable interval of time, which is explained in the preface, comes Part II. on the End of the Middle Ages. Either for the student of sociology, or for the mere antiquarian, the book will have much interest. Carefully recording the chief authorities in each branch of its subject, it is a complete handbook of the early history and theory of the crafts which formed the basis of English industry and of the movements which led up to the genesis of our modern economic development. Commencing with the supremacy of the towns, and proceeding in considerable detail to discuss the crafts and their guilds, in which connection he devotes a separate chapter to the great original industry of England, the woollen industry, Professor Ashley indicates, in some detail, the agrarian revolution which took place in England in the sixteenth century, and shows its connection with the history of vagrancy and the rise of the first poor laws. This chapter on

<sup>1</sup> *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.* By W. J. Ashley, M.A., Professor of Economic History in Harvard University. Part II. The End of the Middle Ages. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.



Poor Relief appears to us one of the most valuable in the work. We do not know that a similar concise statement on the subject can be found elsewhere. And the concluding chapter has also much that is original; it traces in the canon law and its commentaries the germs of modern economics: "The beginnings of mercantilist theory are hardly intelligible without a knowledge of the canonist doctrine, towards which that theory stands in the relation partly of a continuation, partly of a protest." At the first hurried reading (which is the reviewer's bane) we are inclined to think that Professor Ashley lays too much stress on the general influence of the canonist enunciations and denunciations. To be sure, in certain details they left a mark; the question of the morality of usury is the chief instance. But it is to our mind very questionable how far their conception of usury influenced the later conception of capital and so found an abiding place in economic thought.

As the author rightly claims, the book, especially in its later chapters, is much more than a compilation. Many of the subjects with which it deals are sufficiently familiar to the students of the Middle Ages, but they are presented from a new point of view—not that of constitutional development, as by Stubbs, or that of social changes, as by Hallam, but as intimately connected with the mere commercial instinct which appears at one time engaged in a struggle to maintain industrial supremacy, at other times indicating the direction which future effort should take.

The bibliography which precedes each chapter is full and carefully executed; the notes which succeed each are for the most part useful and suggestive; but it is much to be regretted that they are not at the foot of the page in the text: it is always tiresome to be turning over pages to look at notes which by themselves have no value.

Mr. Chalmers, of the Treasury,<sup>1</sup> diving equally into the history of the past, but in a field hardly trodden before, has produced one of the most careful, and in some respects most uncommon, books we are likely to see for some time. That the subject would probably produce difficulties most people would be prepared to admit; but how full the book is of abstruse facts, of close reasoning, and minute calculations no one is likely to know without having had some experience of the vagaries of colonial currency questions. That Mr. Chalmers brings to his task an unusually keen and versatile intellect his readers will rapidly become assured; the text and the notes of themselves bear witness to the ability and thoroughness of his work; and in dealing with the coins of the East his acquirements as an Oriental scholar have added considerably to the value of his notes.

The history of currency in British colonies almost covers the

<sup>1</sup> *A History of Currency in the British Colonies.* By Robert Chalmers, B.A. London: Printed for H.M. Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

history of currency in the whole world in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for it is bound up with the fate of the Spanish dollar, which had a world-wide fame far greater than the British sovereign has ever enjoyed. But not only is it a history of coins and coinage, it is a valuable contribution to the life history of the colonies, for the early currency in nearly all of them was the staple produce of the land. As the Roman used cattle, so the Bermudian used tobacco, and the Barbadian "good merchantable muscovado." Further, the book throughout will be found continually furnishing illustrations of the general principles of currency. In this respect it seems to us to have a special value, for, so far as we are aware, it is the first detailed and carefully verified account of any wide system of currency from which actual illustrations of these principles can safely be drawn. At the same time the numismatist and the antiquarian will find some food for their curiosity. Of hog money, and anchor money, and gold mohurs they may know something, but who shall tell the mysteries of the black dog, the stampee, the dump, the maccochino, and many more wonders? Who will reveal the origin of the "bitt," or trace the descent of the "sheedy"?

Another point that should strike the reader is that the difficulties of colonial currency lie almost without exception in colonies which now are of inferior importance—the West Indian—while the great Australian colonies starting in more recent years present few features of difficulty; in these the book becomes to a great extent a discussion of note issues by banks. Canada is at once an important and difficult piece of history, in respect of which Mr. Chalmers had the aid of Mr. Courtney, the Deputy Minister of Finance. Indeed, throughout the work the author has taken care to fortify himself with opinion from local experts.

The general survey with which the book opens is a chapter of great merit. The chapter on modes of legislation is rather of technical and official interest; in each division of colonies and in each chapter on the colonies in their turn there is much hard reading, plenty of stiff deductions, not a little matter of general interest, and occasional glimpses of a grim humour with which Mr. Chalmers is gifted. For ourselves we are inclined to award the palm to the first Appendix, which contains accurate and learned dissertations on the Spanish dollar and other coins in general use in the last century, and a series of tables of ancient and modern gold and silver coins which have been carefully checked by Mr. Edward Rigg, of the Royal Mint. There is a full index which appears to be very good and complete.

Mr. Robertson's book on *The Eight Hours Question*<sup>1</sup> will be read with interest and instruction. Mr. Robertson is usually aggressive

<sup>1</sup> *The Eight Hours Question*. By John M. Robertson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

in his criticism of those who have gone before him : we do not, as a rule, bow to his judgment. But in the pages of the book before us he certainly gets hold of the weak points of the advocates of an Eight Hours Bill : it is a piece of destructive criticism which is much wanted just now when the Eight Hours Question is in danger of passing into a party cry without being at all understood by the criers. Mr. Robertson's examination of the question is very careful and very full : it is not always accurate, but it is suggestive throughout. We incline to agree with his conclusion that a compulsory eight hours law would be foredoomed to failure. On the other hand, he deals too lightly with the evidence produced—*e.g.*, by Messrs. Hadfield and Gibbins—in favour of the greater productiveness of the shorter hours of labour. We confess that to every scrap of evidence in this direction we cling with tenacity ; for it can hardly be doubted that as the truth becomes apparent, all classes of producers will find it to their interest to reduce the hours of labour without external compulsion. The whole question is one that still needs mature deliberation.

Two volumes of the "Charity Organisation Series" demand an attentive consideration. *The Feeble Minded*<sup>1</sup> embodies the result of an investigation by a large Committee of the Charity Organisation Society into the public and charitable provision made for the care and training of feeble-minded, epileptic, deformed and crippled persons, and in the first instance into the number and condition of feeble-minded or semi-imbecile children and adults. The report will be found most interesting : it is based throughout on scientific observation and analysis ; it devotes considerable space to the child at school, and the education of those deficient in intellect. We have sometimes been tempted to deplore the fact that medical science should be so largely concerned in perpetuating the weakness of the human race. In rougher and sterner times, we imagine, the weak shoots were pruned off ; the feeble-minded were squeezed out. The effect of their preservation seems to us as one of the most difficult ethical questions of our time ; but accepting the fact as irrevocable there can be no question that the wise suggestions of the Charity Organisation Society are of national importance. *The Assistance of School Children*<sup>2</sup> is another report not less practical, and perhaps more immediately to be acted on. Its point is that indiscriminate feeding and assistance of school children directly tends to pauperise the parents. "It is a great mistake to ignore the essential difference between feeding and educating a child. Food is necessary for existence, and to provide it is plainly the duty of the parent who is the cause of that existence," and starting

<sup>1</sup> *The Feeble-Minded Child and Adult*. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *The Better Way of Assisting School Children*. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

from this position a series of very difficult practical questions which intimately affect the duty of the State to its subjects are treated with considerable success.

From Rome we have received and scanned (we cannot honestly say read) with much interest the two volumes of the *Bulletin del' Institut International de Statistique*.<sup>1</sup> The Institute, which has not yet made itself very well known, was founded in London in 1885, and its present President is Sir Rawson Rawson, best known as a Colonial Governor, who is painstaking without being original. The last volume of the transactions of the Institute was published in 1890, and the present double volume contains the transactions of a session which took place at Vienna in 1891. Its contents are varied and interesting.

Questions of average height of races and of sexes are often discussed, and a table bringing out the most modern results of careful investigation will be found at the beginning of the first of these volumes. The English professional classes head the list as the tallest race of adult males, and their average is 5 ft. 9.14 in. The males of the United States of all classes come next, leading by a minute fraction English of all classes. So that we may conclude that all round the English and Americans are about the same height. Most European nations have an average for the adult male of over 5 ft 6 in., but the Austrians, Spaniards and Portuguese fall just short of it.

So far (and a little farther) we get on swimmingly, but when we come to Herr Lexis' tables of deaths, births, &c., which seem to be a sort of compound between geometrical conic sections and a Chinese novel, we shake our heads: we like statistics and we like conic sections—we are quite willing to try our hands at Chinese—but, oh no! not these tables: we had rather not be born and would infinitely prefer to die.

The question of recidivists (*i.e.*, incorrigible criminals) in Hungary is more interesting, so is that of the valuation and taxation of house and building property in France. M. Levasseur's report on the statistics of primary education is full and elaborate, and should be useful to those who are interested in the details of this subject. The same may be said of M. Bodio's report on comparative penal statistics; and an Italian essay on a similar subject is a welcome change.

The above remarks may give our readers some idea of the contents of the *Bulletin*; we feel that it runs into the abstruse side of statistics which is rather in vogue: we fear we prefer something simpler, and more practical.

Very refreshing always is the work that dares to run counter to

<sup>1</sup> *Bulletin del' Institut International de Statistique*. Tome VI. Deux livraisons. Rome: Heritiers Botta. 1892.

the popular prejudice. M. Charles Benoist, in *Sophismes Politiques*,<sup>1</sup> says a good many things which not a few persons think, though they do not like to give utterance to them. M. Taine, however, has given a lead to the dissenter, and possibly several will now follow. We do not hesitate to applaud M. Benoist, and gladly take place amongst the ten sympathetic readers whom he postulates for a start. The idea of the book is a very good one and a very true one: much of the ideas which govern public life is pure cant, without intelligence and without practical justification. What are the virtues of a democracy? asks this hardy critic. What is the value of your panegyrics? Where is there true democracy either in France or in the United States?

"M. Goblet, M. Clémenceau, M. Ranc, M. Sigismond Lacroix ne se lassent pas de gémir, parce que 'la Constitution est monarchique.' Il est vrai: elle est monarchique ou tout au moins *monarchisante*; elle contient quelque chose de monarchique."

And what do you mean by the rights of man? How do you define right? What are liberty and equality and fraternity? Do you practise any one of them? What of universal suffrage and the parliamentary *régime* which depends on it? These are the questions which M. Benoist asks his countrymen, and may equally ask some amongst us. There is nothing more remarkable than the way in which a thoughtless and unpractical dogma is thrown on to the world and accepted as a gospel, until the person comes by who can see an ass under a lion's skin.

M. Benoist's book deserves a careful reading from many of us. To take only one point:—people speak of the right to vote as if it were inherent in the human race; something on the same level with the right to breathe, the right to eat. On this assumption is founded the doctrine of universal suffrage. It is as well to be brought to an examination of this position.

"Le droit de voter," says M. Benoist, "n'est pas un attribut nécessaire de la personnalité humaine. Ce qui le détermine et le confère, c'est la capacité de bien voter; c'est à dire de bien choisir. Pour être bien chaussé, bien habillé, on s'adresse à un cordonnier, à un tailleur, qui savent leur métier. Pour avoir de bonnes lois, on doit de même s'adresser à celui qui est le plus capable de les faire."

So far, good; but how to determine that last-named capacity is the practical problem which neither English statecraft nor French political philosophy have yet been permitted to solve. M. Courcelle-Seneuil, the apologist of universal suffrage, as quoted by M. Benoist, cannot say more than that of a variety of evils universal suffrage is the least; it has but one superiority over a limited

<sup>1</sup> *Sophismes Politiques de ce Temps*. Etude critique sur les formes les principes et les procédés de gouvernement. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

suffrage, and that is its universality. Both are exercised by persons who for the most part are incapable of judging wisely of their wants; by persons whose sense of liberty, or equality, or fraternity is sharply limited by selfishness and jealousy. And what is true of France is, we fear, equally true of England; only that here manhood suffrage is still an idea and not a fact; so that English politicians can still reap practical benefit from these incisive criticisms of a French thinker.

In conclusion, we like the frankness with which the author avows the purely destructive character of his criticism. His idea is evidently to make us reason and think. His book "est purement critique est négatif . . . on tâche d'expliquer par l'observation en quoi les idées politiques actuelles sont fausses."

The *Handbook of Jamaica*<sup>1</sup> is not greatly changed since last year, and what we then said applies to it now. It is one of the best semi-statistical, semi-administrative guide-books published in the British colonies, and it refers to a noble island—"the pearl of the Antilles"—of which more deserves to be known by the modern Englishman. It is a book for the official and the business man; it is strictly bounded by its own subject, but within the scope of that subject is complete, both in the matter of facts and figures and of names; and when we have said that we have accorded high praise.

It must be some twenty years since Mr. Hare first published his *Walks in Rome*,<sup>2</sup> yet it opens as fresh in the thirteenth edition as if it had been written yesterday, and apart from the mention of the edition on the title page, there is nothing to show that it is not a book of 1893. It is, in fact, the most delightful guide-book ever published. The author is in love with his subject: not only does he know every inch of Rome, but he seems to have read every mention of the city in any author, English or foreign. These two dainty little volumes are full of references to totally different kinds of books, and in that aspect form a bibliography of Rome. But this is only an incident in them. Far more are they a repository of classical and mediæval associations; no, that is not enough to say—for Rome is the centre of associations of classic days, of a falling empire, of early Christianity, of mediæval darkness, of the Renaissance in Italy. Which comes uppermost here it is impossible to say: like the stones and streets and cupolas of Rome, they lie jumbled together in this nineteenth century—a garden of rich flowers where each step has something fresh. We cannot avoid re-quoting from the introduction our favourite Clough:

<sup>1</sup> *The Handbook of Jamaica*. Published by authority. By S. P. Musson and Laurence Roxburgh (of the Colonial Secretary's Office). London: Edward Stanford. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Walks in Rome*. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Thirteenth edition (revised). In two volumes. London: George Allen. 1893.

Yet to the wondrous St. Peter's, and yet to the solemn Rotunda,  
 Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatian walls,  
 Yet we may go and recline, while a whole mighty world seems above us,  
 Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme,  
 Yet we may, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner around us.

We should hardly do Mr. Hare justice if, besides the careful details of everything which is worth seeing in Rome, we did not mention the sparkling little chapter on "dull-useful information," which compresses into six pages of small type everything that the most ordinary traveller can fairly wish to know about his destination.

The perusal of this<sup>1</sup> compact and handsomely got-up little volume of 400 pages impresses one with the urgent necessity either of the appointment of a Secretary of State for Africa, or of the creation of a council to advise the Colonial Secretary upon African affairs in a manner similar to that in which the Secretary of State for India is assisted by his council. The numerous and complex questions which daily arise (to which testimony is borne by the questions asked in the House of Commons) in connection with our government of the major portion of "Africa south of the Zambesi," clearly demonstrate the need of the utmost vigilance and care on the part of British officials. Elements abundantly exist which by the merest accident may become the immediate cause of grave danger to our sway in that portion of the world. And the concise fashion in which Mr. Greswell places before his readers the commingling of races—British, Anglo-African, Boer, Kaffir, Zulu, Malay, Indian, and Arab—illustrates plainly the explosive materials which go to make up the motley population of British South Africa.

The book, however, is principally devoted to a geographical-historical account of Cape Colony itself, although ample space is given to the various other colonies, states, and protectorates which constitute Africa south of the Zambesi. Mr. Greswell scarcely brings out sufficiently the fact that very large areas lying south of the Zambesi are under the government of Portugal and Germany, thus giving Great Britain frontier lines in connection with which trouble may at any time occur. In the course of his volume, he has introduced many remarks as to the wealth, industries, character, and languages of the numerous races living in South Africa, for which he is indebted partly to the usual and accepted sources at hand for a writer on South Africa and partly to his own notes and observations collected during a seven years' residence in South Africa itself. While admitting the value of the book as a work of reference, so far as the rapidly shifting aspects of South African affairs permits any work at present to assume that character, we cannot regard the

<sup>1</sup> *Geography of Africa South of the Zambesi*. By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, M.A. Oxon., F.R.C.I. With three maps. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1892.

volume as suitable for use in schools or colleges; and although it undoubtedly will interest the general reader who may concern himself with South African affairs, we are of opinion it would prove a disappointment to the intending emigrant. It claims the merit, whatever it may be worth, of having been revised by the Education Committee of the Royal Colonial Institute, a somewhat exclusive body who have hitherto confined themselves to editing Mr. Greswell's books alone; and probably the historical and political student will find of most use the numerous Appendices, prominent among which are documents, such as the Charter of the British South African Company and the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, with which the Committee can have had but little concern.

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#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE personality of Mr. Gladstone was never more interesting than it is at the present moment. He is the great object in the sphere of English politics, whereon the attention of all is concentrated. His Home Rule Bill is commended by his friends and denounced by his enemies; but no critic can belittle his wonderful individuality. A new work, therefore, dealing with the life of the great statesman cannot fail to find readers. A book published by Calmann Lévy, of Paris, dealing with the main facts of Mr. Gladstone's career, contains much excellent information.<sup>1</sup> The authoress is a clever Frenchwoman; but she scarcely does Mr. Gladstone justice. According to her he is guilty of gross inconsistency, and is "one of the most complete personifications of English cant"! This is certainly rather sweeping. The writer of this biography is also unfair to another great politician—Mr. Parnell. She refers to the close of his strange life as a "tragic comedy." There is more French cynicism than feminine sympathy in this style of writing. While, however, we regret the flippant tone of the book, we must acknowledge its great merits. The authoress displays remarkably accurate knowledge of contemporary British politics. Her admiration for the genius of the late Lord Beaconsfield is perfectly legitimate, although her views on the subject may appear extravagant. The task she has attempted in endeavouring to give a full portrait in words of so extraordinary a man as Mr. Gladstone is an ambitious and difficult one, and if she has partly succeeded, it is nothing to her discredit to say that the picture, though striking and effective, is in some respects incomplete.

<sup>1</sup> *William Ewart Gladstone.* Par Marie Dronsart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.



A life of Mme. de Krudener, just published by Messrs. A. & C. Black,<sup>1</sup> supplies a want which must have been long felt by the admirers of that singular enthusiast. Save through the medium of Mr. William Sharp's translation of Sainte-Beuve's portrait of her in *Essays on Men and Women*, the English reading public had no opportunity hitherto of learning the facts of her eventful life. In the French and German languages, on the other hand, there is a bibliography dealing with every phase of her career. Mr. Clarence Ford has collected all the available materials on the subject, and his book is highly interesting. Mme. de Krudener was unhappy in her domestic life, and it must be admitted that her early breaches of propriety were inexcusable from the standpoint of social duty; but she atoned for her faults by her true charity, her enthusiasm, and her self-abnegation. Her strange influence over the Emperor Alexander of Russia may be regarded as a proof of her personal magnetism. She is said to have been the inspirer of the Holy Alliance. She is the outcome, with Mme. Swetchine, of the wave of religious enthusiasm which passed over Russia in the first decades of the century. No doubt her fanatical zeal sometimes made her ridiculous, and, indeed, led to a course of persecution against which she bitterly protested; but we cannot doubt her perfect sincerity. The present biography is, if anything, rather too elaborate, for it contains many rather uninteresting details. The work is well illustrated, and the correspondence of Mme. de Krudener, which is given at great length, enhances its value, throwing much light on the nature of her religious convictions.

The life of Richelieu must always have a deep interest for the student of history. An excellent biography of the great Cardinal,<sup>2</sup> by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, is now being published by the well-known Parisian firm of Firmin, Didot et Cie. The first volume deals with the youth of Richelieu, bringing the narrative up to 1614. The book is full of interesting details, and gives a graphic picture of the condition of France at the period. Those who are disposed to criticise Richelieu too much from an ecclesiastical point of view should remember, as the author of this work reminds us, that he was not originally intended for the Church, and received in his early years the education of a layman. The bent of his mind was not towards theology, but towards politics, and he must be judged as a statesman rather than a prelate. No pains have been spared by M. Hanotaux to make this history of the Cardinal's life complete. There are copious notes, and all the authorities on the subject have been ransacked.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Letters of Madame de Krudener*. By Clarence Ford. London: Adam & Charles Black.

<sup>2</sup> *Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu*. Par Gabriel Hanotaux. Paris: Firmin, Didot et Cie.

Mr. P. W. Clayden's book, entitled *England under the Coalition*, which we noticed in our issue for July 1892, has now been republished with a supplementary chapter and Index. The work gives a very interesting sketch of English politics from 1885 to 1892. It was issued before the General Election, but it rightly anticipated victory for the Liberal party. Mr. Clayden is an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone, but his fidelity to the facts of the period he deals with cannot be questioned by his most captious political opponent. The book is the history of over six years, covering a period of unusual importance, during which a Tory administration managed to remain in office without a Tory majority in the House of Commons. The supplementary chapter brings us up to the General Election and Mr. Gladstone's return to power. The index is a copious one, the portion of it referring to the late Mr. Parnell covering nearly two pages.

A historical and literary sketch of Fleet Street should be "a joy for ever" to the Londoner. This, in effect, is what Mr. Thomas Arnold has accomplished in *The Highway of Letters*,<sup>2</sup> a very readable, learned, and entertaining work. The opening chapter gives an account of the Templars and Hospitallers, and the early history of the Inns of Court, as well as a vivid sketch of Chaucer. We have next an account of Gower, the author of *Vox Clamantis*, and of Wycliffe, whose translation of the Bible into English was perhaps the most memorable event of the period. During the war between the houses of York and Lancaster, Humphrey of Gloucester, popularly known as "the good Duke Humphrey," played an important part in the world of letters, being the patron and friend of authors. The account of the Duke and his wife, Dame Eleanor, who was accused of sorcery, has about it a smack of old-world romance that would have caught the fancy of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Whether the charge of attempting to injure the King by magic had any real foundation or not, she was condemned and sentenced to do penance publicly in three places in the City of London, and afterwards to be kept a prisoner for life in the Isle of Man. Subsequently Duke Humphrey was accused of treason, and seventeen days afterwards was found dead in his bed. Terrible times truly! The chapter dealing with the introduction of printing into England is highly interesting. The account of Surrey and Wyatt is full and accurate. Surrey has earned a title to fame from the mere fact that he was the first English poet to write in blank verse. A chapter is devoted to the career of that pedantic boy-king, Edward VI., who may be said to have been one of the earliest victims of the cramming system.

<sup>1</sup> *England under the Coalition*. By P. W. Clayden. Supplementary chapter and index. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

<sup>2</sup> *The Highway of Letters and its Echoes of Famous Footsteps*. By Thomas Arnold. London: Cassell & Co.

Later on we have sketches of John Fox, whose *Book of Martyrs* is so celebrated; John Heywood, the author of *A Hundred Merry Tales* and several comedies; Sir Philip Sidney, and others. The period of Shakespeare is dealt with at some length, and the narrative is brought down to the connection of Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold with Fleet Street. The book, though a little too discursive, contains materials which students of history and literature will find invaluable.

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### BELLES LETTRES.

THE clever lady who writes under the *nom-de-plume* of John Strange Winter never ventures into very deep water. Her novels are pleasant reading, but they are rather superficial as pictures of English life. Her latest book, *Aunt Johnnie*,<sup>1</sup> is perhaps one of her best productions. The characters are all commonplace, but they are natural enough. The authoress evidently takes a profound interest in match-making, and her view of love is thoroughly conventional. The heroine is a very attractive young lady, and her fascinations are shown by the fact that a gentleman entitled to £18,000 a year falls madly in love with her. All this is quite proper according to the circulating library standard; but books like *Aunt Johnnie* throw very little light on the real condition of English society.

*One Virtue*<sup>2</sup> is the title of a new novel by Mr. Charles T. C. James. The title is explained by the closing line of Byron's poem, *The Corsair*, which forms the motto of the novel. It is essentially a masculine book, a little tinged, perhaps, with a certain kind of modern Paganism. The principal character is an erratic and dissipated member of the medical profession, who, after a life which has been fruitless, tries to redeem his neglect of his wife and to prove his love for his infant daughter by destroying himself. His first idea is to poison himself; then he thinks of throwing himself into the Thames; finally, the accident of a fire breaking out in a factory near the river suggests the notion of perishing in an attempt to extinguish the flames. Paul Ravender is a man of remarkable talent, and but for his waywardness and love of brandy might have gained a high reputation. He goes wrong, however, in the

<sup>1</sup> *Aunt Johnnie*. By John Strange Winter. Two vols. London: F. V. White & Co. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *One Virtue*. By Charles T. C. James. London: Adam and Charles Black.

beginning of his career, becomes a drunkard and a swindler, marries an innocent young girl for money, and then plunges her into a life of loneliness and unhappiness, and his sole redeeming quality is his devotion to his child. Out of such unpromising materials Mr. James manufactures, not a villain, but a hero! The book is well written, and is free from mawkish sentimentality. The vicar and his daughter Lily are cleverly portrayed; and Mr. Wapple, the doctor's uncle, an old bachelor with a weakness for inventions and a horror of womankind, which does not prevent him from eventually wedding his housekeeper, is a thoroughly original and still not unreal personage. There is pathos, too, in the novel; for instance in the sketch of poor Flo, a young working-woman whom Ravender had betrayed, and who, in spite of his desertion of her, loves him so well that she can never utter one word of reproach against him, and in the end dies by his side in the endeavour to force him away from the burning factory.

This novel has faults of style, and is calculated to offend the prudish, but it is a book which men will appreciate, and it will add to the reputation of the author. It is free from the vice of silliness, and, while it depicts the seamy side of life very vividly, it teaches a moral lesson which should not be forgotten—that even the most depraved man may be capable of heroism under the inspiration of unselfish love.

M. Armand Charpentier is too psychological a novelist to belong to the school of M. Zola. His latest work, *Une Courtisane*,<sup>1</sup> is the study of a cold feminine nature, incapable of passion, but ready to yield at all times from purely mercenary motives. The book is dedicated to the memory of Jules de Goncourt and to Edmund de Goncourt, whom the author describes as his "masters." There is much in this novel to remind us of *Germinie Lacerteux* and *Renée Mauperin*, but it lacks the artistic completeness of these works. The character of Marie Martin is a vile one; but, though she coldly contemplates adultery on the assumption that it may prove profitable, her actual freedom from vice must also be taken into account. Indeed, the author, who in his preface declares himself an advocate of free love and a rebel against marriage, has failed to prove his case. It by no means follows from the failure of matrimony, where the wife is a cold-blooded wretch like Marie Martin, that the institution has not its useful side. Indeed, concubinage could never take the place of marriage unless safeguards were provided against the betrayal and desertion of women. The character of M. Racine, the elderly Parisian sensualist, is not untrue to life; but it is regrettable to find M. Charpentier so morbidly pessimistic that he can see no purity in French society. He is a talented writer, and

<sup>1</sup> *Une Courtisane*. Par Armand Charpentier. [Paris: Poirin et Cie.

his style, though a little stereotyped, is very attractive. He lacks the virile power of Guy de Maupassant; but, on the other hand, he exhibits a keenness of observation and an intuition that may be described as feminine. He certainly, in spite of the unpleasantness of his themes, holds a high rank amongst contemporary French novelists.

*Fleurs d'Orient*,<sup>1</sup> by Judith Gautier, contains a number of charming Oriental sketches. The writer has much of the genius of Theophile Gautier, whose beautiful style has gained for him innumerable admirers. "Zuleika," the first tale in the book, is a kind of prose-poem, founded on the well-known Scriptural narrative of Potiphar's wife. "Aly le Juste" reminds us of the story of the woman taken in adultery. It is full of touching simplicity. The other tales have a delightful Eastern flavour, and they are written in exquisite French.

*A Constant Lover*<sup>2</sup> is a very favourable specimen of German fiction. It is published in an English version by Mr. Fisher Unwin as one of the "Independent Novel Series." The plot is simple enough. An old Spaniard staying at a hotel in Stuttgart and a young German are both fascinated by a portrait of a girl exhibited in a picture gallery in that town. It turns out that it is the portrait of an unhappy young woman of good family, whom the young German had met in Paris. The Spanish gentleman is interested in the picture because it reminds him of a certain lady named Laura whom long before he had loved. Subsequently, the original of the portrait is discovered in the new rôle of a married woman, having become the wife of a Baron von Faldner, a brute who treats her badly, and makes her life miserable. The young German, Fruben, sympathises with her and induces her to leave the Baron, and is finally, after some vicissitudes, united to her. The story is well told, but some of the situations are rather forced.

There is a great deal of originality in the novel *Judith Grant*,<sup>3</sup> by Jeannie Lockett. The story is not of the sensational but rather of the poetic order. It is not lifelike, and appears to be the production of a young writer, who weaves scenes out of her inner consciousness. Olive Schreiner or Matilde Serao would never have written such a book; but even the dreams of youth may be translated into a kind of romance. In this spirit we desire to praise *Judith Grant* as a book which shows much imagination, but only limited observation or knowledge of life.

An excellent collection of short Irish stories by Mr. Frank Mathew

<sup>1</sup> *Fleurs d'Orient*. By Judith Gautier. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

<sup>2</sup> *A Constant Lover*. By William Hauff. Translated from the German by John Nisbet. London: T. Fisher Unwin. The "Independent Novel Series."

<sup>3</sup> *Judith Grant*. A Novel. By Jeannie Lockett. London: Hutchinson & Co.

entitled *At the Rising of the Moon*,<sup>1</sup> has just been published. They are all "racy of the soil," and show deep knowledge of Irish peasant life.

*The Harlequin Opal*,<sup>2</sup> by Fergus Hume, is a book which recalls Captain Maine Reid and Gustave Aimard. It is exciting, interesting, and unreal. It is full of adventures and romantic love-affairs. We have no doubt that this new experiment in the domain of romance will be read by thousands. It is not fiction of the highest order, but it has legitimate claims to public attention. There is colour, movement, and fire in the narrative.

*Dr. Janet of Harley Street*<sup>3</sup> is a new novel of the unconventional type. The authoress, Dr. Arabella Kenealy—though not an artist in the highest sense of the word—is a clever woman. The story deals with the career of a beautiful young girl, who is induced by her mother to marry an elderly French marquis of dissolute character. She runs away from her husband on the day of her marriage, and reaches London, where she wanders about homeless till a lady-doctor (who gives the title to the novel) rescues her. After a series of incidents of a very exciting nature the villainous marquis blows out his brains, and the heroine marries a man whom she loves. The style of the book is occasionally objectionable, but the writer possesses narrative power as well as a varied stock of learning.

*Phra the Phœnician*,<sup>4</sup> by Mr. Edwin Arnold, is a book that deserves to be read. It is as wonderful as *She*, but less extravagant.

Mrs. Alexander knows how to write, and therefore it is rather a pity that she does not try to reproduce the facts of life rather than combinations of uninteresting unrealities in her novels. English fiction is, for the most part, sickeningly unreal. The experiment of Mr. Hardy in writing *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was a daring one, and few seem disposed to follow his example. *The Snare of the Fowler*<sup>5</sup> is a book which reflects credit on Mrs. Alexander's story-telling power. The character of Myra, the young girl who is punished by society because her parents were not married, is finely drawn. But the ending is thoroughly conventional, and indeed the words of the authoress seem to indicate that she is conscious of this: "In short, everything was wound up according to the laws of that high court of poetical justice which governs the

<sup>1</sup> *At the Rising of the Moon*. By Frank Mathew. London: McClure & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Harlequin Opal*. A Romance. By Fergus Hume. Three vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*. By Arabella Kenealy. London: Digby & Long.

<sup>4</sup> *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician*. By Edwin Lester Arnold. London: Chatto & Windus.

<sup>5</sup> *The Snare of the Fowler*. By Mrs. Alexander. London: Cassell & Co. (Limited).

ending of books rather than by the grim regulations of reality." Why should this be? Are English readers to get no "reality" in the novels supplied to them? At this rate, the novel-reader is in scarcely a better position than the children whose light reading is confined to *Cinderella*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and works of that description.

*Isaac Eller's Money*<sup>1</sup> is a lively and cleverly written novel. It is a picture of Jewish life in London, not quite favourable to the Hebrew race, but probably not much exaggerated. Mrs. Dean is fond of satirical touches that recall the manner of Thackeray.

The public will find a capital shillingsworth in Messrs. Pascoe and Pegram's *London's World's Fair*.<sup>2</sup> It contains very amusing sketches of the various features of London up to date. There is much cleverness as well as fun in the letterpress, and the illustrations are almost Hogarthian in their vividness. If it cannot be fairly described as literature, *London's World's Fair* is a good adjunct to literature.

It is not easy to define the place of Thomas Carlyle in English literature. He was a great force; but his tremendous intellectual energy often spent itself in declamation and violent attacks upon existing institutions. Still, when we have made due allowance for his eccentricities of thought and manner, we must recognise in Carlyle a great teacher, a true philosopher, a man who delivered his message to his fellow-men in burning words that cannot die. Even his work as a reviewer of other writers contains some admirable criticism of life, and stimulates the reader to look upon the world as a glorious battle-field rather than a flat and uninteresting landscape. A small volume of his essays on German poets,<sup>3</sup> edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, must be welcomed by every lover of genuine literature. The essay on Novalis is appreciative and sympathetic, though not quite satisfying, for, while expressing a high opinion of this writer as a thinker and mystic, Carlyle gives us plainly to understand that we must determine the character of Novalis's genius for ourselves. The essay on Schiller is excellent; and the same observation applies to the essay on Goethe, with this exception, that Carlyle, while claiming justly for that poet the title to greatness, goes out of his way to depreciate Byron, who, whatever may have been his faults, was not "a sham strong man." We are told that Byron "fought little for any good cause anywhere," and "worked weakly as an English lord." How unjust, and how

<sup>1</sup> *Isaac Eller's Money*. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

<sup>2</sup> *The Shilling Peepshow of London's World's Fair, 1893, and Great Social, Political, and Moral Exposition*. By Charles Eyre Pascoe and Ned Pegram. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Essays on the Greater German Poets and Writers*. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

petty in its injustice, is this criticism of the great poet whose genius Goethe himself heartily recognised, and whose freedom from selfishness and whose love of liberty were proved by his generous devotion to Greece, in the cause of which he sacrificed not only a great part of his fortune, but, we might add, his very life!

Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery*,<sup>1</sup> in spite of their grotesque horrors, will always be read. They are not only splendidly written, in a style that belongs to Poe alone, but they display marvellous imagination. *Ligeia* is certainly, in its way, one of the finest short stories ever written. The cheap edition of Poe's tales published in the "Manchester Library" is well printed and illustrated, and should be in the hands of all admirers of that gifted but unhappy man of genius.

Few critics would deny the greatness of Victor Hugo's genius. There may be a difference of opinion as to the rank he occupies as a poet. Mr. Swinburne has placed him next to Shakespeare. This surely is exaggerated, but it is probably true that Hugo is the greatest of modern French poets. M. Ch. Renouvier's study of Victor Hugo's poetry,<sup>2</sup> consisting mainly of articles reprinted from *La Critique Philosophique*, contains much sound criticism. M. Renouvier starts with the admission that the literary revolution commenced and accomplished by Victor Hugo has been a revolution effected in spite of reason, and in opposition to logical processes. At the same time he claims for Hugo the title of poet in a higher degree than any other Frenchman. He rests the poet's claim to fame on his powers of personification, his sublimity, and his grandeur of form. The French critic is not blind to Hugo's faults, his love of the horrible and the grotesque; but he justly praises the rare gifts of the poet, of whom not only France but Europe has reason to be proud.

*Le Vieux de la Montagne*<sup>3</sup> presents a very life-like picture of one phase of the great romance of the Crusades, a picture at once rigidly accurate in historical detail and highly imaginative. Yet, as an ideal presentment of a scene from the Crusades, Madame J. Gautier's picture wants something. It is that atmosphere of battle, of heroic personal achievement, which one breathes in every page of *The Talisman* or of *Ivanhoe*. Here, instead of blood-stirring single combats, we have psychological analysis and mystical pretensions and aspirations. It is the Middle Ages seen through nineteenth-century spectacles. In the mere letter of antiquarian accuracy Madame Gautier is probably far superior to Scott, but in spirit he transported himself into the

<sup>1</sup> Poe's *Tales of Mystery*. Manchester Edition. Sampson Low & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Victor Hugo le Poète*. Par Ch. Renouvier. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

<sup>3</sup> *Bibliothèque de Romans Historiques. Le Vieux de la Montagne*. Par Judith Gautier. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1893.



period he depicted; whereas the author of *Le Vieux de la Montagne* never gets away from the thoughts and problems of her own day.

M. Anatole France has a wide range of subjects. It is a "a far cry" from *Thaïs*, the last book of his we happened to read, to *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, there is hardly anything that reveals the common parentage of the two works, except that both are out of the common run and show marked ability. *La Reine Pédauque* is in a much lighter vein than *Thaïs*, which sounds the very depths of emotion. Here the story is of the slightest, and none of the crapulous men and women that figure in it are capable of arousing serious interest. At the outset it professes to be a sort of manual of alchemy and occultism; but the belief in "sylphs" and "gnomes," and in the transmutability of metals through their agency, is confined to one single character, who is more than half lunatic. The real interest of the book centres in the brilliant cynical talk of a disreputable old *Abbé*, always mentioned by the supposed writer (the son of the landlord of the "Rôtisserie") as "mon bon maître." Here is a very curious creation; few authors possess the solid learning, the extensive miscellaneous reading, or the power of brilliant disquisition and clever rambling talk necessary for the adequate portrayal of such a character. His morality is absolutely *nil*; he is steeped in the coarsest vice and the basest dishonesty. But he is by nature gentle and kindly as he is selfish and unscrupulous, and he is so genial and amusing, his love of books is so unfeigned, that one almost forgets his absolute worthlessness. His great delight is to draw acute distinctions between virtue—which he despises—and sanctity—which he venerates—from a distance. Never have we seen the discordance between the two codes set forth with such startling and, we must add, such instructive clearness.

*Le Mariage de Marguerite*<sup>2</sup> is one of a class of French historical novels among which there is a striking family likeness. All the characters, especially the villains, talk in a sort of smart epigrammatic style which seems to be especially set apart for the dialogue of such stories, for nowhere else does it appear in such full-blown flippancy. The royal personages, as here presented, are not very royal in ordinary life; they rather recall the debonair manners of "le bon roi Dagobert," or, still more, those of the king in Thackeray's *the Rose and the King*. But on great occasions, when *La France* is in question, they expectedly

<sup>1</sup> *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Mariage de Marguerite*. Roman Historique. Par Henri Agermont. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

swell with kingly dignity, and then they invariably address their interlocutor as "Monsieur!" M. Agermont has varied this well-established recipe for the manufacture of French historical fiction by the addition of what may be called a prophetic ingredient. He has introduced into a romance of the reign of Louis XII. a young poet, of plebeian rank, whose whole personality belongs to the post-revolutionary type of Frenchmen. But this slight anachronism may be excused by the fact that the hapless young poet—born a couple of centuries before his time—is the only estimable, or even fairly decent, personage in the book. All the rest are varieties of the *tigre-singe*.

*Seurs*<sup>1</sup> is a domestic tragedy of the most lugubrious type. A young couple—the husband a Frenchman, the wife an American, rich and beautiful—had married for love, and lived for some years in perfect harmony, the only subject of disagreement being the wife's young sister, who lived with them, and between whom and the husband there existed an unfortunate antipathy. Suddenly their married happiness is abruptly cut short by the apparent death of the wife, who, however, was only in a trance. Under the impression of her beloved sister's death, the sorrow-stricken survivor insists on being admitted to the bedside, where the husband is watching alone. At first he harshly repulses her; but on her returning, and again seeking admittance, he relents. Softened by their community in suffering, he, for the first time, stoops and kisses her. His kiss is returned, and in a flash it is revealed to both that their mutual antipathy is—love! Thenceforth they almost cease to be free agents, and the hideous story runs its devastating course with something of the fatality of Greek tragedy. Of course, such things may be; but we cannot admit that they ought to be described—or rather imagined—in all their repulsive details, under the delusive guise of amusing reading. What amusement can be found in the spectacle of human agony and progressive degradation, however realistically they may be presented?

*À Toutes Brides*<sup>2</sup> depicts the life and manner of a world so often described, and inherently so profoundly uninteresting, that one wonders that it should continue to hold a prominent place as subject-matter for fiction. The mercenary amours of vulgar elderly men are hardly a pleasing study. In M. Germain's story—if indeed *À Toutes Brides* can be called a story—the all too familiar descriptions of the dreary routine of a life of "pleasure" are slightly relieved and enlivened by the somewhat humorous sayings and doings of an

<sup>1</sup> *Seurs*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *À Toutes Brides*, Par Auguste Germain. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

eccentric *demi-mondaine* surnamed "Toto." Her relations with two American clowns are eminently funny. But under this aspect *À Toutes Brides* is not to be compared with Halévy's *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*. The sentimental love story that runs through the book, between the divorced wife of the elderly hero and the jilted lover of her youth, is a fiasco throughout, and ends as it might have done if the lady had been "Toto" instead of the angel of purity as which she is described.

The first English translation of a Finnish work of fiction cannot fail to interest all curious readers. The English reading public has recently had opportunities of making the acquaintance of Russian, Dutch, and Danish novelists through the medium of good translations. Even Spanish fiction has found capable translators. The Finnish novel is not in a state of advanced development, but there is unquestionable talent in the author of *Squire Hellman and other Stories*.<sup>1</sup> The humour of the principal story is genuine, and Thackeray would, if he were living, freely acknowledge that Juhani Ano is equal to many of the best English humorists. The Squire is a skinflint, on whom some of the village wags play a splendid practical joke, making him "bleed" to the tune of two hundred marks. The other sketches are written in a charming style. "Pioneers" is an exceedingly fine picture of the struggles of a poor young couple who, after their marriage, go into the wilderness to cultivate it. The wife dies of hard work and the husband becomes prematurely old. These people, says the author, are the "martyrs of colonisation," and he closes this beautiful sketch thus: "We cannot raise monuments upon their graves, for the tale of them is by thousands, and their names we know not."

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#### POETRY.

IN the new French monograph on Robert Burns,<sup>2</sup> by M. Auguste Angellier, we have a work of a very high order, interesting and sympathetic in treatment, and written with judgment and moderation. M. Angellier's book is even laboriously complete, and his preliminary studies must have been of a really German thoroughness, but they are so well digested and assimilated and so deftly brought to bear, that the human side of the life of the poet is never lost sight of under pressure of the consideration of its literary or historical

<sup>1</sup> *Squire Hellman and other Stories*. By Juhani Ano. Translated from the Finnish by R. Nisbet Bain. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

<sup>2</sup> *Robert Burns*. Par Auguste Angellier. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

aspects, and the biographer has known how to give full significance to the figure of Burns without magnifying it to undue proportions. M. Angellier's style, although sober, is flexible, and his critical vocabulary remarkably rich and precise, while he shows throughout a most poetic sensibility to all that is exquisite in the work of Burns. His book is too lengthy, and there is some repetition and redundancy; but every page is readable, each expression exact and well considered, every allusion based on full knowledge, the result of weeks of reading being often compressed into a single paragraph. These two, physically speaking, ponderous volumes are more than a mere biography, they are a study of the Scotland of the time, and of the peculiarities, racial, religious, and literary, of the Scotch people. Before producing them, M. Angellier has saturated his mind with things Scotch (he has even tasted a haggis), and has visited all the scenes amongst which Burns passed his life, and fitted himself to deal with the influences which conditioned the development and exercise of the poet's genius. Pregnant dissertations on all manner of cognate subjects are scattered through the pages, such as those on popular and love poetry, on wit and humour, on the sentiment of Nature, &c., together with character studies of the leading men of the time, and vivid sketches of the state of Edinburgh, and of the rural districts. The frequent illustrative quotations from the poetry of Burns are introduced with a felicity both of selection and comment which is a sure proof of M. Angellier's grasp of his subject, and a large number of the most celebrated pieces are thus included, all of them carefully rendered into French verse. These translations are good and accurate, but we fear that, for readers unable to refer to the originals, some of the point of the book will be lost, since they will have to be content to take on trust the finer poetical qualities of these racy dialect poems, hardly recognisable in their correct foreign dress, for the happy invention of language and original use of words, the archness of suggestion, the tenderness, grace, and melody of cadence, in songs written for the most part with their words married to some ancient Scottish air, are singularly evanescent and incapable of reproduction. The task is an impossible one, and this M. Angellier fully acknowledges, and is content to furnish serviceable versions for the use of those who could otherwise not read the poet at all. Burns himself tells us that when he tried to turn "Duncan Gray" into English it became "stupid," and it can hardly be expected to fare better at the hands even of M. Angellier.

Mr. James Dykes Campbell's new popular edition of the *Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge*,<sup>1</sup> is also a sound and original piece of

<sup>1</sup> *The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited, with a Biographical Introduction, by James Dykes Campbell. London: Macmillan & Co.

work, and in matters concerning dates and facts will supersede all former biographies, pending the production of that promised by the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Mr. Campbell's book is no mere second-hand compilation prepared at short notice for a cheap series, but is the result of "many years' labour of love," during which all the old available material has been sifted, and a large amount of new matter examined and incorporated, while a most conscientious attempt is made to render a fair and accurate account of Coleridge's erratic life, and to give the correct and complete text of his poems. The biographical sketch is admirable as a plain narrative of events, and though Mr. Campbell abstains from discussing Coleridge's philosophy or his position as a poet, it is because he is intent on rendering the more important service to his memory of showing how after all, given his temperament, "his fall was less wonderful than his recovery." As an editor of the poems, Mr. Campbell is devout as well as laborious, and has hunted out and printed, as far as possible, every line of his author's verse. For this over-scrupulous or excess of zeal, we feel less gratitude than for the chronological arrangement of most of the pieces, for the excellent and trustworthy notes and references, and the carefully revised text, based mainly on the poet's own personally superintended edition of 1829.

Mr. Lewis Campbell now follows up his well-known *Æschylus in English Verse*<sup>1</sup> by a prose translation of the Oresteian Trilogy; thus, as he tells us, "having tried both ways," to find that each has its advantage, verse coming nearer to the spirit, prose (in general) coming closer to the words. An introduction dealing with the intentions of the poet is prefixed. Professor Campbell aims, in the first place, at a scholarly and exact rendering of the Greek, and his English reads awkwardly at times. We must therefore, as he warns us, regard the present as in a sense supplementary to his earlier version, in the attempt "to hammer out some partial approximation to the great original."

*An Ode to the Sun, and other Poems*,<sup>2</sup> by Mr. R. Warwick Bond, is hardly an advance on his former work, since, although it shows his accustomed merits of sweetness and dignity of versification, it is somewhat dull and wanting in interest.

*Valete*,<sup>3</sup> by Mr. H. D. Rawnsley, is a collection of memorial poems by one who is ready to accord generous tribute to the merit of his friends. In those pieces addressed to Tennyson we have a reflection

<sup>1</sup> *The Oresteia of Æschylus*. Translated into English prose by Lewis Campbell. London: Methuen & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *An Ode to the Sun, and other Poems*. By R. Warwick Bond. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Valete: Tennyson and other Memorial Poems*. By H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons.

of the feelings of reverence and admiration inspired by him in all amongst whom he lived; for Tennyson among poets would seem to have been singularly fortunate in the degree to which those immediately around him understood and sympathised with his poetic vocation. Mr. Rawnsley reverently addresses many other distinguished and recently regretted names, and the note of his book is, as it should be, one of enthusiasm, though his verses are not untempered with discrimination, and are often both well conceived and happily turned.

## THE DRAMA.

AFTER *Lady Windermere's Fan*, a well made, well written play of plot and incidents, rather than an incisive study of character, one had a right to hail in Oscar Wilde an English Sardou. Some people may see in this a reproach, for in these days of realism one is wont to sneer at Sardou, as, in the heyday of Sardou, one lustily jeered at Scribe. We call it, on the contrary, a compliment to place Mr. Oscar Wilde on the same level as Sardou, the more as no other among our playwrights equals this distinguished Frenchman either in imagination or in brilliancy of style. We prefer the more vigorous, the more direct, the more sincere methods of the Ibsen type of playwright, or even that of Emile Augier, to the indirect, we would almost say, insidious craftsmanship of Sardou; but that is our own opinion, and we do not hesitate to add that we shall never cease to admire such of his earlier works as *Les Pattes de Mouche*, *La Famille Benotton*, and *Patrie*.

In his second play of modern life Mr. Oscar Wilde has, in our opinion, blighted some of our great expectations. We do not deny that, in a certain way, *A Woman of No Importance*<sup>1</sup> is a play of distinction: its dialogue is polished; there are here and there little traits of observation which are uncommonly striking; it is full of humour, and many of the conversations are brilliant with flashes of caustic wit, qualities which, united as they are here, are all too rare in native English plays. But as a work of art we find *A Woman of No Importance* unsatisfactory. It is patched up with reminiscences of a school which is now, if not quite dead, moribund. We mean the romantic period of the days of Theodore Barriere, of Thiboust and de Leuven, when *La Voie du Sang* played such a great part in the romantic drama of France, and filled the spectators with wild delight. It is also disappointing, because the story of the woman who has been abandoned by her lover, who has borne him a child, and meets him afterwards when that son is grown up, has been often told before, and told with greater effect and more sincerity than Mr. Wilde has done. The conflict between father and son, when the father has insulted the girl of his son's choice, would be interesting if it had not been brought about by such artificial, stagey ways, and we should have felt greater sympathy for the

<sup>1</sup> *A Woman of No Importance* (Haymarket Theatre), by Oscar Wilde; and *Alan's Wife* (Independent Theatre), by an anonymous author.

forsaken woman if her real character had been drawn with more depth, with more feeling. In this play all the personages make on us the impression of a set of wonderfully clever people, who say wonderfully clever things, couched in a grace of language, that their very distinction becomes tedious, because there is no soul, no real sentiment behind their talk. They are all *poseurs*, and in all their actions and words we do not feel the spontaneity of natural motives; but we see the author who holds the wires in his hand, pulls them at his will, and makes them speak as he would speak, as a ventriloquist who works his dolls. To listen to the bright conversation of a man like Mr. Oscar Wilde is always pleasant for a time, but when a whole play is padded out with such conversation, and when the action and the characters seem to float rudderlessly about in an ocean of words, then weariness must step in, and one cannot pronounce the play a good *drama*. This applies to the whole; in detail there is very much to admire—the character of the vicar is admirable as a parody, some of the little scenes in which society and its foibles are held up to ridicule are simply delightful—but we prefer something more substantial. We profess to be emotionalists; we go to the theatre to feel: to feel amused, to feel touched, in fine, to experience the whole gamut of sentiments. And we cannot honestly say that during the evolution of the drama in *A Woman of no Importance* we lived for one moment the life of the characters on the stage. Perhaps the interpretation on the first night, which was seriously marred by nervousness and vacillation on the part of some of the actors, was somewhat at fault, but when a play really lays hold of our entire attention the defects caused by the first night's excitement pass easily unnoticed.

Undoubtedly after *A Woman of no Importance* the production of the anonymous play *Alan's Wife* was the most exciting event in the theatrical world in April. For a long time no play has elicited so much comment, such high praise, and such virulent abuse as this psychological and physical study of a woman's character. This, in itself, proves, we think, that the work is one of more than ordinary merit. We will not dive into the question whether those who have condemned the play have done so rightly; but this we cannot refrain from stating, that it is a great shame that in certain newspapers every play produced at the Independent Theatre is howled down and stigmatised as abominable. It is unworthy that men who rule over large mouthpieces of public opinion should allow such prejudice, such absolute dishonesty, for the simple reason that the Independent Theatre endeavours to cut new paths.

What we admire so greatly in *Alan's Wife* is the utter simplicity, the wonderful mixture of light and shade with which the author has brought his picture on the canvas. In the first act it is all light and love and glory and revelling in the expected joy of



Jean's approaching motherhood. A flood of sunshine glides over the stage, then clouds gather, and suddenly all the brightness, all the happiness disappear: Jean's husband, Alan, is brought home, a victim of his duty. The child is born a cripple; Alan's death fathered the misfortune of his unborn child. It is a helpless baby, it cannot live, and its mother, who adores strength and vigour as a divinity, loudly accuses herself that she has brought such a being into the world; and then the idea besieges her that one day she may be taken from that poor crippled creature which will never be able to fight its battle with the world, and she thinks how much happier it would be if it did not live. In a scene which, for strength, is in our opinion unsurpassed in any play we have seen in recent years, Jean discusses with herself, plans, and executes the deed. She kills her baby, not in an excess of madness, but in the conviction that she does a good action by taking the cripple from the miseries of this life and uniting it with the man she loved above all men, her dead husband. In the third act the catastrophe takes place. Jean pays the penalty of her crime with her own life. She pays it cheerfully, not like a criminal who walks to the scaffold unmoved, but like a fanatic who dies for her cause. The parting between Jean and her mother was so affecting that old men, as we saw, cried, while women melted in tears; and whenever a play produces this effect it, we believe, represents a true phase of life. Artificial scenes may interest, but they never make one's heart ache. *Alan's Wife* is not a cheerful play, but in art we have no right to ask whether a thing is cheerful, or pleasant, or painful, or awe-inspiring. We have but to ask, Is it art? and to deny that *Alan's Wife*, with its directness, its exquisite writing, its soul-stirring power, is not a work of art, is simply anathematising tragedy altogether; for if ever true tragedy has been written by a modern Englishman, *Alan's Wife* has a right to claim that title. We know but one more powerful play, equally sad and equally simple, Ibsen's *Ghosts*; that is all. To sing here the praises of Miss Robins in the main character is to re-echo what everybody has said; it was a masterly creation.









